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Ten Careers for Women

★

A Headstart for Your Child

★

Teach Yourself to Travel

★

Skid-Chains for Your English!

★

Divorce Tales out of Court

★

How Good Is Your Taste?

★

—AND 26 OTHER FEATURES BY

CREIGHTON PEET

FRED C. KELLY

BOB BROWN

LOUIS ZARA

ROBERT P. T. COFFIN

AND OTHERS

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

MARCH, 1939

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for

MARCH

1939

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TEN CAREERS FOR WOMEN

FASHION'S FULL OF JOBS: HOW TO PREPARE FOR THEM AND HOW TO GET STARTED IN THEM

ALL women, no matter how handicapped as to figure and face, are interested in clothes. Since fashions in clothes change more often than fashions in any other industry and since clothes depend on fashion for their life blood, it takes quite a lot of human quickening to keep that life blood warm. The fashion industry makes good use of people with ideas but it reaps its greatest profits from ideas that emanate from sound business heads.

On the surface it seems as if carving out a career for yourself in fashion would be no trouble at all—go to a few fashion shows, hie yourself off to the races, lunch at expensive restaurants—that could hardly be called work. Yet you have to be able to see the sixty-fifth dress in the fashion show with the same sharp discriminating eyes with which you saw the first, you never can watch a horse run because you're so busy taking notes on what the right people are wearing, and at the restaurant you peck between surreptitious jottings and crane your neck to see what the front of a hat looks like when its wearer has her back to you. But in the opinion of some people you enjoy fun more if you have to work during it.

There are many different avenues of approach to the fashion industry and most of them start in the selling path. Experts agree that there is no better way to get a finger on the public pulse than by selling it merchandise. You get the inside track on American taste, you get to know how people think and how they react to new ideas. This insight into mass preference is valuable to you no matter what kind of a career is your goal. Further, by being a saleswoman you learn to get on with people, which is important in a business where you need a lot of diplomacy and there isn't much room for a temperament. And finally, if you are in sound enough health to stand behind a counter seven hours a day, six days a week you are physically equipped to withstand the rigors of any subsequent job.

One of the most popular goals in the fashion industry is that of *designer*. To go from a selling job to one of designing seems like a step for seven-league boots, and actually it is a big

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one. Obviously one needs more on the ball to be a designer than to be a salesperson, but a selling means to a designing end will implant pretty firmly in a designer's mind the kind of thing the public wants.

A designer's Number One stock-in-trade is a creative ability that is on tap sixteen hours a day and will work overtime if she wakes up in the middle of the night trying to get an idea. Competition has created such pressure that the better a girl's technical training the better her chances of landing a job. If she can make attractive sketches and can execute them because she has a knowledge of sample-making and pattern-grading, she is potentially a better investment for an employer than if she merely has ideas swarming in her pretty little head. How to put colors together and how to select the right fabric for the desired drape are further essentials to her success, and though it is possible to learn how to work with fabrics there must be at least a glimmering of an instinctive color sense.

One advantage of starting a career as a designer is that, if you choose to, you can begin tomorrow with a financial investment no more serious than the cost of materials for your sketches. The next step is to sell your friends, by means of these sketches, on the idea of letting you design individual clothes for them. But the simplicity of such a private clientele does not satisfy most designing ambitions. So if you want to dress the average American you set your cap for New York's Seventh Avenue or for any of the other big cities like St. Louis or Los Angeles where mass-production clothes are made. Higher-style aspirations might lead you to the custom-order departments of expensive shops, to the American couturiers, to the higher-bracket manufacturers. A talent for dramatizing clothes might make you yearn for work with a theatrical costumer or a Hollywood designer's workroom. Another group now absorbing designing talent includes those department stores so eager for merchandise exclusive with them that they have a certain number of original designs manufactured, instead of taking numbers from the manufacturer's regular line.

But wherever you try you will probably find it almost impossible to get a job wherein you straightway start work designing. If you can manage one as a sample hand or a "sketcher" who spends her days combing the town for ideas for sleeves or collars you will be lucky. And when you finally achieve your aim you will be compensated for the strain of creating a few dozen dresses six or eight times a year by those cruises you go on in between times—because you can afford to on your salary.

Many young women feel that they would like to graduate from a selling job to that of *buyer*. Buyers are very busy people. Not only must they be familiar with what all the manufacturers in their market are offering for

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sale, they must know how to get the most for their money, they must be sure that what they pay for is delivered to them. They must know when to buy what. They must be thoroughly conversant with fashion trends and keep one step ahead of their market. It is a vital part of a buyer's job to be able to gauge the life of a fashion—when it is on the rise, when it reaches its peak, and when it is on the wane. For this reason they must know when to take and how to graduate a markdown on stock. For a buyer is only 50 per cent a buyer—the other 50 per cent of her job is selling. This aspect of her work wields the pen that writes in black or red ink.

But a buyer's energies, her ability to buy, her experience and knowledge are all wasted if her salespeople don't do a good job of selling. Consequently she must tell them all she knows—do an intelligent job of training them in points of fashion, fabric, quality, and value as these relate to her stock. The most important step in a buyer's selling job is to sell the salespeople on the merchandise. Once that is done the salespeople will sell it.

A buyer's job is not for the girl who wants tidy working hours and a cosy home life. Buyers live their jobs. Much of a buyer's executive work is done after hours. Often, in order to cover the necessary ground, she has to be on the job long before the store opens. And, contrary to the natural laws for enjoying life, a buyer does not look forward to a slow and easy day. That means no business—and it is business, pure, simple, and written into the records, that makes a buyer a success.

A girl who has had a selling job, who has a creative flair and the kind of taste that is alert to new things but not too far ahead of the public, is in a good position to be a *stylist*. Among the most valuable assets of a stylist is a knowledge of what sells, and nobody is better equipped to understand that than a salesperson who knows what the public buys. Styling used to be a kind of boondoggling job; today it is a hard-headed business with a weather eye on merchandising. A stylist may also be a designer, or she may buy work from free-lance designers. The color, size, shape, and appearance of her company's merchandise is often dictated by her. She may feel that some portion of her merchandise would be more salable if ensembled with something else—that is, if she is in a store she may decide to tie up flower-trimmed hats with lapel boutonnières, or if she is with a belt manufacturer she may get together with a manufacturer of shoes and one of bags to effect a repetition of design and color in three or four numbers. She does not wait for others to suggest ideas to her—it is part of her job to create originality.

It's good diplomacy for a stylist to make friends of the buyers with whom she works, it is important for her never to be presumptuous enough to dictate to them, and if she is tempted

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to consider herself more important than the buyers she must remind herself that the sales figures will be the most conclusive proof in measuring her importance.

Publicity, *promotion*, and *display* jobs require a nose for news plus a sense of showmanship. The publicist must be able to achieve editorial mention in newspapers or magazines for her product, organization, or client. When her store gets in a new stock of skating clothes, for instance, she may feel the best way of getting publicity on them is to show them at an ice carnival, possibly on the exhibition skaters. A promoter's job is concerned with promoting the sale of whatever merchandise she is working with. How it is done depends on the doer—there are no set rules. If she works for a fabric manufacturer, she tries to think up new uses and new markets for her product, as well as ways that will multiply the number of people who are already her firm's customers. If she works for a pattern company, she may have clothes made up from these patterns and sent out in a traveling fashion show that stores put on. If she works for any of several kinds of manufacturers—stockings, cosmetics, underwear, for example—part of her job will be to work up and mail to stores, pamphlets that will help the salespeople sell the merchandise. Obviously a knowledge of what sells and why is indispensable here.

The display manager is potentially an artist in three dimensions and a stage designer against whose sets mannequins, instead of actors, appear. Fashions in display change about as frequently as fashions in furniture, but the dramatic and the unexpected will always catch the eye. But the greatest compliment that can be received on a successful window display is to have it sell well.

Fashion writers, both editorial and advertising, are always in demand. Their prime requisite is a facile, economical, and convincing handling of words. There are almost as many different styles of fashion writing as there are of fine writing, for obviously there is quite a gamut between the read-on-the-run copy written for newspaper columns and the gallant and authoritative text in the top fashion magazines. Advertising copy must tell an informative story arrestingly and in a minimum number of words. Freshness of expression is desirable in both fields, but extravagance and fantasy sometimes pall because the reader is usually more eager to be told the facts than she is to scrape off a gloss of wordage in order to get to the meat of the matter. Fashion reporters must train their eyes to see the new points in a season's clothes, they must learn to recognize trends, so that the material for their stories will have authority and inspire confidence by eventually proving correct. A girl who aspires to be a fashion writer can train herself by looking at all the new clothes in her town's smartest shops

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and then writing about them from several angles—as if for an advertisement, the women's page in a newspaper, a high-fashion magazine, a women's magazine, and so forth.

The *fashion artist* needs more training than merely ambition can give her. Unless she is unusually gifted she will require a thoroughgoing course in art school. The currently popular technique in fashion art is loose and free, impressionistic rather than realistic. It requires greater skill than the old line-for-line-copy technique did because it takes a master of the subject to know when to eliminate. And since the charm of these drawings depends a good deal on the artist's pleasing interpretation of a smart pose, a chic turn of the head, if she cannot put herself in the way of fashionable people and make her sketches from life, she does well to make a fat collection of scrap that includes plenty of photographs of smart people in action.

The girl who aims at a career as a *fashion photographer* needs a certain amount of technical instruction, but it is possible to be a professional photographer without doing one's own developing and printing. A reliable company can turn out better prints than the tyro. Yet it is always better, in creative work, not to be dependent on anyone else, through one's own ignorance. A great deal about salable pictures can be learned by studying the details—lighting, posing, composition—of those that have been sold. Fashion pages are rich in material. And since film is the cheapest part of a photographer's equipment and most people can find a willing, if amateur, subject glad to have a permanent record of her best clothes, it is wise to experiment freely in building up photographic skill.

Art directing is very much a part of the work required to get a publication together and is particularly fruitful in both the magazine and advertising fields. The art director is responsible for the way a magazine or advertisement looks. An art director can use as much art school training as an artist. Good taste is also a necessary attribute of the art director. Obviously these jobs do not grow on trees for the inexperienced, but the ambitious beginner willing to start with pasting up proofs or even being a handy helper around the art department may work into the field, provided the stuff is there.

Before looking for a job, know what you want to do and what, by temperament and training, you are best fitted to do. Most employers freeze when a girl says she will do anything—one woman executive told a young man who offered such vague services that she might make the great mistake of giving him a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job when he was worth twenty-five thousand a year. If you can't get the kind of job you want, or even an approach to it by way of being a secretary or receptionist, see what you can do about creat-

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ing means for an employer to increase his business. Everybody is looking for productive ideas, and in these days probably nine-tenths of job-hunting is job-making. If your entering wedge consists of samples of your own work —drawings or photographs or copy— put all the showmanship there is in you into these samples. Make them grand, impressive, beautiful. Dress as well as you can but do not try to be too chic—you might scare off a conservative employer. Be on time for appointments. And read and absorb all the fashion information you can, so you will be abreast of things and know which way the mode is blowing.

—GERTRUDE WARBURTON

THE HIGH COST OF NOT READING

I WENT to dinner with a young couple married only about a year and they were lamenting how much more it costs them to live than they had counted on.

Out of curiosity, I asked them to give me some of the chief items in their budget. It was interesting to note that the reason they have difficulty keeping within their income is that they feel the need of much entertainment.

At least once a week they go to a first-class theatre.

Two or three other evenings they take in a movie or even a dance. In going to the theatre or to dances, they occasionally hire a taxicab.

Their apartment is in a comparatively congested residential section where rent is high because of the presence of so many other people. It is ever a luxury to live where many others are.

"Why don't you live farther out?" I asked.

"We like to be near friends," said the wife, "where people can drop in of an evening. I'd die out where I don't know anybody."

My mind works slowly at times and it wasn't until an hour after I had left this young couple that I happened to think why their living expenses are so high. It's because neither has ever acquired a fondness for reading.

They become bored with sitting at home night after night and hence feel obliged to go to theatres, dances, and movies. They would not be content out in the area of cheaper rent because not enough neighbors would come in to take the slack out of long, dull evenings.

All this trouble would be removed if they loved to sit at home and read.

Membership in a circulating library is the cheapest form of entertainment in the world!

Every night offers a problem of entertainment, and most entertainment not furnished by one's self is expensive.

Worst of all, the situation becomes worse as you grow older.

Only the very rich can afford not to like to read! —ROBERT COOKE

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ADOPTING A HOME TOWN

THE HARMONS HAD MISSED SOMETHING IN THEIR CHILDHOOD BUT THEY SOON MADE UP FOR THAT

In New York City, a young married couple, whom we may know as Roger and Minerva Harmon, recently took drastic steps to have a home town.

They had spent their entire lives in New York apartment houses. Never had they tasted the kind of fun that goes with life in a small town. Even such commonplace joys as growing up with the same bunch of neighborhood children had been denied them.

While they were growing up, Roger and Minerva accepted their kind of life as a matter of course. Not until after their marriage did they begin to think that maybe they had missed something. Most of their intimate friends are always referring to people and things "back home." To the Harmons, "back home" became a kind of restful fairyland.

One night they had a great idea. They would adopt a home town and treat it as if it were their very own.

They got out an atlas and by process of eliminating states too near or too far away, they picked out a county in Indiana that showed pink on the map. They then and there became former residents of a town we may know as Omega. The next morning, Roger wrote to the editor of the weekly *Omega Courier* and subscribed for a year. Every week thereafter, they read the *Courier* thoroughly, not missing a line. In that way they came gradually to know everybody worth knowing in Omega. They had their favorite automobile dealer and grocers. To hear them discussing folks in Omega you would never have guessed that they had met them only in the columns of the *Courier*.

The following summer the Harmons couldn't make up their minds whether to visit the mountains or Cape Cod for their two weeks' vacation. They compromised by paying a visit to their home town.

On their arrival Roger hunted up the editor of the *Courier* and told him confidentially how they happened to be there. The editor put a little item in the paper, and for ten days the Harmons had twice as many invitations for all sorts of parties and picnics as they could accept.

They returned to the big city so enthusiastic over their home town that they hope some day to go there to live. —FREDERICK CHARTERS

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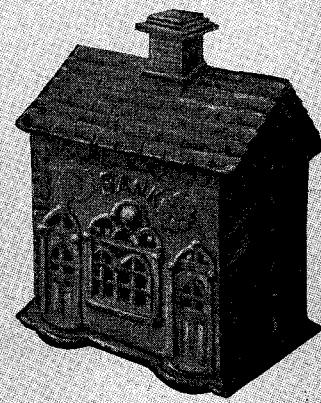

A PORTFOLIO OF TOY BANKS

THERE are few objects more sacred to the memory of one's childhood than the toy savings bank. Rarely does one ever remember what happened to the coins so religiously deposited. Seldom does he forget the quaint, ingenious contraption itself, with its first associations of thrift. But the toy savings banks that populated the homes of an earlier generation are more than a personal memory. They were the stuff of America's daily life and, therefore, constitute a legitimate phase in the pictorial record of native arts and crafts now being prepared by the Index of American Design, a Federal Art Project under the Works Progress Administration. These reproductions are from the collection of the Index.

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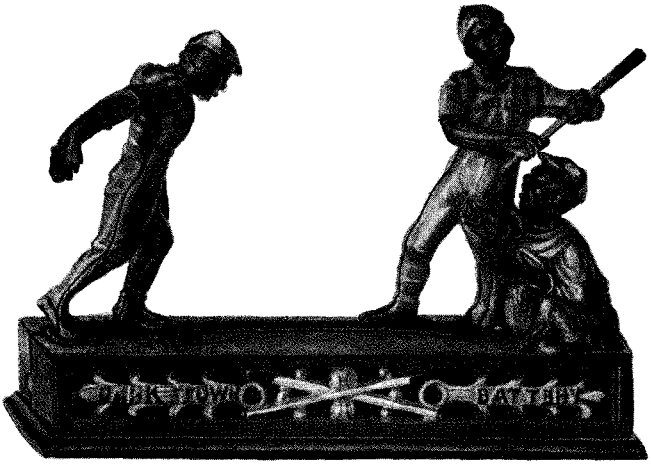
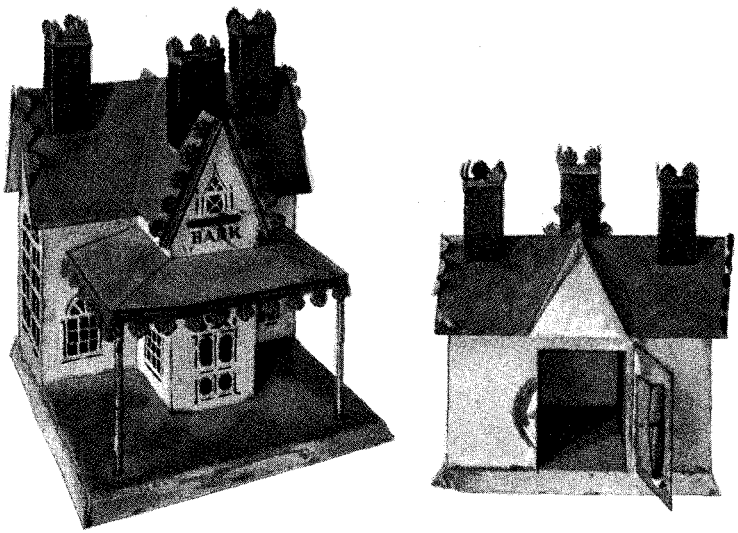


DARK TOWN BATTERY. Worked by a lever, the pitcher throws the coin, the batter misses it, and the coin falls through a hole between the catcher's knees. The uniforms are those of 1880.



TIN "BANK" BANK. Two views of the toy bank in its most logical form—that of an actual bank building. This is non-mechanical in operation.

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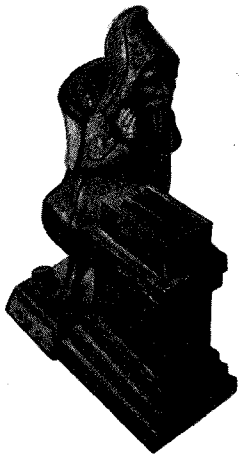
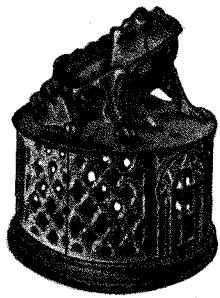
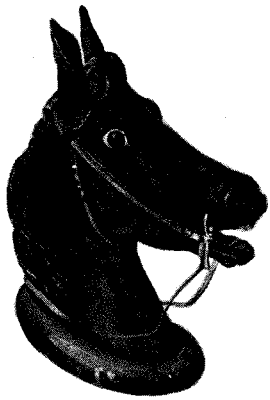


SANTA CLAUS BANK. Dated 1889, this bank has its coin slot in the chimney. Santa is 5¼" high.



BULL FROG BANK. Dated 1872, this bank is mechanically operated. The eyes can be rolled and the lower jaw opened by pressing the right front foot, which is hinged to the leg and is elongated to form a lever. The coin may then be deposited through the frog's mouth into the cylindrical base of the bank. The base is 4½" in diameter.



HORSE HEAD BANK. As shown in the right-hand view of this bank, dated before 1900, the horse's mouth opens from the snout to the back of the head, where it swings on a hinge. The coin is deposited in the slot inside the mouth. The bank is not mechanical; it is necessary to lift the head to locate the slot. Height, 5⅜".

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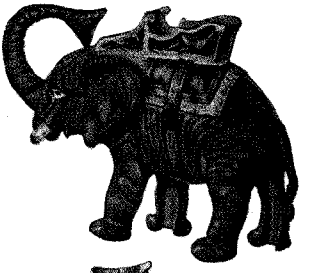
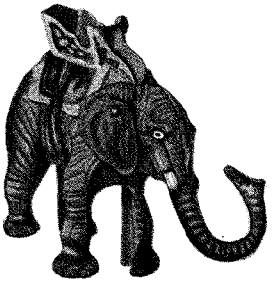
TAMMANY BANK. This figure deposits a coin in its pocket.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" BANK. This cast-iron bank is dated 1882. It is 7⅝" high.





ELEPHANT BANK, shown in four views. The coin is placed in a slot at the end of the trunk. When the tail is pulled the trunk flies up, depositing the coin in the howdah. Height, 5½", length, 8¾".

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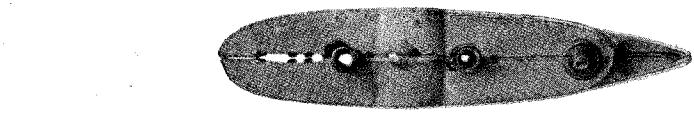
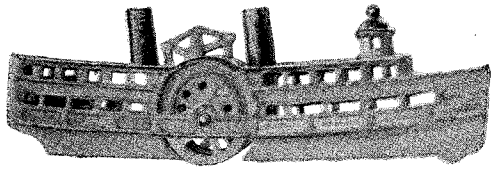
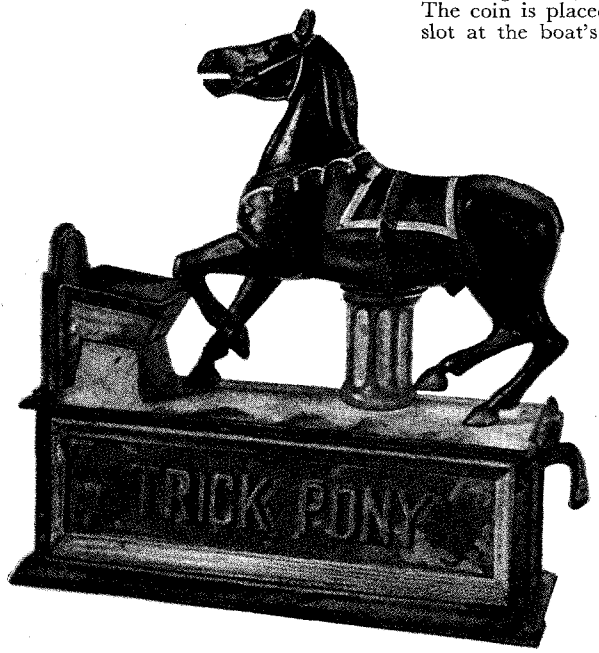




STEAMBOAT BANK. Two views of a cast-iron coin bank in the form of a side-wheeler steamboat, dated before 1900 and based on the famous boats that once plied the Mississippi River in the days of the *Robert E. Lee* and the *Natchez*. The bank is non-mechanical in operation, 7⅝″ long and 1⅝″ wide. The coin is placed in a slot at the boat's stern.



TRICK PONY BANK. The coin is deposited in the horse's mouth. When the lever at the back is pulled out, the neck bends down and the coin is dropped into the manger, the bottom of which opens to receive the coin. The bank dates from about 1885. It is 7″ long, 2½″ wide and 8″ high.

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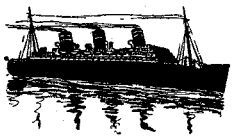
TEACH YOURSELF TO TRAVEL

YOUR STRATEGY ON A TRIP TO EUROPE: ADVICE TO THE TRAVEL-WISE AS WELL AS THE TYRO



A FRIEND looked at me enviously the last time I returned from Europe, expressed regret that he had never been able to afford such a luxury, and then casually told me what a six weeks' vacation in Florida had cost him—considerably more than I had spent in nearly three months, visiting eight European countries, including Norway and Spain. My total expenses from New York to New York were a trifle more than $800, and at no time was I even mildly roughing it. I ate excellent food, stayed in good, comfortable hotels, did about what I pleased, and had an incalculable amount of fun.

The truth is that going to Europe is one of travel's biggest bargains. But it seems to have been kept a secret from many travelers that transportation is less expensive if bought to your ultimate destination than if you buy each leg of the journey separately.

Two or three summers ago I went from New York to Leningrad—crossing the Atlantic (tourist) on one of the biggest boats—for $118. This included railroad fare in England, from Southampton to Hull, by way of London, passage on a Finnish boat from Hull to Copenhagen, thence to Helsingfors, Finland, and railroad fare to Leningrad. This gave two days at Copenhagen, with scant hotel expense, as you could sleep on the boat in dock. Now, if I had bought a ticket only to the English port, the fare would have been almost as much as all the way to the Soviet Union. Fare on the Finnish boat and railroad ticket to Leningrad alone, if bought separately, would have been $59. But as part of what is known as the *through forwarding rate*, the entire cost from Southampton to Leningrad was only $17—*and for exactly the same class of service.*

It is not always possible to get the through forwarding rate at the height of the season, in June or early July eastward, or late August and early September westward. But it is always well to ask for the through rate, and you may succeed in getting it even when boats are crowded.

When booking passage, it is well to remember that a stateroom on an upper deck is more airy in summer months, but a lower deck is more de-

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sirable in winter when there's more danger that the boat may be violently rolling. But there's no need to get excited about not being in the best possible spot. You'll make out well enough for the few days on the boat no matter where you are. If you feel alarmed over encountering terribly rough weather, remember that no big modern boat has ever been wrecked by a storm. If you are sharing a stateroom with an upper and lower berth and you find yourself assigned to the lower, you might offer to yield this to your bunkmate and he will feel grateful for your seeming magnanimity. The upper berth has much better air and is more desirable for other reasons, especially if the other fellow is a poor sailor and restless.

Having boarded your boat, the next question is your behavior or strategy for the next few days. Most passengers promptly rush to line up at the chief dining-room steward's desk to be assigned to tables. But there's no great need for haste. Wait comfortably in the smoking-room until the crowd has dispersed and your table will be about as good as that of the fellow who applied first. There is not even much danger that you may have to eat at the first instead of the second serving. This first serving, especially at breakfast, you may later discover, comes too early; and always you must leave the table promptly, with no chance for dawdling over cigarets and conversation, to make way for the next group. It might be expected that everybody would apply for the later service. But luckily there are always enough passengers, accustomed to early rising at home, who haven't thought of the disadvantages; who think they want their bacon and eggs with the first gong.

As you approach your port of debarkation, your cabin steward, anxious to get his work done, will come for your bags and, if you don't stop him, will immediately carry them to the landing deck where they will soon be well toward the bottom of an immense pile of luggage. Here is another time when the first shall be last. It may be an hour or more before the dock porters get down to the pieces of luggage laid on deck first. Hence it is wise to persuade the cabin steward to take your grips *last*, which means that they will be *on top* of the pile; or, better still, you may induce him to carry them down the gangplank and hand them to you on the dock. If traveling light, you can carry them yourself. At any rate, if you reach the customs office well ahead of the crowd, you can have a prompt customs examination and soon be on your way rejoicing. You're fortunate if you can get on with two suitcases and *no* trunk. With a suitcase in each hand, you may be independent of porters; but *three* suitcases are almost as much bother as five or six. A suitcase, by the way, only twenty-nine inches long, is more convenient than one thirty inches long, because twenty-nine inches happens to be one passen-

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ger's share of the length of the overhead baggage rack in European railway compartments.

Now that you've landed, it may be well to consider a fact not known to all tourists, that the fare on boat trains to the big centers is more than on regular trains. If you're in no great hurry but would just as soon browse about the port city and take a later train, you can save money.

If you depend on one of the travel agencies for information about hotels, you may find yourself booked at a needlessly expensive place with much gold braid and white stockings on the attendants, and an elaborate lobby, none of which adds much to your joys. But how are you to find the right place? If none has been recommended by friends, and you reach the city early enough in the day, it is a good plan to check your bags at the station and stroll about until you see a hotel that interests you; then you can make better terms than if you had arrived with baggage.

If you go by taxicab, it is always wise to pay the small added cost of detaining the chauffeur with your bags until you make sure the hotel rates are satisfactory. Since private baths are more of a luxury in Europe than in America, if you are willing to worry along with only running water in your room and walk down the hall to a bathroom shared by others, you may sometimes save half of your hotel bill.

Buying needless souvenirs is one of the easiest ways to run up the cost of a European tour. The saving on what you thought of buying, but didn't, starts a fund for another trip. A few seasoned travelers make a kind of hobby of holding purchases to the minimum and trying to reach a goal of passing through customs on the return to New York without a single item for declaration.

Incidentally, the most interesting souvenirs are often those which cost nothing, such as maps of cities visited, usually to be had free in hotels. If you see something in a window which you feel that you must take home with you, first try the experiment of walking a block away to determine if you are going to be discontented unless you return to buy it.

On the other hand, a general stroll for window shopping is probably the best way first to get the feel of a foreign city. With my friend, William Barber, Boston travel agent, I once spent several hours, immediately after our arrival late in the evening at Stockholm, making a game of trying to learn all we could about the place with no other knowledge than that afforded by shop windows.

It was readily apparent to both of us that here was a high cultural level in which the people took pride, and also a sense of fair play. Even such items as kitchenware intended for those of lower buying power, were honestly made and artistic; everything appeared to be aimed at needs of native consumers and for tourists

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only incidentally; shops close to the best hotels and in the humbler sections charged exactly the same prices for the same articles. Likewise, if you had never heard of London and arrived there blindfolded you could tell from the shop windows that the chief concern in an average English household is the comfort of the men folk rather than of the women.

For distances too great to walk, you will learn more about a city by using busses and streetcars instead of taxicabs, not to mention the saving in money. Before you hail a taxi ask yourself if it isn't because you are too mentally lazy at the moment to figure out how to reach your destination.

I have been assuming all along that you are your own tour manager; but there are those who gain far more profit and enjoyment from a tour as members of an organized party. This was once brought to my attention while at lunch in a Paris restaurant with Miss Clara E. Laughlin, one of the best travel authorities I know. At a table near us were an American and his wife, and at another an American mother and daughter. Each looked bored and unhappy. "Do you know what's the matter with them?" asked Miss Laughlin. "Simply this: at home a man and his wife, or a mother and daughter, seldom eat three consecutive meals together or go about all day long with no one else to talk to. If each had a special interest to follow separately and met again in the evening it would be all right. They would be more content as members of a party."

Whether traveling alone, or in mass formation, it is well to go native as much as possible. It is even wise to learn at least half a dozen phrases of the native language soon after arrival in any foreign country. To be able to say "where is" or "in what direction is" is bound to prove handy. At least, one may learn how to pronounce the words for: good morning, please, thank you, beg pardon, and good-bye. Names of native dishes are easily learned.

You won't have the full measure of adventure if you hunt up American cooking and miss the native variety. American restaurants in foreign places are seldom good and the people you meet there are not always the most interesting, nor the most adventurous spirits. Also, there is a heavy penalty in price for the kind of breakfast a restaurant is not regularly prepared to serve. If you feel obliged to take your own coffee with you, then you are not setting forth on your travel adventure in quite the right spirit.

Perhaps you would be happier to stay at home. If you think a Frenchman is foolish to eat butter on his radishes rather than on his bread, and to drink water—when he does drink it—without ice, remember that *he* thinks it shockingly silly of *us* to put mayonnaise on a pear or a fussy dressing on an orange. And he is right! —Fred C. Kelly

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A VERY WICKED WOMAN

HER VICTIMS HAVE LONG BEEN DUST BUT THERE IS NO REST FOR THE GHOST OF SARAH MALCOLM

BY NIGHT ghosts walk in the Temple, that little town within itself in London which lies between busy thronging Fleet Street where newspaper reporters scurry and the Embankment where the ships go by on river Thames. A little world with tombs of the crusading Templars, stately buildings, fountains, courts, rabbit warrens of dwellings and lawyers' chambers.

Illustrious wraiths have been seen there, shadows of the great in literature and the law, but only thrice has there been seen among the restless dead the apparition of Sarah Malcolm with her hard shameless beauty, her milkwhite neck marked with the gallow's rope, murmuring in a heartbroken whisper, "Why does the Master not come?"

She is looking for another ghost, that of young Mr. Terrence Kerrel who came from Ireland to study for the bar, and to practice even blacker arts with his dark sallow face and cold cruel commanding eyes, his ways that laid traps for a woman. But he will never come from that Hell into which his master the Devil conveyed him.

Little dapper, dancing, dull-witted German George II was on the throne in this year of grace, 1773, Thursday, February 2, when Mrs. Frances Rhymer went to call upon Mrs. Lydia Duncomb.

Her eighty-year-old friend, for some reason or other, chose to dwell in a dark passage known as Tanfield Court in the Inner Temple. She had a companion, Elizabeth Harrison, sixty years old, and Ann Price, a servant girl of seventeen.

Mrs. Rhymer crossed the paved yard and climbed the three flights to the apartment, two of which were on each floor. It was dark in the halls, though only early afternoon, and when she got up, the candles were lit in the room to which Ann Price led her. In the old bare wainscoted room Mrs. Duncombe lay almost hidden in the bed with its funereal canopy and curtains.

"I'm glad you're come, Fanny," said the old lady. "I'm going to die. No," as her friend protested, "I feel it in the air and it won't be an easy death, but I am prepared. And now, if you will, get me out my strong box.

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You have the key for safekeeping."

Mrs. Rhymer got out the strong box and opened it as directed. She knew its contents by heart. A silver tankard engraved with initials—C L D, and in the tankard a parcel of a hundred gold guineas. A linen bag also with twenty guineas and fifty gold Portuguese moidores. Half a dozen packages with two or three guineas apiece for special purposes after death.

"Now," said the old lady, "give me out a guinea for my wants. It won't be long. I feel the smell of death."

And on Saturday evening when Mrs. Love, another friend, called, Mrs. Duncomb was still talking about death. There were two other women there, Mrs. Oliphant, one of the Temple laundresses. She was an elderly worn thing, but with her was another laundress, a handsome bold-faced creature of twenty-two, called Sarah, who had worked for Mrs. Duncomb before Christmas.

Mrs. Love did her best to cheer all, but with small success.

"I lie awake at nights worrying," said Mrs. Duncomb. "Ah, well, Deborah Love, you are bidden to lunch at one tomorrow."

Precisely at one o'clock next day, Mrs. Love walked into the Temple. She came to Tanfield Court and up to Mrs. Duncomb's apartment where she knocked on the door.

There being no answer she kept on knocking, and still no one came. Then she crossed and knocked at the door of the apartment opposite, and all at once she recalled that Mrs. Betty had told her the tenant, Mr. Grisly, had just moved out and it was empty. She went back and knocked once more at her friend's door.

And all at once she was afraid. Strange things happened in these old houses. A door might open and something not of this life be looking at her. She stumbled down the steps in a panic and into the arms of Mrs. Oliphant.

"Oh my dear woman," she exclaimed, "I'm thankful to see you. What has happened to Mrs. Duncomb? I can get no answer and I smell no dinner a-cooking."

"I've seen none of them," said the laundress.

Mrs. Love burst into tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Oliphant, I believe they are all dead and we can't get in. Whatever shall we do?"

Mrs. Oliphant wrinkled her brows in thought.

"I know," she said eagerly. "Mr. Grisly's chambers are opposite. They've been empty since Tuesday. Mr. Twisdale left me the key. Maybe I can get out the window of the back room onto the roof, along the gutter and so into Mrs. Duncomb's."

Mrs. Love waited while Mrs. Oliphant went into the apartment. There was the crash of a pane of glass. A moment of silence, then the sound of a piece of furniture being moved, and then a cry of horror followed by a long bloodcurdling shriek. The door of the apartment was flung open and Mrs.

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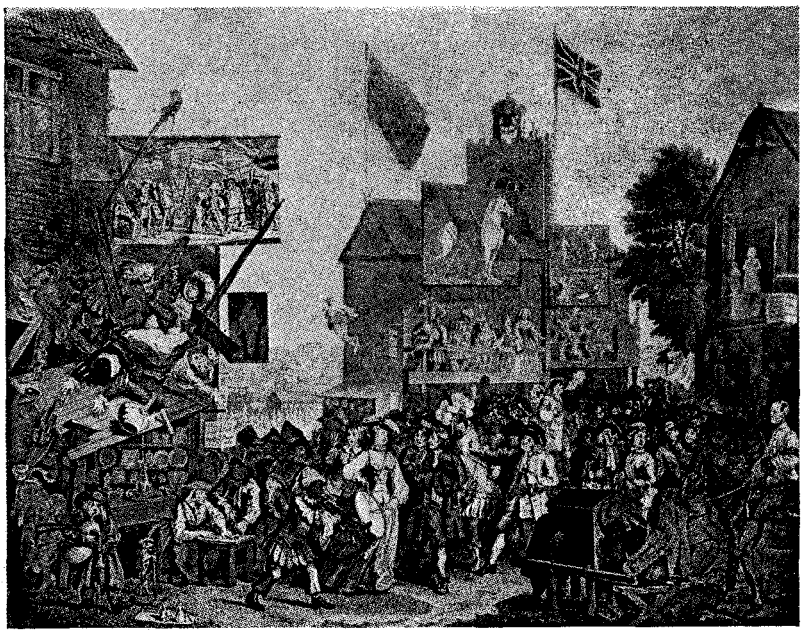

THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

LONDON STREET CROWD BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

Oliphant staggered out, crying: "Gracious God! They are all murdered."

For an instant Mrs. Love hung back, then ran in to stand and stare at the hideous scene. In the funereal bed lay Mrs. Duncomb with bruises on her throat. In the next room lay Mrs. Betty strangled by an apron string which had cut deep into her throat. And on a cot bed in the passage was poor Nanny Price, strangled, with her long dark hair straggling over her face, her hands clenched. She had struggled hard for life.

The motive of the crime was easily apparent. There lay the black strong box broken open and the money gone.

It was shortly later that young Mr. Gahagan with chambers in Tanfield Court, on a landing opposite those occupied by his friend Mr. Kerrel, came walking by with Kerrel and they were told the horrid news.

"Gad," said Gahagan, "Mrs. Duncomb? Surely your Sarah used to work for her before she came to be your laundress."

Mr. Kerrel caught him up:

"My Sarah, indeed!"

"Ay!" retorted Mr. Gahagan, "poor pretty wretch that hangs on your words like a sucking pig to a

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sow. She'll not look at me but at your eyes. What sort of spell do you cast on her? Gad, I warrant if you bid her she would pick pockets—"

"Or strangle three women," said Mr. Kerrel and laughed in so strange a manner that Gahagan who was an honest Irish gentleman was perplexed and not a little alarmed, for he had heard his friend talk of being able at times to force his will upon others. He welcomed Kerrel's proposal that they go to a coffeehouse in Covent Garden.

At eight they went to the Horseshoe and Magpie in Essex Street and there they stayed until one in the morning. Kerrel cast off his silence and was mighty gay.

As they stumbled up the stairs to their chambers in the Temple, being full of wine, they saw, to their alarm, that the door to Kerrel's was open. They pushed in hastily, to find a candle lit, and by the fire which she must have made, Sarah Malcolm, looking handsome in a blue silk riding hood.

"So Sarah," cried Kerrel staring at her, "what do you here at this hour?"

She did not look at him but said in a low voice.

"I could not sleep."

"You knew Mrs. Duncomb," said Gahagan, "did you not? Have you heard of anyone being arrested for the murder?"

"No, Mr. Gahagan."

"Well," said Kerrel roughly, "pack up your things and get away. We won't have anyone here that knew Mrs. Duncomb until her murderer is found."

"It is strange she is here so late," Gahagan muttered to him. "What business has she with you?"

Kerrel looked at him strangely.

"That is right. I must put a good face on it. If she be concerned in this matter, it must not touch me. Go, fetch the watch."

Gahagan started off to get the watch and came upon them, two sluggish old men in great belled coats, shuffling through the Court with their staves and lanterns. He hurried them up to the room as fast as he could.

"Now what about this murder?" Kerrel said sharply to Sarah. "I hope to God you are not concerned in it."

"You should know," she answered all of a sudden, but what she intended by that, Mr. Gahagan could not tell.

"There is more to this than meets the eye," said Gahagan.

Kerrell nodded and sat down, drumming on the table with his fingers. Suddenly he pointed to a corner.

"Zounds! That must be a bundle she has brought here. Open it."

Gahagan opened the bundle gingerly. Wrapped in the linen was a silver tankard with some initials. He read them.

"C L D. Gad, that might be Duncomb."

Kerrel immediately assailed Sarah, holding up the tankard.

"You murdering wretch you! Was it not enough to rob the people but you must go murdering them. Look

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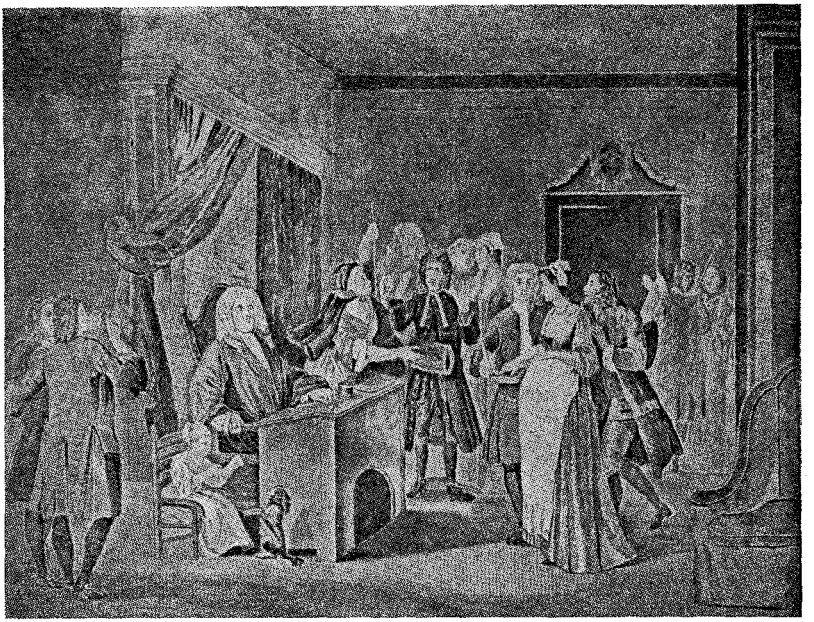

JUSTICE IN HIS ELBOW CHAIR BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

at this. No, you'll not wipe the blood from it."

Being searched by the watchmen, a green silk purse with twenty-one guineas was found in Sarah's bosom. They thereupon without further ado committed her to Newgate Prison, charged with murder and robbery. On February 23 she was arraigned, pleading not guilty. It was remarked by all that she bore herself with extraordinary composure, as though having nothing to fear.

Mrs. Love, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Rhymer, Mr. Gahagan and many others testified. It was noted that when Mr. Kerrel testified, the prisoner kept her eyes on his, as if awaiting him to witness in her favor, but he told what he had to tell curtly and without pity.

Eventually, the jury concluded that none but Sarah Malcolm knew the apartment, the locks, the whereabouts of the strong box and its contents, and being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, had contrived and carried out the entire horrid business of murder.

A short quarter of an hour of deliberation and they returned a verdict of guilty, and the Court pronounced

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sentence of death by hanging.

There was loud confusion in the court, so that what the prisoner said was not clearly understood, but an attorney's clerk stated later he thought her to say, "The Master will not let you hang me," but what she meant he did not know.

One day a little bustling busy man with a sort of knowing jockey look came into her cell with a youth and engaged her in talk. The next day he was back with a canvas and easel and begged he might make her portrait. He said his name was Hogarth.

When Sarah Malcolm heard that she would hang next morning she behaved strangely. She smiled as though she did not believe it possible. She was still in a good mood when the cart came for her to take her to the place of execution in Fleet Street. She stood in the cart looking about her, almost as if expecting someone.

But when she felt the rope go about her throat and stood alone in the cart that was to be drawn from under her feet, all of a sudden she swayed, and then as the horse started away she cried out so all could hear, she then facing the Temple:

"Oh my master, my master. Why do you not come?" And then, "Lord have mercy on my soul."

Whether Kerrel moved and seduced Sarah Malcolm to the crime is now a secret forever. But it is known that he was in debt at the time, and it may have been that he set Sarah to the robbery and no more.

But when to robbery she added murder, Kerrel saw black ruin at his door, and being desperate, piled villainy upon villainy by persuading Sarah to silence. And this no doubt by some fantastic promise, which she believed, that he would perform a miracle of rescue, even at the gallows.

If so, then the Tempter met an end fitting his crime, for on September 4 of that same year the *Gazette* carried an item, most obviously referring to him.

"On Sunday afternoon as a post-chaise with fresh horses from the Angel at Grantham was two miles from that town on the Great North Road, the horses took fright, and the driver trying to stop them broke his reins. The horses then increased their speed and the chaise overturned, the young gentleman within being killed on the instant with a broken neck. His female companion and the driver escaped all injury.

"It is said the dead was Mr. K., late of the Temple, a young Irish gentleman of abandoned principles. The driver saith that all of a sudden a young woman stood in the middle of the road and affrighted the horses, but what became of her he knows not, but that the horses appeared to go through her, so that he swears to her being an apparition and not a thing of flesh and blood. He swears also to his being sober, having had no liquor for a week, and that he cannot be held to account for what happened." —Robert W. Sneddon

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SKIDPROOF YOUR ENGLISH

THE SOCIAL PENALTIES FOR A MERE SLIP OF THE TONGUE ARE UNFAIR, BUT THAT'S NO CONSOLATION

FIVE college professors sitting around a table at Mrs. Hunt's Food Shop in East Lansing, Michigan, home of that great football college, Michigan State. It was the first day of a new term, and a sixth professor who wasn't there because he had snagged a job at a better institution, was on the pan. MacSnuff, of the Economics department, leaned across at the rest of us and contributed: "He's an ignoramus!"

Four college professors winced and each tried hard not to look at any of the others. Not that the absent one had been called a name too hard for genteel company. No—worse had been said. It was that Prof. MacSnuff had pronounced *ignoramus* with *a* as in *fat* instead of as in *day*. In the act of damning another as ignorant, he had deposited himself neatly in the same category.

I shall never forget that little lunch, even down to the liver and onions that had been my lot. It was my first day as a teacher, a scared little English instructor. The boner of the great MacSnuff heartened me. If heads of departments were mispronouncing *ignoramus* at Michigan State, maybe I amounted to something after all.

But the real moral of it, to me, is that with that break, Dr. MacSnuff had tarred himself for good and all. The others never forgot it, and you may be sure they passed it on. It was too good a story to keep.

Now some reader, ruffling the hair on his chest, may come at me and say, "That's a mighty picayunish thing, pronouncing an *a* as in *fat* instead of as in *day*. Aren't there more important things to worry about?"

It is, and there are. I merely puff my cigar and say, that's the way life is among people. Not alone among the professoriat. This kind of *contretemps* has happened in plenty of business and women's groups. Remember the kick our forefathers, products of the first free public education, got out of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward? The humor of those jokesters sounds pretty awful nowadays, but men who had gone through the elementary school and held their own in some grueling spelling bees, got the same humor and the same assurance for the inferiority complex out of the misspellings of

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those old-time funny pieces as your ex-English instructor and colleagues got out of the unfortunate MacSnuff.

The lowly shipping clerk, truck driver or bartender, that is, also draws the line somewhere. A fall from the literacy standards of any particular group is as funny to that set as a banana-peel spill.

In these days of clubs, organizations, meetings, when one is likely to be called on at any time to take the chair or utter a few words, it is a severe handicap to be below par. The inescapable business of the citizen and the good fellow in these get-together times would go off more pleasurably if men and women devoted to their speech habits a tenth part of the time they lavish on golf or bridge. On the personal side some attention—a good deal short of agony—to pronouncing and enunciating, and to the development of fluency and the elimination of horrible mannerisms of stuttering, rasping, bleating and chumha-ing, increases a man's prestige and his range of enjoyment.

Just as a loose nail in a horse's shoe lost a war, according to a nursery fable, so individual prestige is suffering daily all over this schooled and libraried land of ours because of little lapses: bad vowel sounds, slips in elementary grammar, and careless word delivery.

As to grammar, there is the pathetic story of Elsie Van Nuys. Elsie had been to Barnard, Elsie was a book designer in a publishing house. For a young woman of twenty-six she was doing well by herself, and had entree into the best circles—authors, wits, crooners, Hollywood honeys, editors, columnists, and wealthy *bon-vivants*. She knew how to walk into a room, order a cocktail, wear her clothes and complexion, and stare down a strange man who was on the point of taking a liberty. Elsie even had good conversation—but just the same she risked all when she opened her mouth. The fatal flaw was her inability to manage pronouns. She could say correctly, "It took me a week to do that cover," but when the sentence got slightly more complicated, this is what came out of her artistically lipsticked mouth: "It took Joe and I a week to re-do the apartment." She would say, "Us girls had loads of fun," and "I don't know what came over we girls that night." She was wrong with a wonderful consistency. As a result, the people whose opinion she respected never were able to take her with complete seriousness. A girl can lux her undies, use deodorant, read the best-sellers, keep her nails the fashionable shade and her hair the latest fluff, and still her English can throw her for a loss on the tearoom rug.

Following a broadcast lecture the other day on H. G. Wells, I received an impassioned letter from a suburban dentist taking me to task for having pronounced *data* with a short *a*. Now that is allowed, but in the best circles the long *a* is preferred, and some sensitive souls shy away from the flat

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sound like a horse when a paper bag blows out of the bushes. There is a formidable list of words from the Latin to which the rule applies: *apparatus, strata, status, gratis,* etc.—including our old acquaintance, *ignoramus*.

The dentist's charge against me was unfounded, but all the same this was one more of a long series of incidents leading to the conclusion that people do consider the odds and ends of speech important. The dentist had nothing to say about the speaker's brilliant analysis of Wells. The cocktail clique, the *Kaffeeklatsch* coterie, maybe even the Rotary Club luncheon, listens to you and me and passes judgment. People in a certain kind of good society don't say *data* with the sound of a bleating sheep, just as they don't stick out their little finger when they sip. Neither is a crime, but either marks you. Wisdom dictates following the current usage, and saving your rebellion for the Bigger Things.

The mention of Rotary reminds me that business men could do worse than dock their golf and save out a little time for a bout with the dictionary or *18,000 Words Often Mispronounced*. At Chamber of Commerce and Rotary luncheons I have heard the King's English stabbed more times in a few genial introductory remarks than Brutus' gang stabbed Caesar. Although I have no definite proof—or data—to show that a single contract was canceled or a single order withheld, it would be difficult for me to settle on a conviction that such business tragedies have not occurred as the result of a botched speech.

I was once, in my youth, private secretary to none less than Aston Claypool ("A.C." we unfondly called him), general superintendent of a nationwide corporation. A.C. had never gone farther than the sixth grade, and bragged of it. I was toiling in night school, after working nine and one-half hours a day for him. A.C. was scornful of the time I was spending on such puerilities as English and History. I flew from him and his meager payroll into the armed services of my country when the bugles were blown in 1917.

In 1919, back from France, and finally a college freshman (at the age of twenty-four), I met my former chief on the Avenue. Nothing for it but to go up to his penthouse, gargle some forbidden gin, and talk of old times. It was a different A.C.—the war had shifted him to the traffic-managership of one of the most bloated and important super-corporations in America. Now he was only one of a number of front-line executives, most of them college men. He broke down and confided to me—now a college man—how inferior he felt. He wanted to know all about the university, how it functioned, what actually went on. Every word I mentioned that was strange to him—*thesis, anthropology*—he looked up in his new unabridged dictionary. He had laid in a hundred or so new books, chosen for him by a clerk. He was going through them,

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one by one, from the left hand of the top shelf across and down. He had, at that moment in his history when the old secretary hove into view, been wrestling with *Swine*burne's poetry.

That is how he pronounced the name of the great Victorian poet—and thereby hangs the tale. I failed to set him right. Weeks later I was lunching with A.C. at the India House, when two men, looking very moneyed and J. P. Morganish, came to our table. As the junior, and a poverty-stricken one to boot, I kept quiet and listened, awed by this high-finance company. But when the talk swung around to the restaurant itself, I was able to hold my own with a remark about how the place reminded one of Charles Lamb and his East India House. The conversation splashed along in literary waters, and suddenly as I was buttering a piece of pumpernickel, I heard A.C. bring up his late reading—*Swine*burne! I noticed, and he caught, the look of shocked amusement that passed between the two capitalists, one of whom had difficulty covering up by calling for a beer. Things were somewhat strained for a moment. After they had gone, A.C. appealed to me and I broke the news. "My God!" he cried. "Those men are the General's special pals on the Street! I'm sunk!" The General was his president, one of the so-called "real rulers" of America.

I never found out if anything calamitous happened as a result of this incident, but the ill wind that never fails to blow good for someone blew me a nice tutorial job that kept me from undernourishment during those belated college days.

Just one more incident and I'll be still. Years later had added unto me a wife who patronized Cecelia Blushwood's beauty parlor near the university. Cecelia, whose aunt had died and left her some money, had just moved from a drab neighborhood to this community of co-eds and professors' wives. She soon found a new vocabulary was necessary if she was to do business on the right plane, so she took morning classes at the college speech school. Don't smile, because at that very time and in that very school a business man who was running for one of the highest offices in the gift of the American people was having his own grammar, enunciation and platform manner straightened out.

What to do? These rules may be helpful. The author often checks up on himself in this fashion.

1. No rules or inspirational books can take the place of a liberal education and a broad interest in people and ideas. A well-informed person starts with a sense of adequacy and self-confidence.

2. There is no reason why such an education and such interests must be sought in formal schooling. Formal schooling, in fact, too often fails to give even a shadow of it. The reading of good books and periodicals, thought-taking by oneself in regard to this reading, the frequenting of the so-

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ciety of people from whom one can learn something, will turn the trick. The pulp-and-detective-story reader and the eternal listener at the radio will never make the grade.

3. No household should be without a dictionary. This might be supplemented by a book on pronunciation (see your nearest public library). Words we're not sure of should be checked. In addition, if pronunciation or enunciation is shaky, reading aloud to oneself or to a friend brings out the dubious words. These words should be used in conversation as soon as possible, to make them stick in the mind.

4. When in unfamiliar company, let's listen, and not rush in to speak our piece until we have an idea of the general tone.

5. Let's not crash the conversation and try to be the life of the party. If it is bad to have to be over-coaxed to come to the piano, figuratively speaking, it is even worse to sit down to the keyboard unasked. A boner by a headlong fool is far worse than an awkwardness by a quiet, likable person.

6. Let's not be a Donald Duck, airing all our "peeves" and "gripes."

7. Let's not put on a front. No saying *eyether*, unless we were brought up that way. No pretending. Let's be ourselves—that is, the best self of the many of which we are composed. No over-use of French words, for instance, except where there are no English equivalents, or where the English way would be awkward. But if French words are used, let them be pronounced in the French way. A friend of mine who was too lazy to check up on his French used to cover up his miserable pronunciation with a whimsical air. *Lee-ayzhun* he would say, for *liaison*, and smile wistfully at the company. It's all right if you can put over the elfin touch—but what a dud when it doesn't come off!

This matter of pronouncing foreign words is sometimes crucial. The mispronunciation of the *oo*'s in *Roosevelt* and *Van Loon* sticks out like a sore thumb. *Coolidge* and *Hoover*, yes; but *Rosevelt* and *Van Lone*. People who can do right by difficult foreign names like *Potocki* (the name of the Polish Consul-General, pronounced *Pototzki*) are able to carry over their skill, in this melting pot country of ours, to the names of people they meet. Nothing sounds sweeter to a man with a difficult name than to hear it spoken correctly.

Finally, it isn't as if correct speech were something in the exclusive possession of an esoteric priesthood, or available only to a man of wealth or a 32nd degree initiate. There are classes all over this broad land, in day and evening schools; there are correspondence courses. Many reasonably priced handbooks exist, such as Century, Smart's, Bryan-Nethercot-DeVoto, Woolley's. Within everyone's ken, too, is the company of people who handle their words well. All within reach and in fact so attainable that we fail to make the greatest use of it.

—Alison Aylesworth

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THE CYCLE

I

In The Beginning—
A certain mass of gas
Condensed
It whirled around
And threw off
Great chunks:
Nine of them.
One is Earth.

II

A seething, heaving
Boiling, rumbling
Mass.
In cooling
It sent up vapor
Which condensed
Into clouds,
Which fell back as rain
Which made more vapor
Which made more rain.
For thousands
Of years it rained.

III

A soluble substance
Was abundant
Upon the surface
Of the Earth.
Dissolved, it flowed
And slowly formed
The salty seas.

IV

Through space
Came Life.
One-celled it fell
Upon the molten rock
And the tepid sea.

V

Life—
Rocked in the cradle
Of the turbid teeming
Putrid slime.
One-celled scum
Our ancestry.

VI

One-celled animals
Two-celled animals
Three-celled animals
Sea, swamp, air, land
Fish, reptiles, birds, man

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Time evolves
The changing plan.

VII

Like the yeast
From which we came
We struggle—
To rise.
Gripped by the subconscious
Relentless experiences
Of the past
We struggle to rise.

VIII

Fear is with
All animals
Man added—
Superstition.

IX

Because of Fear
There is Faith.
Faith is the Hope
That what is feared
Will not happen.

X

Fearing Death
Man invented
Immortality.

XI

Civilizations—
Created in the
Interims between
Ice ages
Perish
With their leisure time
Nothing is permanent
But change.

XII

A day will come
When the sun
Will be a
Cold Dead Thing.
We are parasites
On a dying planet
The final struggle will be—
Between Bacteria
And Man.
The victor
Will feed on the carcass
Of Man.

XIII

The victor
Scum.

—Laurian Jane Thompson

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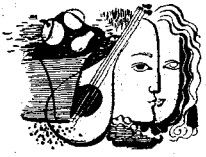
ARTISTIC DETAIL

THE CONFUSION IS DELIBERATE, BUT IT WON'T FAZE YOU IF YOU REALLY KNOW YOUR PAINTERS



THOUGH you may be no stickler for such detail, how many of these artists can you recognize by their correct names? Authorities may differ on some names, but only one of the three suggested is an accepted version. The other two are wrong. Count two points for each correct answer. A score above 70 is better than average. Answers will be found on page 118.

1. Famed for his graceful, long-necked beauties, this Italian artist was known as (*a*) Piero Botticelli; (*b*) Sandro Botticelli; (*c*) Lucian Botticelli.
2. Not that you could decipher it, America's slickest portrait painter signed his canvases (*a*) Leopold Sargent; (*b*) Edward Alden Sargent; (*c*) John Singer Sargent.
3. The lusty Flemish master of glowing human flesh and of diplomatic politics was named (*a*) Justus van Rubens; (*b*) Peter Paul Rubens; (*c*) Rubens van Runckle.
4. The Dutch painter whose life's story holds as much interest as does his art was (*a*) Theo van Gogh; (*b*) Goupil van Gogh; (*c*) Vincent van Gogh.
5. The elegant English artist, painter of too pretty figures but also of virile landscapes, was named (*a*) Thomas Gainsborough; (*b*) Sir Joshua Gainsborough; (*c*) John Gainsborough.
6. One of the early portrayers of "the people" was the British water color painter (*a*) George Rowlandson; (*b*) Samuel Rowlandson; (*c*) Thomas Rowlandson.
7. The immortal RvR carried one of these names on the path he blazed through Art's history: (*a*) Ruisdael van Rembrandt; (*b*) Rembrandt van Rijn; (*c*) Rembrandt van Roosevelt.
8. One of the favorite painters of the court of Francis I was (*a*) Jean Clouet; (*b*) Bonnivet Clouet; (*c*) Jacques Clouet.
9. Popularly called Tintoretto, the Venetian painter's real name is given by some authorities as (*a*) Francesco Ruspoli; (*b*) Franco Sacchetti; (*c*) Jacopo Robusti.
10. An artist from whom the greater Brueghel may have learned a thing

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or two was (*a*) Gerard Bosch; (*b*) Hieronymus Bosch; (*c*) Pieter Bosch.

11. One of the "juiciest" and most revolutionary painters of not so long ago was the Frenchman (*a*) Claude Manet; (*b*) Camille Manet; (*c*) Edouard Manet.
12. The impressionist painter of countless haystacks was named (*a*) Camille Monet; (*b*) Claude Monet; (*c*) Edouard Monet.
13. Titian, which popular name colors our speech when we speak of redheads, was baptized (*a*) Paolo Tizio; (*b*) Tiziano Vecellio; (*c*) Giovanni Tiziano.
14. The colorful goldsmith and sculptor of Renaissance days who dwelt in no Ivory Tower was named (*a*) Benvenuto Cellini; (*b*) Benito Cellini; (*c*) Bellini Cellini.
15. France's greatest lithographer and one of its best painters was (*a*) Honoré Daumier; (*b*) Pierre Daumier; (*c*) Maurice Daumier.
16. Renowned for his animal draughtsmanship, his romantic spirit, and his ability to write lucidly about the arts was (*a*) Pascal Simon Delacroix; (*b*) Alexandre Gabriel Delacroix; (*c*) Eugene Delacroix.
17. One of the first proletarian painters, but one who soaked his peasants in "brown soup" and otherwise slicked them up, was (*a*) Alphonse Millet; (*b*) Pierre Paul Millet; (*c*) Jean François Millet.
18. A painter who delighted the French aristocracy with his pleasant conceits was (*a*) Jean Leon Watteau; (*b*) Antoine Watteau; (*c*) Leon Augustin Watteau.
19. The German painter who was thought to possess a special mysterious brush for the painting of long, silken hair was named (*a*) Martin Dürer; (*b*) Adam Dürer; (*c*) Albrecht Dürer.
20. The French sculptor whose work was so realistic he was once accused of exhibiting castings made on the human body was named (*a*) Theodore Rodin; (*b*) Auguste Rodin; (*c*) André Rodin.
21. One of the foremost of living sculptors famed for his suave, monumental nudes, is named (*a*) Aristide Maillol; (*b*) Augustin Maillol; (*c*) Charles Victorin Maillol.
22. John Ruskin said that a certain American painter threw a pot of paint in the public's face. The artist's name was (*a*) Oscar Whistler; (*b*) Walter Greaves Whistler; (*c*) James McNeill Whistler.
23. The French artist, embittered by a deformity, who became one of the world's cruelest satirists was known as (*a*) Toulouse-Lautrec de Orleans; (*b*) Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; (*c*) Charles de Toulouse-Lautrec.
24. The artist who developed a technique of painting by the juxtaposition of minute dabs of color was named (*a*) Henri Seurat; (*b*) Georges Seurat; (*c*) Emile Seurat.
25. El Greco, the Greek painter who was the flower of Spanish Art, was

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really named (*a*) Constantine Domenico; (*b*) Domenico Theotocopuli; (*c*) Ulysses Philoctetes.

26. Perspective, boon of the old-timer and bane of the modern artist, was largely pioneered by (*a*) Paolo Uccello; (*b*) Giannozzo Uccello; (*c*) Niccolo Uccello.

27. The designer of the bronze "Gates of Paradise," in Florence, was named (*a*) Bartoluccio Ghiberti; (*b*) Andrea Ghiberti; (*c*) Lorenzo Ghiberti.

28. The work of the elder Tiepolo forecast the decline of Italy's illustrious school of painting. His full name was (*a*) Domenico Tiepolo; (*b*) Vittorino Tiepolo; (*c*) Giambattista Tiepolo.

29. The French Impressionists got their idea from a vigorous English landscape painter whose name was (*a*) Alfred Constable; (*b*) John Constable; (*c*) Joseph Constable.

30. The painter of some lady-like, quiet-toned murals was named (*a*) Pierre Cecile Puvis de Chavannes; (*b*) Jacques Puvis de Chavannes-Latour; (*c*) François Marius Puvis de Chavannes.

31. A little master, fond of the sea shore and of colorful parasols, was the French painter (*a*) Antoine Jean Boudin; (*b*) Louis Eugene Boudin; (*c*) Paul Boudin.

32. In the famous Le Nain brother act, the second oldest and most gifted of the three was (*a*) Louis Le Nain; (*b*) Mathieu Le Nain; (*c*) Antoine Le Nain.

33. A master of smiling faces and of limpid brushwork was the Dutch painter (*a*) Hans Hals; (*b*) Frans Hals; (*c*) Jan Hals.

34. Some authorities contend that art's greatest genius was (*a*) Michelangelo Buonaparte; (*b*) Michelangelo Buonarrati; (*c*) Antonello Michelangelo.

35. An early portrait painter brought to light in the search for the founders of our American school of painting was (*a*) John Singleton Copley; (*b*) Benjamin Copley; (*c*) Archibald Copley.

36. Because in 13th century Italy the father tacked his name onto that of his son, the great early fresco painter was called (*a*) Giotto di Cimabue; (*b*) Giotto di Bondone; (*c*) Giotto di Vergerio.

37. The 18th century satirist who loved to bait English society was (*a*) Thomas Hogarth; (*b*) Walter Hogarth; (*c*) William Hogarth.

38. The painter who discovered raw meat as a subject matter for still life was named (*a*) Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin; (*b*) Louis Philippe Chardin; (*c*) Jean Auguste Dominique Chardin.

39. The very masculine French painter whose political activities caused him to be banned from his native land was (*a*) Charles Courbet; (*b*) Gabriel Courbet; (*c*) Gustave Courbet.

40. A painter of too lyrical landscapes but also of solid, expressive figure pieces was (*a*) Camille Corot; (*b*)

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Pierre Corot; (*c*) Pascal Corot.

41. The French artist with a tremendous influence over modern painting was named (*a*) Auguste Cézanne; (*b*) Paul Cézanne; (*c*) Jules Cézanne.
42. The artist responsible for the flourishing tourist traffic to Tahiti was called (*a*) Jean Gauguin; (*b*) Paul Gauguin; (*c*) Henri Gauguin.
43. The Impressionist who painted women's bodies with passionate intensity was (*a*) Jean Renoir; (*b*) Eugene Renoir; (*c*) Auguste Renoir.
44. One of the inventors of cubism who is also credited with "discovering" surrealism is named (*a*) Pedro Picasso; (*b*) Julio Picasso; (*c*) Pablo Picasso.
45. Once called a wild beast, the influence of this painter has had a marked effect on the development of contemporary art. His name is (*a*) Pierre Matisse; (*b*) Henri Matisse; (*c*) Louis Matisse.
46. The Spanish artist of the bull ring and of the "Disasters of War" is commonly called (*a*) Diego de Goya; (*b*) Francisco Goya; (*c*) Juan Battista Goya.
47. A fellow traveler with the Renaissance boys, a painter of imaginative conceptions of the hereafter, was (*a*) Luca Signorelli; (*b*) Aretino Signorelli; (*c*) Stefano Signorelli.
48. The French painter of ballet girls and of the race track was named (*a*) Andre Degas; (*b*) Edgar Degas; (*c*) Camille Degas.
49. A French artist steeped in the glories of antiquity was (*a*) Raphael Poussin; (*b*) Sebastien Poussin; (*c*) Nicolas Poussin.
50. The great Italian who worked four years to portray the smile on Mona Lisa's face was known as (*a*) Leonardo da Veni; (*b*) Leonardo da Vidi; (*c*) Leonardo da Vinci.

—Aaron Bohrod

HOLDING MY SIDES

I LOVE the funny papers; they're so amusing. Take Little Susie. Poor kid's just broken her leg. Doctor thinks it may have to be amputated. Wonder if he can save her. And Buzz Bilson on the Planet Pange. The king of the Fire-Eating Men has just had him thrown in a pit full of dragons. Looks as though they're gonna finish him. And his girl is being branded with hot irons.

Oh my! See what's happened to the Morris family! Dad's in bed with pneumonia, and their house is on fire!

And poor Ted Timkins. Just been abducted by bank robbers, and they're gonna croak him! And Pat and Jerry have just been sentenced to twenty years! Oooh! And a wing has fallen off Si Baldwin's plane, and he's going to crash! It's terrible.

Yes, I love the funny papers. They're so *funny*.

—Parke Cummings

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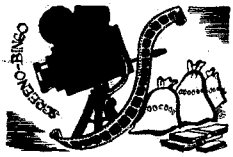
HOW TO TALK MOVIES

AN ENLIGHTENED EVALUATION OF THE MOVIES AS A SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION—AND CRITICISM



ALTHOUGH some 85,000,000 admissions are paid every week in the United States, there are only three groups of people who have anything to say about what they have seen in a movie theatre. Of course I am not counting such conversational flights as "Jees, some picture, eh?" or "They get worse every time!" Nor am I considering the remarks of the man who sat right next to the lucky devil who won five dollars on the Screeno-Bingo.

Of those who can or care to converse about the films there are, first of all, people from Hollywood connected with what is reverently known as The Industry. They can talk of nothing else, and conversation soon takes the form of a monologue in which you play the original listening stooge.

As a rule, Hollywood people have little serious interest in the films beyond their salaries and their vanities. Unlike novelists, painters or musicians they are not trying to "say something." If you assume they are, you will reveal yourself as an innocent. Remember that for the producers Hollywood is simply a factory assembly line, and for the writers and performers a chance to get theirs in a hurry. Once a film has come off the line and run through the chain theatres they all want to forget about it. It is bad manners to talk to Hollywood people about a picture more than six months old. Maybe this is an unconscious admission of the fact that most films are of necessity trash. Always, however, the *new* picture on which they are now working is going to be a honey . . . "big . . . great . . . stupendous . . . a colossal smash . . ."

It took the Film Library, organized by New York's Museum of Modern Art with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, to start the first serious, comprehensive collection of old films and historical motion picture material in America. Reluctant and bewildered at the stupidity of anyone with a historical interest, Hollywood however granted this Film Library rights to sufficient old negatives to make up programs which are now sent around to colleges and art museums all over the country, for study. If you run into any of these they will give you useful background material.

Second among those who are inter-

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ested in discussing the movies are the hundreds of thousands of adolescents and lonely women who fatten on the high sugar-content of the fan magazines. These people live in a neon-lighted, chromium-plated dream world in which the movie stars are their personal friends. Their new hair-dos, dresses, husbands (or wives), and dance steps are of vital importance. Obviously your first move is to disassociate yourself from these hard-breathing enthusiasts and quickly identify yourself with the third group—those who, in spite of everything, believe the motion picture to be a respectable and important medium of expression.

There are quite a few in this last group and some of them take what they call the cinema or even the *kino* (not to be confused with a gambling game) quite seriously indeed. Some are in high schools and colleges where they attend lectures on the history and technique of the film. In this same group is a smaller band of super-critics who work desperately to prove they have nothing in common with the ordinary, vulgar movie fan. Some of these become quite snobbish and their talk gets so rarefied you can hardly understand what they are saying. More about these later.

There is probably no quicker way to prove that your intentions toward the movies are honorable than to talk about pictures in terms of their directors. Although Hollywood publicity only occasionally mentions directors, they are infinitely more important than actors in producing good pictures. Directors are assisted by writers, actors, scenic designers and cutters, but they are the bosses. They set the style and pace. They encourage or discourage an actor's natural tendency to give a scene a particular inflection. In a very few cases they share their authority with the leading actor involved, but even then they are the co-ordinating forces which make the pictures jell into a final form.

Directors often have styles as distinctive as those of novelists, musicians, or painters, and in spite of Hollywood's big business tendency to get the wrong man to direct the wrong picture, it is often possible to recognize these styles. Some of the more important directors of recent years are:

FRANK CAPRA: *It Happened One Night, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*

WILLIAM DIETERLE: *Story of Louis Pasteur, Life of Emile Zola*

JOHN FORD: *The Lost Patrol, The Informer*

GEORGE CUKOR: *Dinner at Eight, David Copperfield*

FRITZ LANG: *M, Fury*

MERVYN LEROY: *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, They Won't Forget*

FRANK LLOYD: *Cavalcade, Mutiny on the Bounty*

LEWIS MILESTONE: *All Quiet on the Western Front, The Front Page*

WESLEY RUGGLES: *True Confession, Sing You Sinners*

KING VIDOR: *The Big Parade, The Crowd, The Citadel*

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ALFRED HITCHCOCK (British): *The 39 Steps*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*

ALEXANDER KORDA (British): *Private Life of Henry VIII*, *Rembrandt*

RENÉ CLAIR (French): *Le Million*, *A Nous La Liberté*

JULIEN DUVIVIER (French): *Poil de Carotte*, *Carnet de Bal*

JEAN RENOIR (French): *Madame Bovary*, *Grand Illusion*

Two other names should probably go on any honor roll of today's film makers: Walt Disney of the animated cartoons and Pare Lorentz whose Government documentary shorts show a rare intelligence and understanding of the cinematic idiom.

While Hollywood as a whole often boasts that it is an industry and not an art, individual writers, directors and actors sometimes sneak in a little art here and there so that bits, sequences or even whole pictures are frequently excellent. How these get through the religious, nationalistic and commercial censorship meat grinders is a mystery—but it is enough that every year some do. These few pictures and their equivalents from other countries furnish the basis for serious conversation about the motion picture.

The movies in general may be tricky conversational topics for those who think they can safely glide out with a firm footing on the assumption that any picture which is received with delight by the millions is necessarily dreadful. This may be a safe rule in other media of expression, but with the movies you can't be sure. Remember that everybody, including the critics, liked *Test Pilot* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, to pick two at random.

Despite the almost psychopathic adoration which some young people have for movie stars, there is no reason why you should speak of all these highly publicized people as either unimportant or stupid. Good acting requires extraordinary intelligence and insight into character and should command all your respect. You are no longer just or justified in talking about the beautiful-but-dumb movie star. When sound came in around 1929 and actors were more completely revealed by their voices, there was a great change of personnel on the Coast and many a luscious cutie disappeared. A high percentage of today's leading players are first-rate actors. It has taken considerably more than a handsome profile or a seductive figure to put Charles Laughton, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Charles Boyer, Harry Baur, Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan, Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy and Katharine Hepburn where they are today. Nor can you deny that the Marx Brothers, W. C. Fields and Carole Lombard are brilliant, if slightly cockeyed.

Merely to insult Hollywood and all its workers is to indict yourself on two counts. It shows first, that you don't understand the appalling difficulties involved in turning out over five hundred features a year, and secondly

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that you think Hollywood is making pictures to please you. It is not. It doesn't give a whoop for you. It is aiming at an abstract average of you and 100,000,000 other customers located all over the world. All it hopes is that you may like some parts of each film.

Don't say to your friend who has just returned from six months' work on the Coast: "You know better than that! Why did you put such-and-such in your picture? You know that doctors (lawyers, reporters, engineers, etc.) never talk like that." Of course he knows better, but the other three writers, the supervisor, the director, and the actors all thought differently, and they outnumbered him.

Don't blame Hollywood for its lack of interest in the world in which we live. Every political, economic, religious and commercial pressure group on earth camps on Hollywood's doorstep. By threatening reprisals in the form of special boycotts they succeed in keeping the movies impartial, noncommittal, non-controversial—and, usually, dull. In the past, even things which Hitler and Mussolini disliked were kept out of a film, although it now appears this restriction may be lifted. Already the Warners are making *Concentration Camp* and a story about German bunds in America.

This does not mean, however, that Hollywood is going in for controversy. It simply means that the cash revenues from Germany and Italy have vanished, and that since popular resentment against dictators has increased enormously here, fascism has become a safe and acceptable villain. In other words, fascism is no longer controversial.

Don't say you didn't go to see a certain picture because of lurid advertising. No movie ever made was as bad as some of those quarter-page ads make out. Frequently publicity men will seize on some irrelevant detail of an excellent but unspectacular film, and exaggerate it so that all intelligent people will keep as far away as possible. You have to find out about good films from reviewers and friends whose opinion you trust.

The most startling example of this I can recall was *A Lady's Profession* of a few years ago, a gay and charming comedy in which Roland Young and Alison Skipworth portrayed an impoverished English nobleman and his wife who came to New York to run a speakeasy. Red lights and pictures of Miss Skipworth leering out of a peephole in a door did everything to suggest the picture was about a brothel keeper.

Those who value the motion picture and see in it the most instantaneous and compelling means of communication devised since cave men first started scratching drawings of running animals on walls, overlook such crude departures, just as parents overlook their child's bad manners.

Don't be patronizing about the motion picture's technical achievements. Whatever swaddling clothes may still hamper its subject matter, its mechan-

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ical achievements have been phenomenal. There have been no censorships or taboos holding back the cinematographers and sound engineers. Money for experimentation has been plentiful and new developments quickly put into practice.

And finally, *don't* patronize the motion picture's story telling techniques. To place yourself as seriously interested in the movies you should realize that although they are only about forty years old (with sound for about the past eleven years), their directors and technicians have invented, evolved and perfected a technique of telling stories and building up emotional climaxes so effective that it is now influencing all other forms of communication.

As I suggested before, there are among those seriously interested in the films a few very vocal super-critics who will go to desperate measures to cut themselves off from the sixteen-year-old fan club members who are interested only in Joan Crawford's latest costume. These people, usually earnest young men, are snobbish and inclined to be dangerous conversational adversaries. They are up on all the remote foreign pictures not shown in America, and will gladly use a foreign term just to put things on a higher cultural level and make you feel an oaf. They will talk to you about *régisseurs* (which is French for directors), cinematic fluidity, cinéastes, cinéplastics, ciné-organization, and the like. These last of course derive from cinema, and mean about what you want them to. *Montage*, which abroad means simply the making and editing or cutting of a film, is not heard so much over here since it has come to mean a double exposure or trick picture.

Paul Rotha, the scholarly British film critic, takes all these matters very seriously in his 362-page *The Film Till Now* and his shorter, *Celluloid, the Film Today*. If you really want to qualify as an authority you might look into these studies.

All too often the hyper-critic is inclined to be a hothouse plant. He lives in a world of his own and gets precious little attention from any of the actual practitioners who are making our films, except occasional directors. Often he sees in a picture, even a bad local one, tendencies, techniques, and ideologies which the director and cast never realized were there. Certainly they never knew they had such wonderful foreign names.

Of all the special terms which have been evolved to describe cinematic characteristics, *visual flow* is probably the most justified, and most common. It applies to the smoothness with which both the pictorial and emotional elements are blended into an uninterrupted stream. But don't take this definition as hard and fast. It's every man for himself in this business.

The super-critic's real trump card is a foreign-made picture which has never been shown in America, talk of which leaves you far, far out on a

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limb. The only way you can reply to a panegyric about the subtleties of Nushi-Vlovvlovv's masterpiece *Fear, Pain and Starvation* is to ask your learned friend point-blank if he has ever seen the film. Nine times out of ten he will fumble and admit he has not. You can push him farther into a corner by asking him where it *has* been shown. If it has been seen only at a private showing in a friend's house in London or Paris you need have no further fears. Maybe it was directed by the friend. You can safely assume that any film which has never found enough of an audience to make an importation to New York profitable is of little consequence. Among the city's 7,000,000 people you can recruit an audience for almost anything.

Since the War we have had succeeding vogues for the best German, Russian, British and French films, the two latter enthusiasms still being in force. Some of these pictures have been magnificent and a revelation of the film's versatility, but you have to be a little careful in discussing foreign pictures. American critics and literary people often have a bad rush of blood to the head and a bad rush of type from the typewriter when they catch a load of something foreign. All too often, it's the old trans-Atlantic snob appeal, for which we have been eager victims since Columbus' day.

The best way to embarrass a loud-speaking Hollywood missionary who salts his conversation with extra zeros until he is well into the millions, is to ask him whether that $86,000 gross that his picture earned during its first week in New York could have been due to the fact that Benny Goodman was at the theatre at the same time. Or maybe it was Maxine Sullivan? Or maybe they were giving away a car that week in Denver when the customers stood in line for two blocks before the box office opened? These gambling games, lotteries, and give-aways, together with the quantity-not-quality implication of the double feature, have lowered the prestige of the movies enormously in recent years.

As a final embarrassment for your friend with the fur-lined swimming pool you could ask him about that harmless but highly inaccurate bit of American folklore to the effect that the motion picture is America's fourth (or fifth) largest industry.

Comparative figures are difficult to get and inclined to be tricky, but from data compiled by the U. S. Census of Manufactures (1935), the annual dollar revenue of the whole "amusement industry"—including stage, opera, carnivals, circuses, etc.—puts it about thirty-first on the list. And of this motion pictures account for but 73 per cent.

But you are safe in maintaining that the motion picture is, and for years will probably continue to be, one of the world's great media of communication. It is far greater than any of its practitioners, and infinitely greater and more permanent than Hollywood.

—CREIGHTON PEET

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CZARIST HANGOVER

MOUTH-WATERING ACCOUNT OF THE EATABLES AND POTABLES THAT STILL DOT THE RUSSIAN CUISINE

FOR the fancier of fine foods and wines there's no better place than the Soviet Union today. But when I tell people of the feasting I did there several years ago, and of the eighteen pounds I gained, they're sure to lift a polite eyebrow or raucously oh-yeah me.

Of course everybody admits that rich Russian aristocrats of old knew their caviar, game, cheeses and champagnes, and Russian refugee restaurants over here are a rave. Any seasoned American diplomat who was in Moscow or St. Petersburg in Czarist days will make your mouth water telling about that afternoon vodka tray set out with elegant appetizers such as we have never known. A hundred dollars was the minimum outlay required for equipping that mahogany tray on wheels which was pushed around by liveried servants to liverish guests reclining on davenports. A stunning setup of Astrakan Romanoff caviar, vintage cheeses, superb sausages, smoked meats, patties of quail and partridge, rare preserved fish and a whole rainbow of different colored vodkas to choose from, for that is one drink which, like the diamond, comes in all colors of the aurora borealis.

But why dwell on the past? Today, there is still food for thought. The Revolution seems to have left the gourmanderie of the Russians perfectly intact. Plenty of fresh sweet butter and always a dab of rich cream in borsch, or a ladleful to smother a dish of the biggest and most luscious red raspberries I ever tasted. Northern berries are naturally the finest and those we get from Alaska prove their excellence. Soviet berries are unbeatable in flavor, which is best brought out by tart sour cream and a touch of sugar. Of course, some of us are apt to think that once cream has soured it is spoiled, but the Eastern view of the matter is that sour cream has more zest and tang, so although you can get sweet cream in the markets, the bulk of it is carefully soured to make it more palatable.

As for bread, we have heard of the horrors of having to subsist on "black" bread, but I can think of a much worse fate—subsisting on our own emasculated "white" bread. The so-called "black" is, indeed, a velvety

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brown, juicy to bite into, as nutty as whole wheat, and very nourishing because the whole grain is used. Moscow, incidentally, has the largest and most modern bread factories in the world, and is the only metropolis in which bread production is totally mechanized.

I'll never forget my first day in the New Moscow Hotel when another American tourist dashed into the lobby and addressed a dozen of us who were trying to make up our minds what to see first. "Visit the bakeries!" he exclaimed. "I oughta know. I've been skinning my knuckles in tubs of dough, singeing my eyebrows off, raking loaves out of ovens in New York, Paris and London since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, but this is the first time I've ever seen bread baked painlessly—a hundred different kinds come pouring out every split second, untouched by human hands, sorted automatically into bins and then shot fresh and clean all over town in streamlined trucks. I'm going to stay right here and get me a job if I can."

And this baker's food enthusiasm was recently matched by the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, England's well-known Dean of Canterbury who, on his return to London from a trip to the Soviet Union last fall, wrote in praise of the fine quality of food he consumed there and the cleanliness of grocery clerks who "must, by law, be manicured," just as those who work in the milk factory must bathe on the spot at the beginning of their shift.

"A provision store in Kiev especially intrigued me. Ultra-modern, its chickens and sausages, its chops already prepared with batter and breadcrumbs for slipping in the oven, stood on the counter in orderly piles, beneath a curved sweep of glass, open at the back for serving and permitting of free inspection while preventing touch of contamination. Frosted pipes turned the case into a refrigerator."

And ministers certainly know their truffles. The Dean of Canterbury's description reminds me of a fish store in Moscow where the fish mongers had let their fancy decorate the place with ships and shells and mermaids. Deep crystal pools were built into the show windows and mosaic tiled tanks inside, all glinting colorfully with live fish to be netted out at the customer's choice. Long, bony sturgeon snubbing their sharp noses on the plate-glass show window, tempting trade in where carp swam lazily with all sorts of fresh water delicacies, waiting to do their last tail flip in the frying pan and, as every good eater knows, a live fish in the pan is worth two dead ones in the refrigerator. A thrilling store with plenty of caviar, ranging in color from yellowish through pink to deep purple and the expensive black.

As for preserved fish, dried ones were stacked around like cordwood, salt ones laid out in decorative pin wheels in brine, golden smoked ones piled high and tempting, shining cans

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of sprats, and other cured specimens displayed in icebox showcases.

Because of the vast productive territory of the Sovietland, where cucumbers a yard long are now raised in what once was Siberian wasteland, where electricity has proved itself the best and cheapest fertilizer and is making the far north bloom, and with one hundred eighty-nine different nationalities freely interchanging their raw products and racial tastes in traditional prepared foods, there are quite naturally more varieties of splendid sausages, cheeses, game, fruits, candies and wines than in any smaller land of less diversified peoples.

Fresh vegetables galore; wild birds that western eyes have never seen, hanging by their feet, still in their glistening feathers; fruits shipped in from everywhere, those northern berries of incomparable flavor, and mouth-melting melons from the south—so many sorts of these alone that a clerk told me he'd been handling melons in the Moscow Gastronome for twelve years and still didn't know the names of all of them. Seasonal supplies flood the market and ice cream is in such demand that a row of slot machines stands like a little army dispensing Eskimo pies to all comers.

As for drinks, the fine southern wines are numbered from one up, and the favorite dry whites of bouquet that foreigners go for are numbered 64-66-112, showing there are more than a hundred established kinds to choose from, and in my notes I find that No. 8 is *vin rosé* in color but as full-bodied as a young unfortified port, 12 resembled barsac, 38 is an exceptionally good sweet wine called "port" but more like a light, dry Malaga. The drinking of wine is encouraged for its cultural value and the brief history of the Soviet's attempt at prohibition parallels our own. Vodka, however, lost out and on returning to legalized drinking the Soviet paid more attention to aging and seasoning its wines.

During a day of sampling in the ancient caves of Massandra, I copied down Maxim Gorky's note in the guest book, which gives an accurate idea of the high estimation of cultural drinking: "Drank and was delighted. Departed comparatively sober because I had no time to spare. In the wine there is most of all—sun. Long live the people who know how to make wine and through wine bring sun into the souls of people."

At near-by Odessa I remember a broiled turbot, *kambula*, with butter sauce that couldn't be had better at Scott's in London, and small bony-headed flippers called *bichki*, which were equally fine, served with tomato sauce. With them I drank No. 22, a tasty white wine comparable to Chablis, and when I finished, the waiter suggested a snifter of local brandy with the explanation—"The fish likes to swim."

In Novo Rossisk, the home of champagne, we exchanged sight-seeing Intourist tickets for bottles of *brut* at a

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very favorable rate and ran into Carl Holmes, one of the American engineers in *Those Who Built Stalingrad*. He had been in the country seven years and when we asked how he liked it, he said "Swell! I only hope I can stay seven more."

Whenever I called at a publishing office or print shop, I'd be offered tea and cake while talking business, or a perfumy sweet cheese spread on bread, with a choice of half a dozen pure fruit drinks and even raspberries and cream—right on the desk. In the *International Literature* office in Moscow *Tov*, Apletin always handed out chocolate bon bons. Every office and shop has its own housekeeper and, if big enough, its own restaurant, as at the *Moscow Daily News*, where once or twice a month, desks and work are pushed back at closing time, family and guests of every worker in the organization (including the printer's devil) arrive to wine and dine as well as in a Park Avenue penthouse, with music and plenty of good cigarettes. In the big restaurants, members of the Musicians Union take an occasional hour off to eat, in the main dining room, as leisurely and luxuriously as any other guests. Meals are served from nine a. m. until four o'clock next morning, midnight dining being especially in vogue in Moscow where office work doesn't begin until around noon, and two or three shifts of musicians are needed to round out such a long restaurant day. One night in Kiev, at an off hour, I dined alone, with a fourteen-piece band booming for just me and a dozen waiters.

Ice cream, *moroshni*, is sold in summer on almost every corner, alongside booths piled high with apples, plums, cherries, grapes; and melons as luscious and cheap as in Istanbul. There's a profusion of fruits in season, and all year 'round pure fruit juice drinks for a penny or two are mixed at street stands as numerous as soda water fountains here.

I don't see where they can put it. But I did see where they put their potato crop; and that's down cellar, by the ton; it was fun when the harvest came in to watch smiling housewives and their kids tumble out of apartment houses to shovel potatoes through chutes in cellar windows, just like coal, except they used wooden snow shovels.

And deep in the country it was just as pleasant to watch kids taking family pet pigs down to the river to bathe naked with them and then lie on the bank for a healthy sunning beneath plantations of sunflowers raised both for their oil and their seeds, which are relished as much as pop corn throughout the East. In a prosperous fishing village near Leningrad I asked why the town seemed deserted and learned that the collective of fisher "farmers" had caught a big run of herring that spring, divided up the take and gone off with their families to summer at a beach in Georgia. So everything was peaches down in Georgia. —Bob Brown

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HOW GOOD IS YOUR TASTE?

Which Table Setting in Each Pair Is in Better Taste—and Why? Answers on Page 97

IN THE days of marathon meals it was *de rigeur* to have ten or twelve forks next to each dinner plate. We have come a long way since then—all of us far enough to know that mere multiplicity of table implements is out as a mark of elegance, some of us far enough to know that elegance itself is out. Good taste, translated into terms of simplicity and harmony, is the criterion today . . . This is the basis of the second Coronet Taste-Test. The comparative settings, arranged by Ovington's, who for ninety years have been showing New York women how to set their tables, do not represent the correct and incorrect way so much as the way that is in good taste and the way that is in not-so-good taste. It is a game, but one that is designed to test your instincts—confirming them in some instances, perhaps improving them in others.

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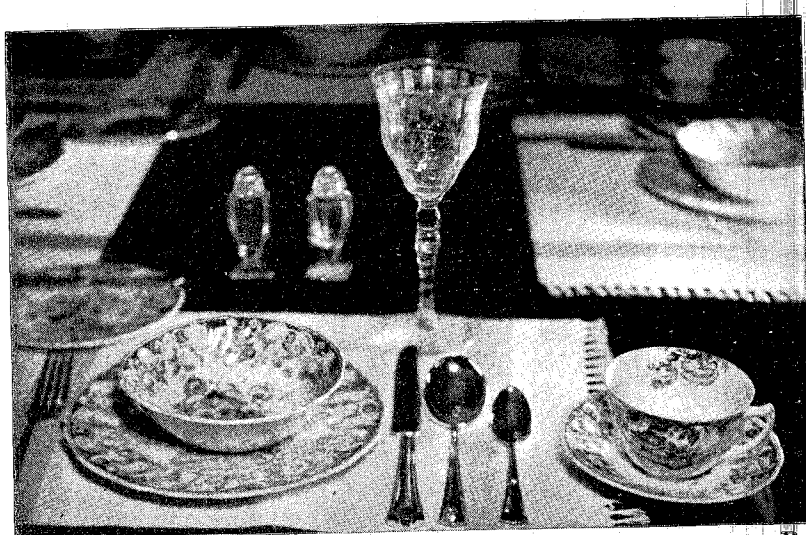
A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DISRAELI

1 *Breakfast Setting—These two breakfast settings are identical except for a change of glassware. Which glass do you consider better for the occasion and more in keeping with the rest of the setting? Why?*



B

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A

2. Breakfast Table—Same appointments with change of centerpiece and coffee service. The flowers in A are artificial, in B real. (Height of centerpiece in B does not interfere with visibility of breakfast partners.) Which group do you prefer?

B

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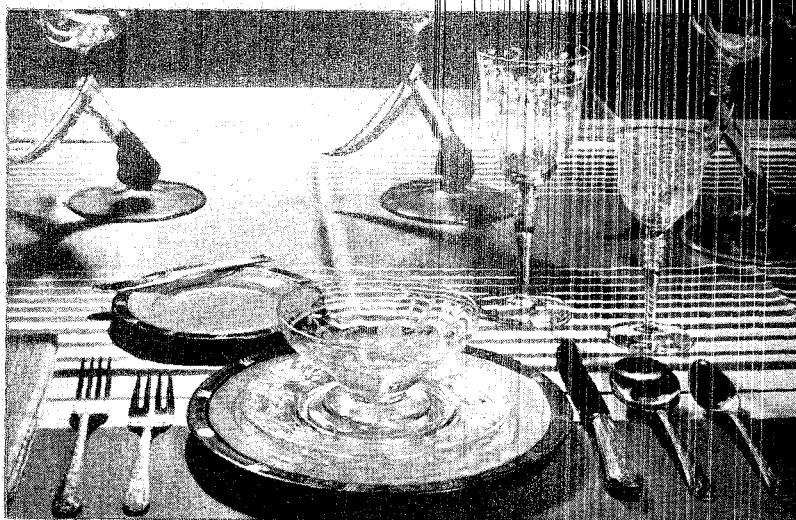
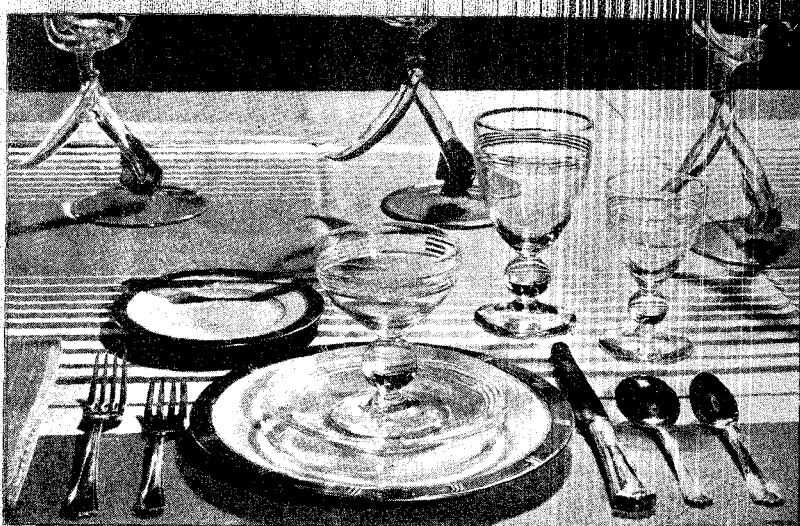


3 *Luncheon Setting—In these two settings the tablecloth, decorations, and bread and butter and service plates are the same with a change of crystal and silver. Which crystal and silver group do you think is better with this basic setting?*



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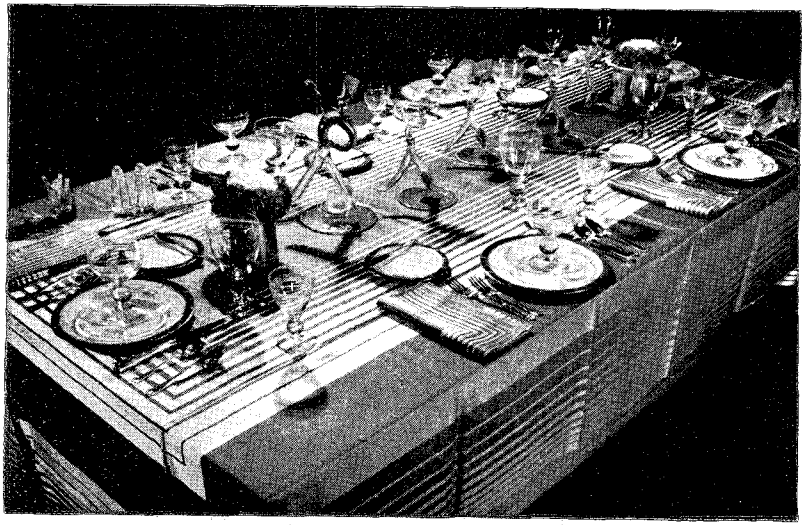
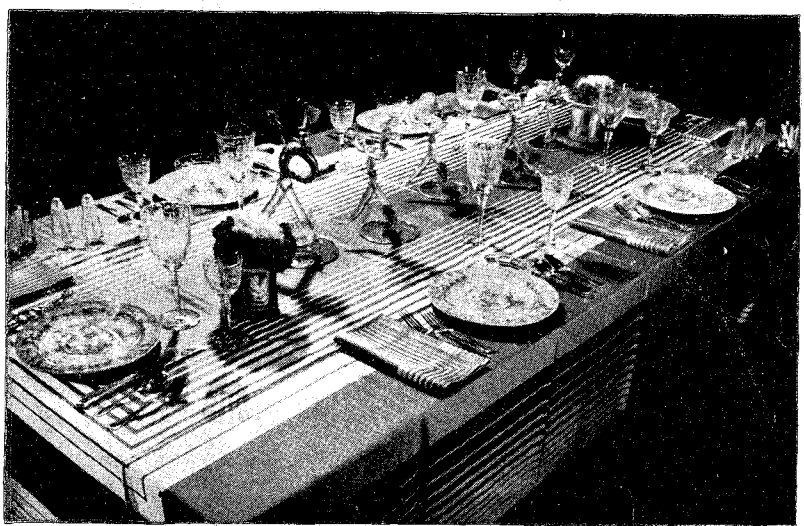


A

4 Luncheon Table—The appointments in both pictures are the same except for the change in plates and crystal. Which combination of plates and crystal do you think goes better with the rest of the ensemble? Why?



B

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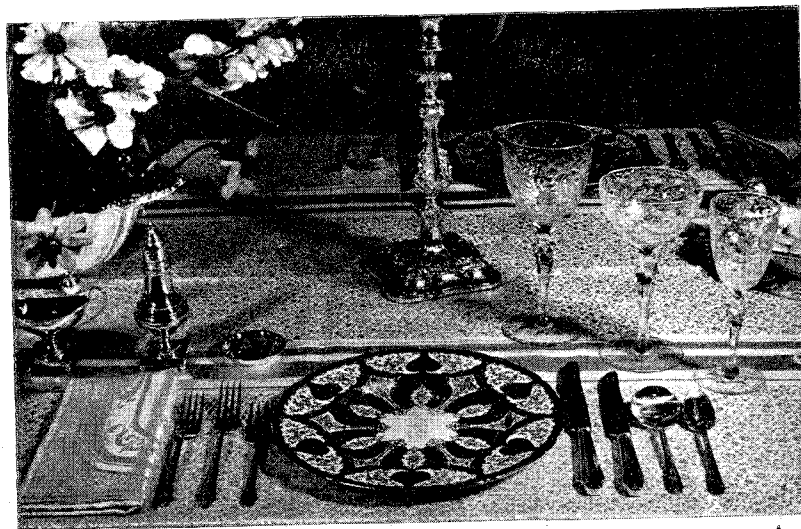
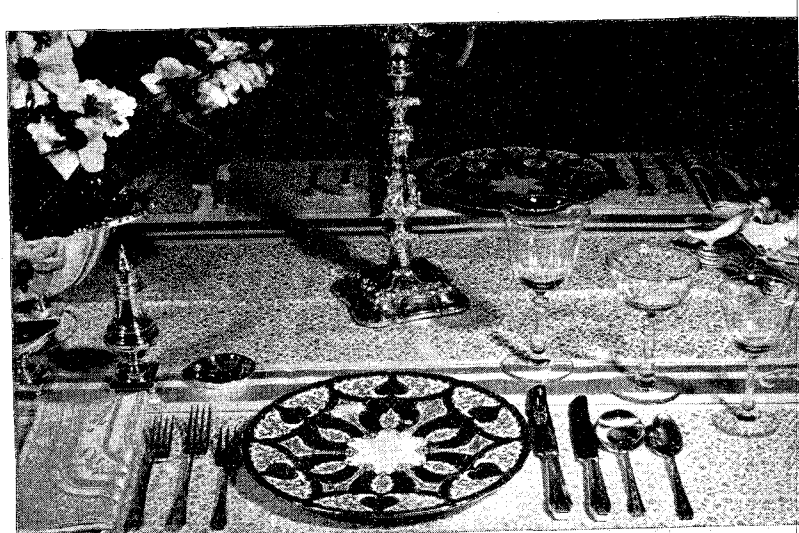


A

5 *Dinner Setting—All of the items in these two pictures are identical with the exception of the glassware. For a setting of this type, do you prefer the glassware shown in A or that shown in B? What are your reasons?*



B

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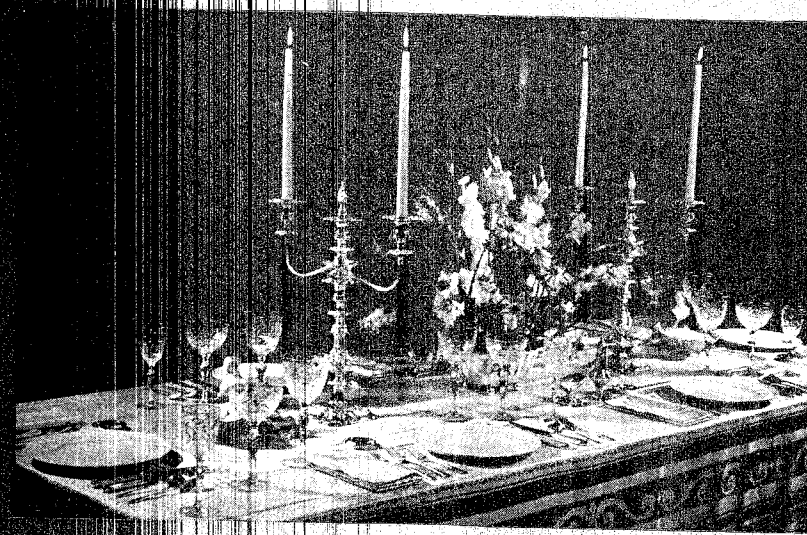

A

Dinner Table—These two dinner ensembles are the same except for a change in the plates. Which do you prefer with the rest of the appointments—the white plates in A or the more decorative plates in B? Why?

B

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BANKING IN BLOOD

IT'S MAKING BOOKKEEPERS OUT OF DOCTORS
BUT IT'S PROVING ITSELF A LIFESAVER

THERE really are Blood Banks—places where blood is deposited and later withdrawn when needed, much the same as money is deposited and withdrawn from a savings bank. The Russians reversed their fine old Tartar custom of spilling blood, by starting a new vogue of saving blood. This practice has now spread to America.

About ten years ago reports appeared in the Russian medical literature describing how blood could be taken from people killed in accidents or dying from non-infectious conditions, tested for disease, prepared so clotting would not occur, refrigerated, and then stored for months, to be used when needed. Then other sources of blood were explored and further reports followed on collecting the blood lost in the "after-birth" (placenta) during childbirth, as well as blood from people who simply have too much blood, or from the high blood pressure patient who could be made more comfortable by the old fashioned treatment of "blood letting."

The practical use of blood in treatment really began early in the twentieth century when two doctors independently devised a method of classifying blood so that it could be safely transfused. It is important that the blood of the patient (the recipient) does *not* agglutinate (clump) the red blood cells of the donor. If this should happen the patient's blood vessels might be plugged and more harm than good follow. These doctors showed that all human beings could be classified roughly into four main groups or blood types. The blood of both the donor and patient are now classified according to type. The doctors select only types which match or are compatible, so that this dreaded "clumping" will not occur. But to make assurance doubly sure, each transfusion must be individualized. Before a transfusion is given, the patient's blood is mixed with some red blood cells of the blood to be given, a procedure called "cross typing" which should eliminate "clumping" and conclusively demonstrate suitability of the donor.

Finally, proper preparation of equipment, such as correct washing of rubber tubing, meticulous cleans-

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ing of needles and syringes, together with the establishment of a blood transfusion team, have made blood transfusion a reasonably safe routine. Progress is constantly being shown. For example, a physiologist has observed that in transfusing dogs, fewer reactions occur when the donating dogs have not been fed recently, which suggests avenues of research leading to greater safety. As with everything else in medicine, strict attention to all the minutest details is essential.

In a modern hospital the attending men making rounds may decide a patient needs a blood transfusion, and nonchalantly write the order with the confident assurance that it will be well and promptly given, much as though they were ordering an enema or five grains of aspirin.

The time element is of maximum importance in some cases and that is where Blood Banks play a major role. Valuable time would be lost before relatives or friends could be summoned or professional donors assembled, though many hospitals have lists of these professional blood-givers who sell blood at so much per pint. Therefore, some hospitals now operate a Blood Bank. The internes in the respective wards have a book on the Blood Bank and if they are on their toes, establish a Blood Bank "credit." An astute interne will deposit blood before needed, getting it from relatives or patients.

The Blood Bank often must be depended upon to save life in emergencies. A youngster has been hit by an automobile. There is no way of identifying him. Emergency surgery has been given and now the little patient is in shock, needing a blood transfusion immediately. Dr. Medicus of the Emergency Ward calls the Blood Bank. "Am coming up with a sample of my patient's blood for cross typing, get things ready." Five minutes later the test is started and within twenty minutes the interne is on his way to his patient with a pint of blood, his bank book now debited for the blood taken. Within half an hour the patient is getting the much needed vitalizing blood to combat shock, and three hours later when the police have located frantic parents, the emergency is over. Now Dad is told, "Kindly replace the blood given your boy so that we may be prepared to save other children."

All this was recently described at a meeting of the Chicago Medical Society and the Blood Bank given due credit for saving lives. Unfortunately all the Russian reports could not be fully confirmed. Blood older than ten to fourteen days gave too many reactions, cadaver blood in America was found too difficult to get and keep, placental blood not worth the bother it required. But the scheme of Blood Banking met with almost universal approval. And that from conservative doctors—who have to be shown—means that Banking in Blood will pay dividends. —Dr. Myrom DeWitt

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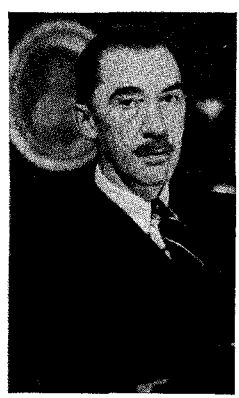
BOB SHERWOOD IN ILLINOIS

HONEST BOB, REFORMED MASTER OF STAGE HOKUM, PLEASES ALL OF THE AUDIENCE ALL OF THE TIME

THE plays of Robert Emmett Sherwood used to be two parts Hoke and one part Think. "I love hokum in the theatre," says the author of *Reunion in Vienna*, *The Petrified Forest*, *Idiot's Delight*. Nearly all the intellectuals liked *Reunion in Vienna* because it smacked the psychiatrists, but what made the play was the fact that it was a field day for Lunt and Fontanne. Sherwood made the heavenly twins do everything but card tricks.



Robert Sherwood

The Petrified Forest was his eloquent defense of the defeatist, but it didn't stay for three whole acts on the cerebral level. Its best part was that gun fight between cops and robbers. *Idiot's Delight* was anti-war, anti-totalitarian bile and gall mixed with other commendable philosophies, but its great moment came when Alfred Lunt did a song and dance with six comely cuties.

Two parts Hoke and one part Think. On a broad canvas he could go to town and paint comic strips.

This season the Sherwood kind of show undergoes a change. He wrote *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* out of a heart full of admiration and a head full of honest appraisal. The show is three parts Think. There have been no concessions to what technicians call "theatrics," critics call "theatre," playwrights call hokum. These days there are fist fights at the ticket brokers' and *émeutes* outside the box office as the public clamors to see a show in which the most exciting scene is a debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. "This time," says Sherwood, "I decided that while they might say the play was dull, they couldn't say it was 'theatre.'"

Nobody said the play was dull. George Jean Nathan called it "automatically eloquent," meaning that the basic materials drawn from Lincoln's life and Lincoln's speeches couldn't miss fire even if the playwright conscientiously set out to pro-

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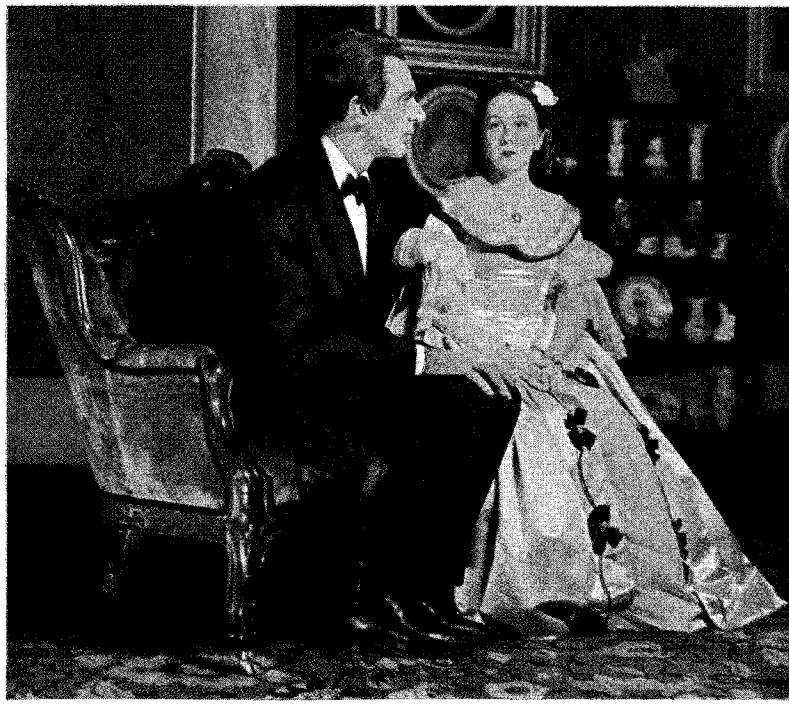

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT KEHL

LINCOLN'S COURTSHIP

Abe Lincoln (Raymond Massey) and Mary Todd (Muriel Kirkland). On the stage, the characters never assume the pose shown here. Abe never sits down quite this close to Mary. Sherwood wrote the scene this way: *Mary:* Do sit down, Mr. Lincoln. *Abe:* Thank you—I will. (*He crosses to the chair by the fire and sits opposite Mary. His back is to the audience. She looks at him with melting eyes. The lights fade.*)

duce a flop. "The moment an actor comes on impersonating old Abe," said Nathan, "it is pretty certain to impress the customers."

The left-handedness of this compliment is scarcely a factor in the appreciation of the play. Sherwood would be the first to admit that Lincoln could compose Lincoln's lines better than he. And he was wise enough to let him do it. It just wouldn't make sense to foist counterfeit words on the public, however neatly the counterfeiting might be contrived, as long as there was the genuine legal tender of Lincoln's own eloquence waiting to be spent.

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LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD

Lincoln, just elected President, is seen here ready to depart for Washington. He addresses the people of Springfield from the back of the train: "To this place and the kindness of you people, I owe everything. I have lived here for a quarter of a century, and passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return."

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Sherwood is six feet six and one-half inches tall. He freely admits to a Lincoln complex because of his height. From seventy eight and a half inches off the floor he can contemplate lesser mortals with the keen eye of the Great Emancipator.

Sherwood went to Harvard, studied with Professor Baker at Harvard's once proud 47 Workshop. During the War he fought with the Canadian Black Watch. After the War he started his career in the theatre insidiously; he was first a dramatic critic for *Vanity Fair*, next an editor and movie critic for *Life*. In the latter capacity he never really liked anyone but Charlie Chaplin. His first play was *The Road to Rome*. It was one of the first post-War plays to kid war. It was a smash hit.

Raymond Massey, the Lincoln of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"

Sherwood has been planning a play about Abraham Lincoln for fifteen years. When he saw his friend Raymond Massey in *Ethan Frome* three years ago he spoke to the actor about a play about Lincoln. Massey was enthusiastic. In the winter of 1936 Sherwood wrote the first scene. When Massey saw it his anxiety grew. But it wasn't until September of 1937 that Sherwood really sat down to finish the play. He finished it two months later.

Sherwood's last few hits have been produced by the Theatre Guild. This time he produces himself. He is one of the five who make up the new producing firm called the Playwright's Producing Company. His four partners are Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice, S. N. Behrman, and Sidney Howard. The organization was conceived one night over a stirrup cup. Sherwood is probably its most active member. So far, his own contribution to the first season of the P.P. Co. has been its most resounding success. *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* will undoubtedly run on and on.

Its effects come as much from Massey as from Sherwood. The whole conception is an inner communion between author and star. Sherwood had Massey in mind even before he started this dramatization. Now Massey walks the boards a gaunt and lifelike Lincoln, a Lincoln as much like Lincoln as a Brady portrait.

—SIDNEY CARROLL

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

OF TIME AND THE RIVER

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U. E. MEISEL FROM MONKEMEYER

GOUDY HAND-SET

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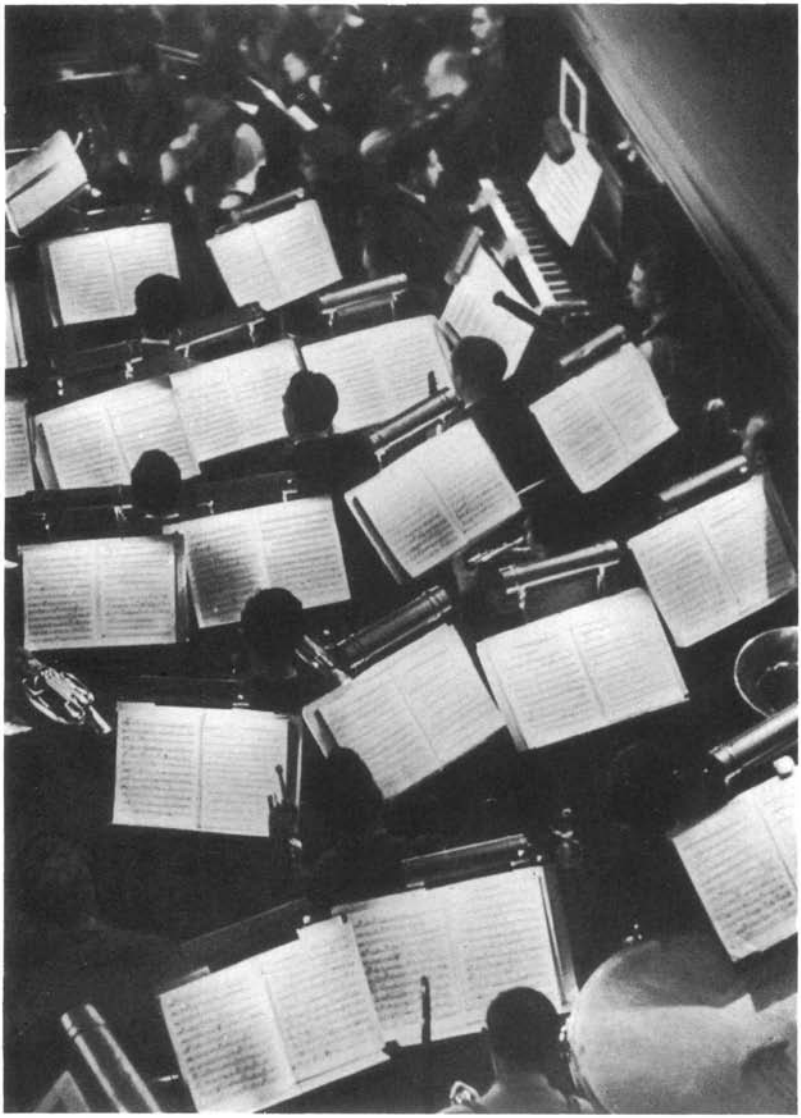
R. LEAVITT FROM CROWN

REHEARSAL

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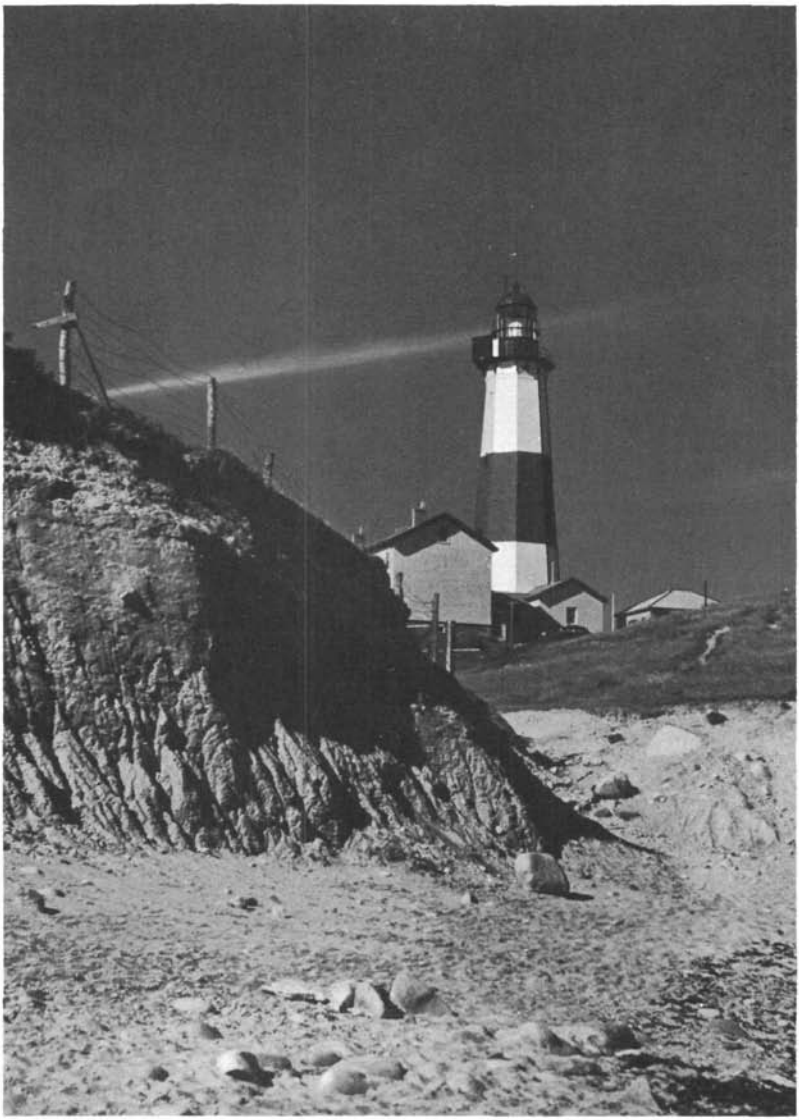

MAC C. GRAMLICH BROOKLYN

SEA BEAM

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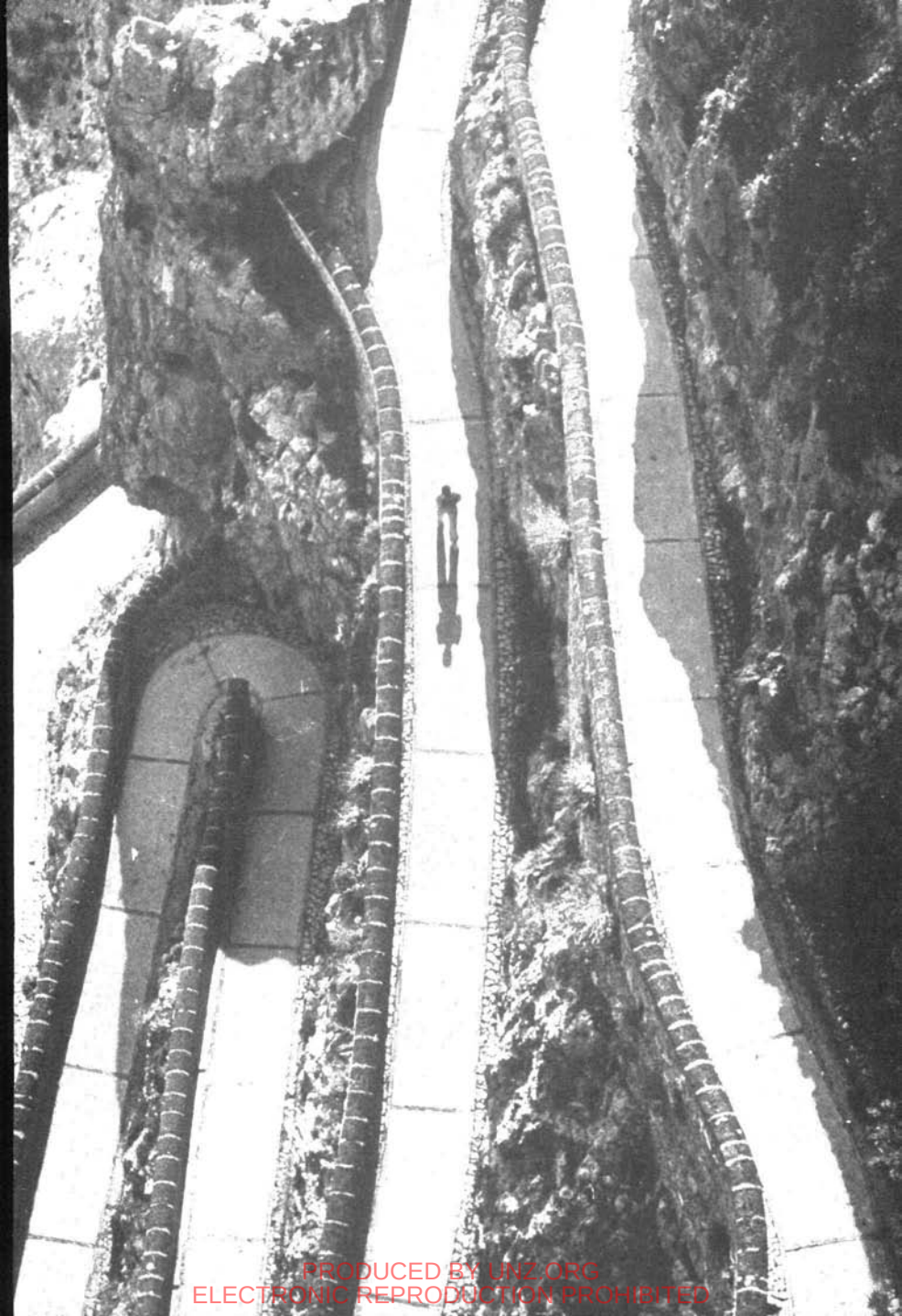

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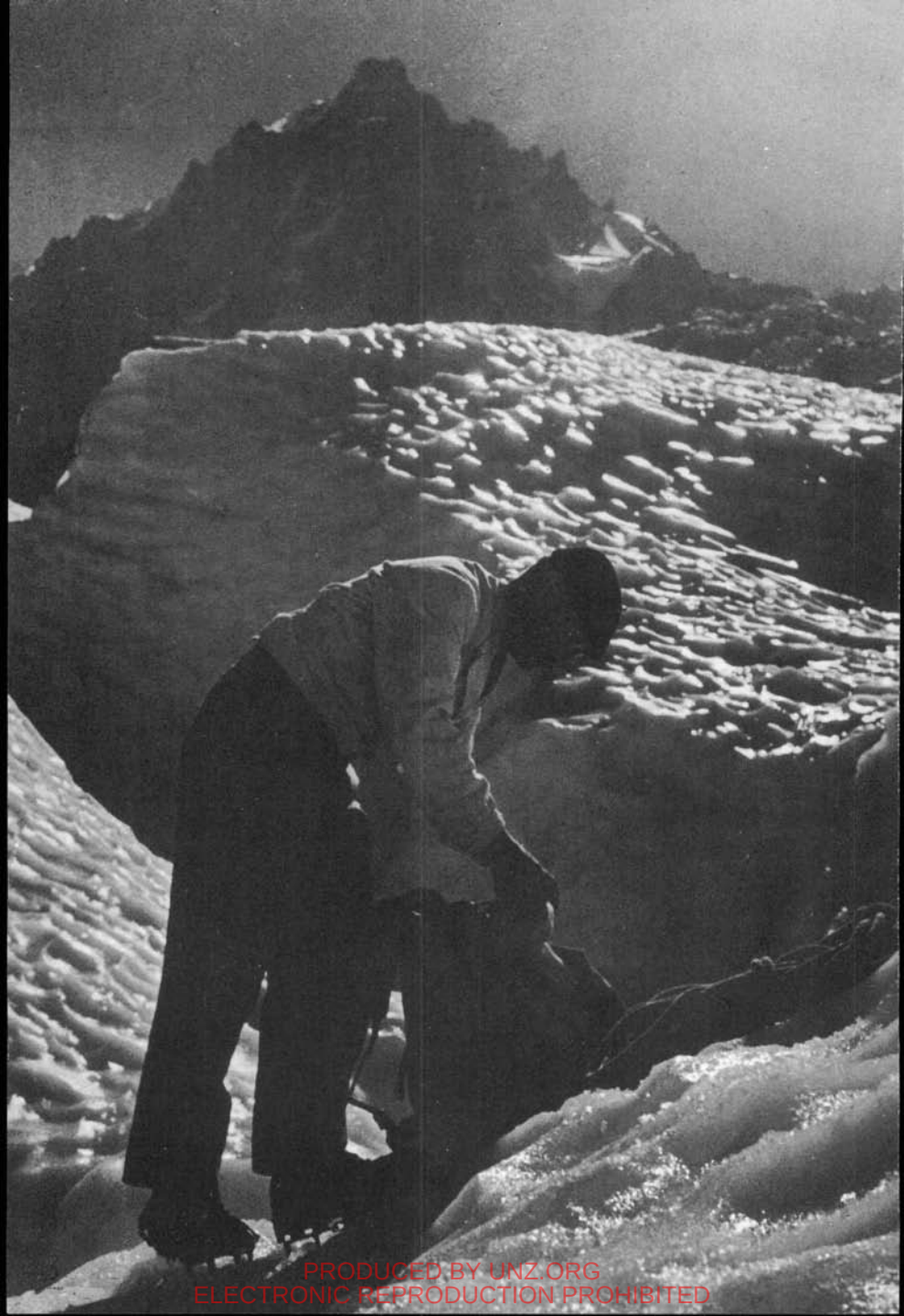
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ERNÖ VADAS FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

ETCHED IN SNOW

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HENRI CARTIER PARIS

OVERMATCHED

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FREDA M. JACOBI NEW YORK

IN DUTCH

MARCH, 1939

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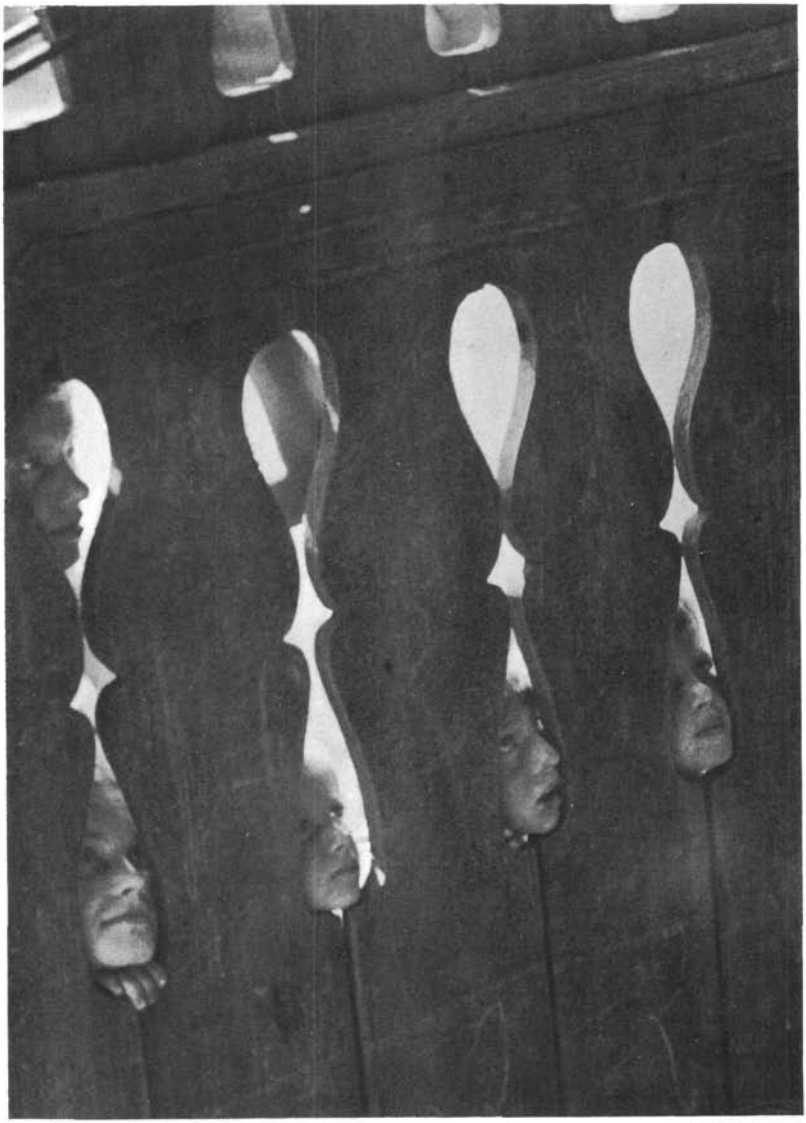

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

ALL EYES

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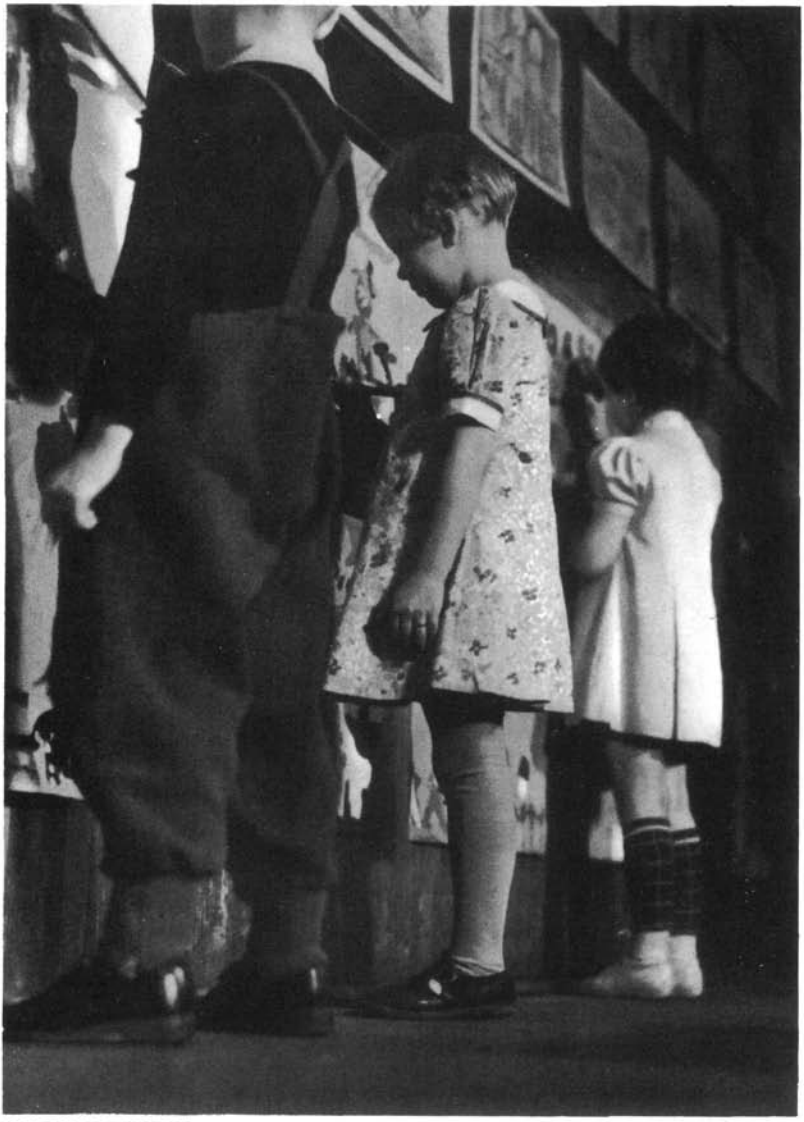

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

KINDERGARTEN CRITICS

MARCH, 1939

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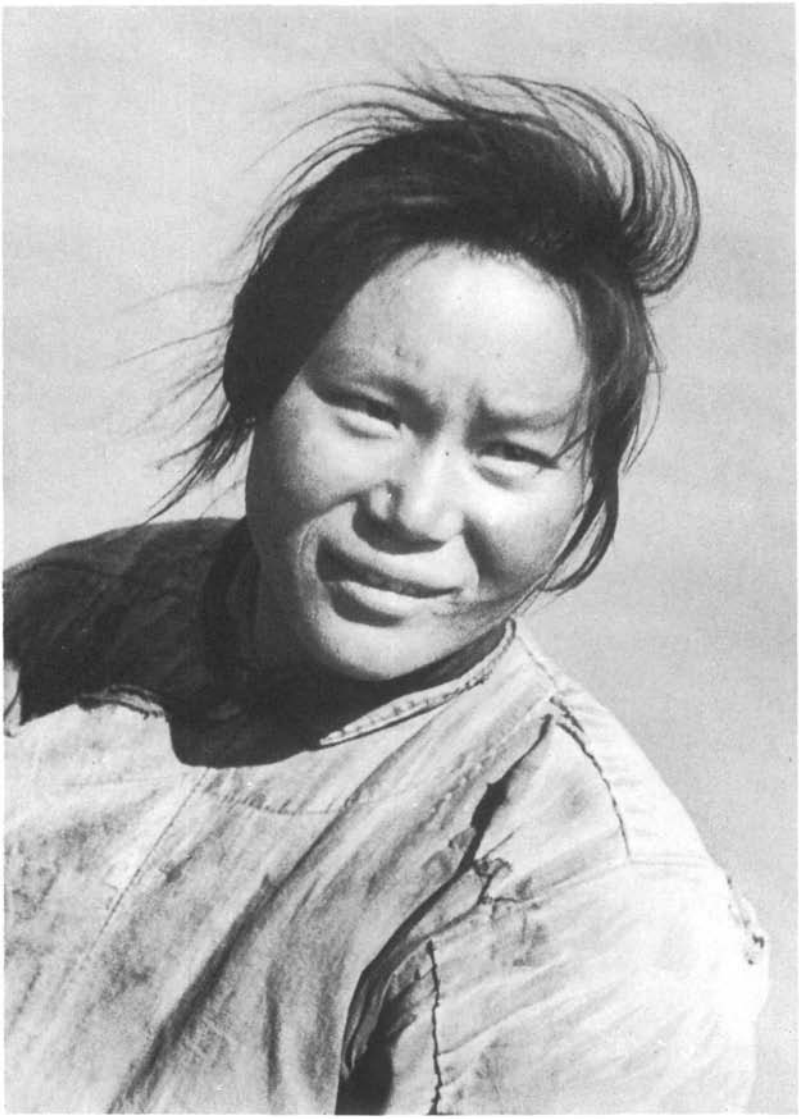

A. H. BUCHMAN FROM TRIANGLE

CHINESE JUNKWOMAN

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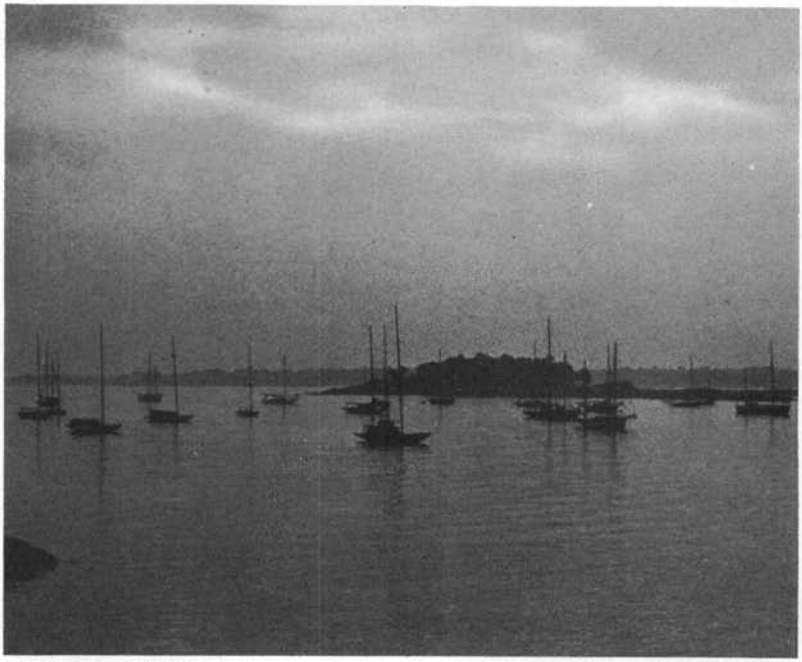

ERNEST L. OLRICH MINNEAPOLIS

ANTENNAE

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RAY ATKESON PORTLAND, ORE.

LAZING WATERS

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

BUSYBODY

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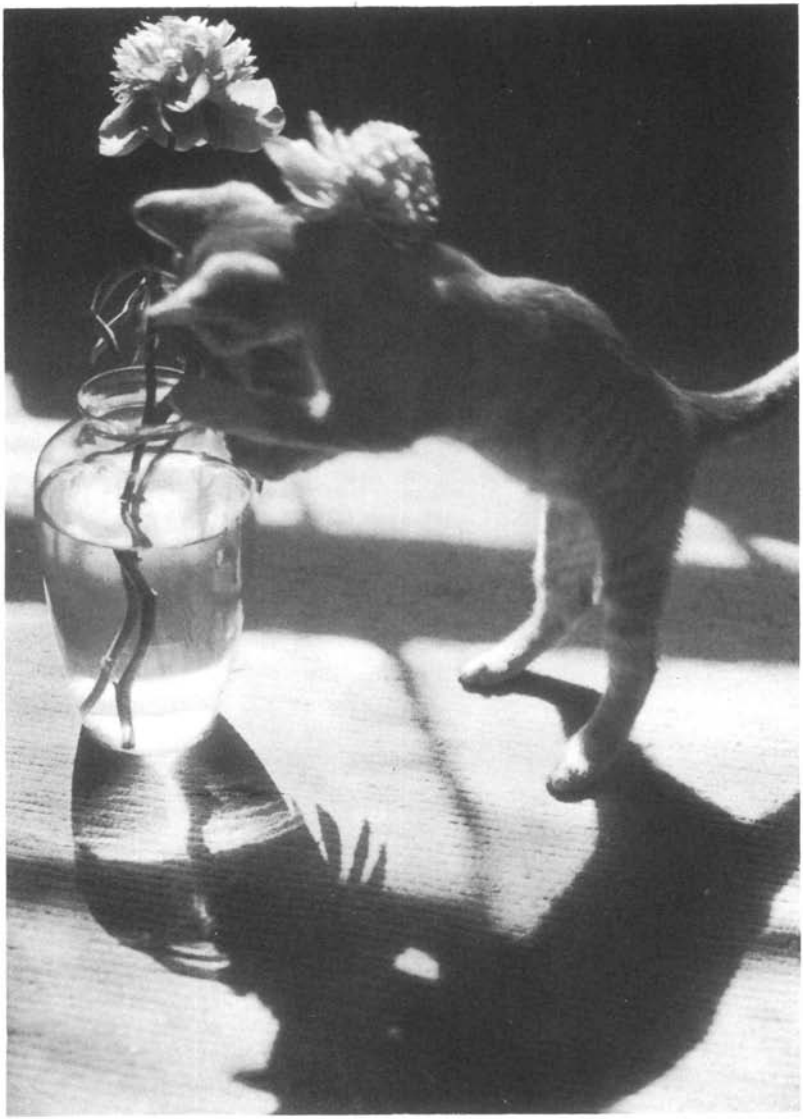

EDWARD QUIGLEY FROM GRAPHIC

CURIOSITY

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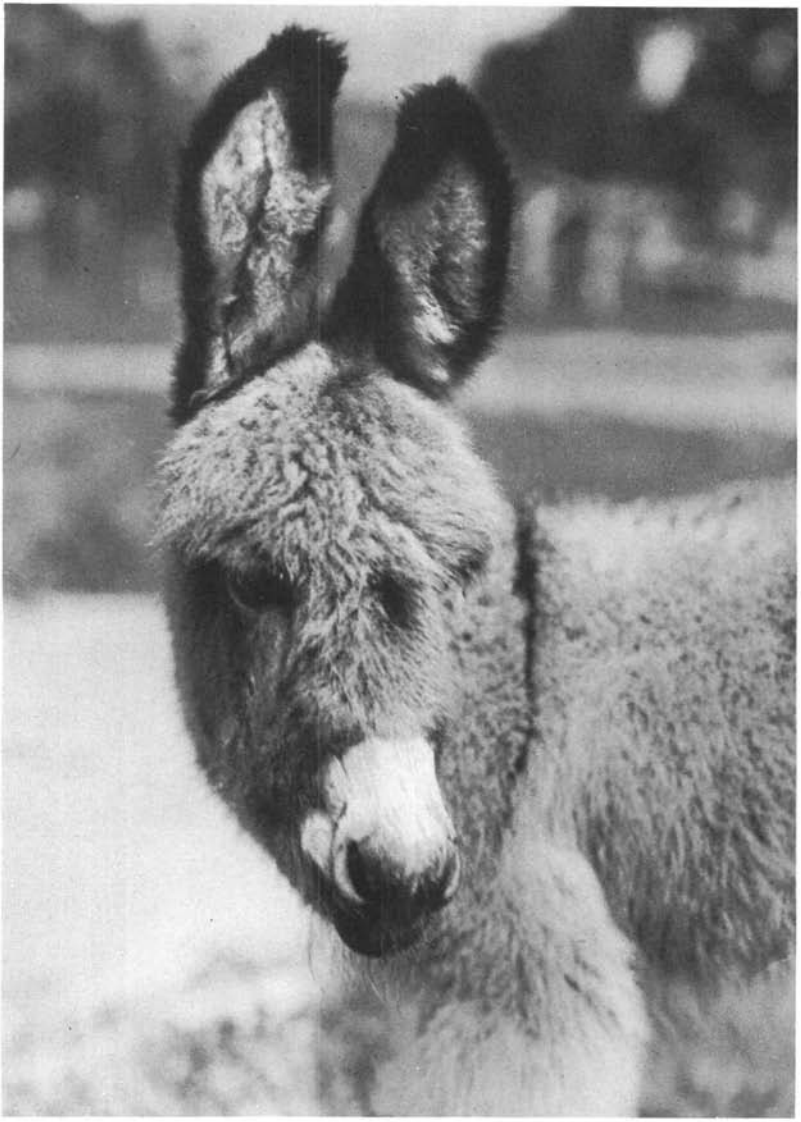

ROBERT B. KOLSBUN HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

EMPLOYEE

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ROBERT B. KOLSBUN HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

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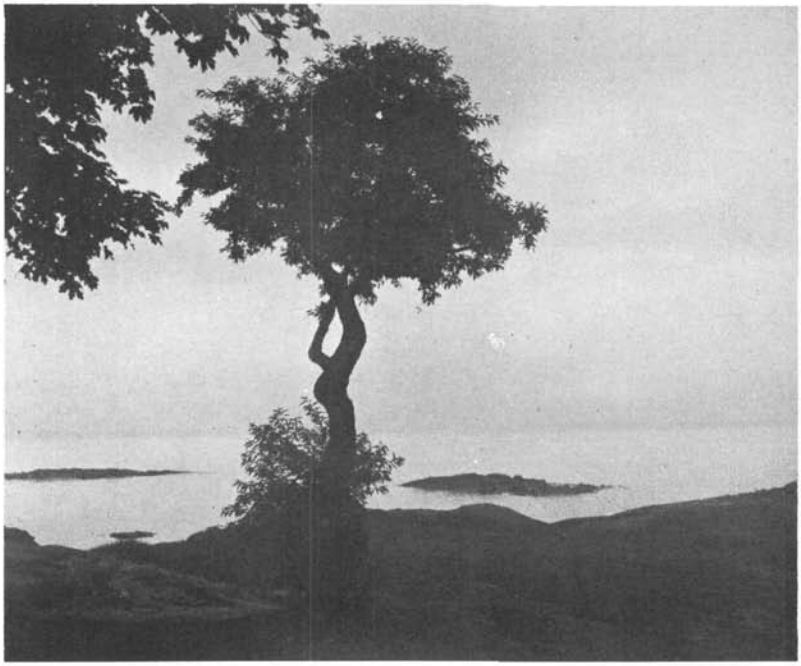

ERNEST L. OLRICH MINNEAPOLIS

SUNSET LAKE

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JULIUS FRANK DETROIT

CANALMAN

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

ISEULT

CORONET

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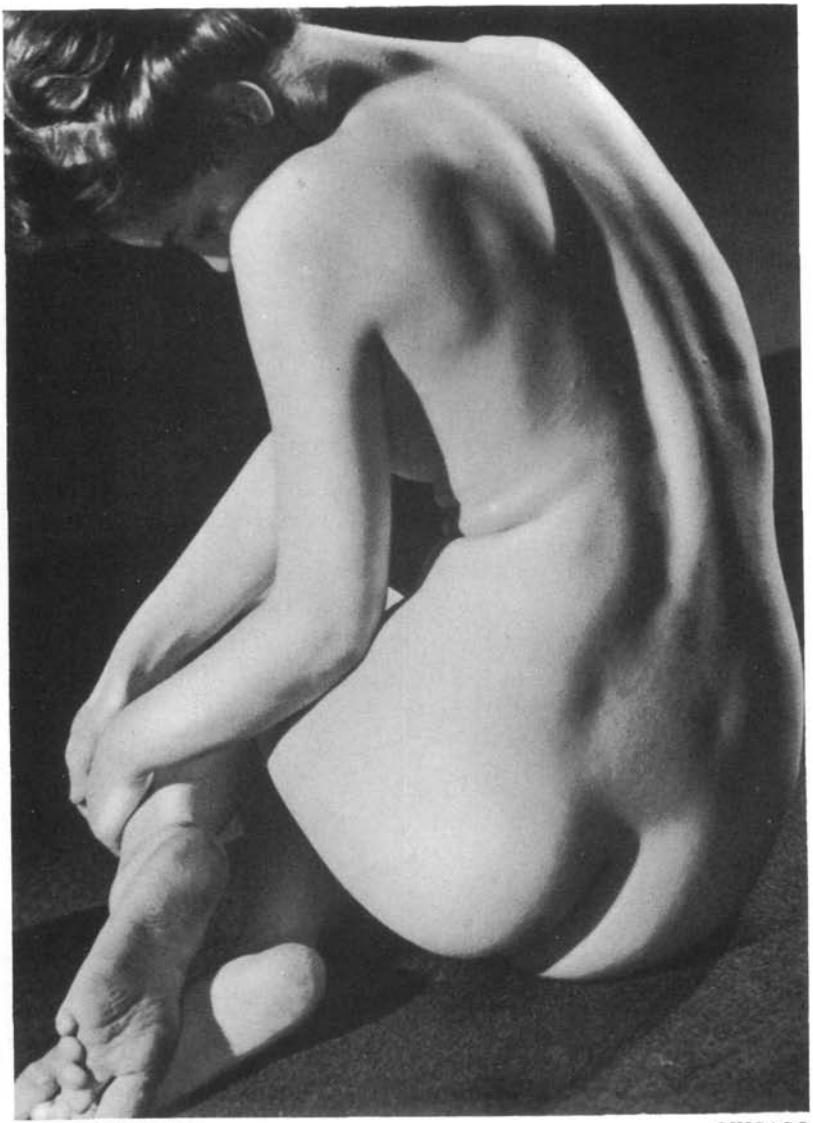

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

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CHARLES MORGENROTH NEW YORK

STREET SLEEPER

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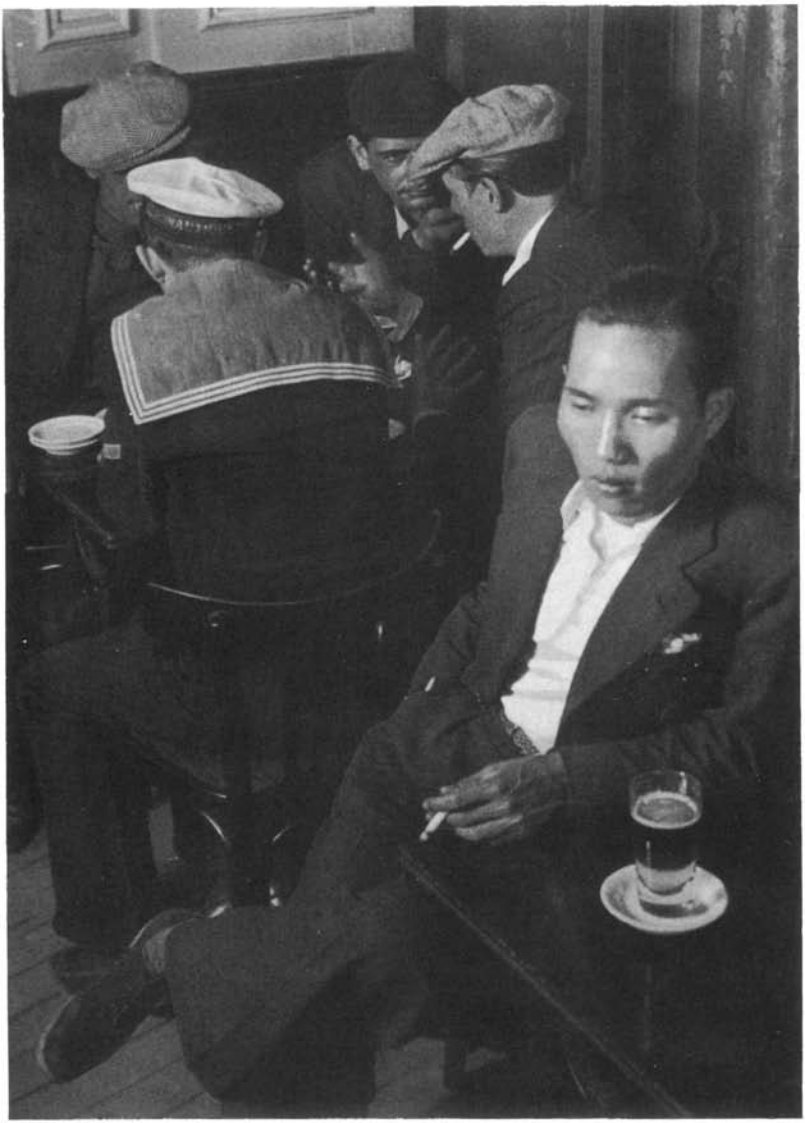

BRASSAÏ PARIS

MIXED DRINKS

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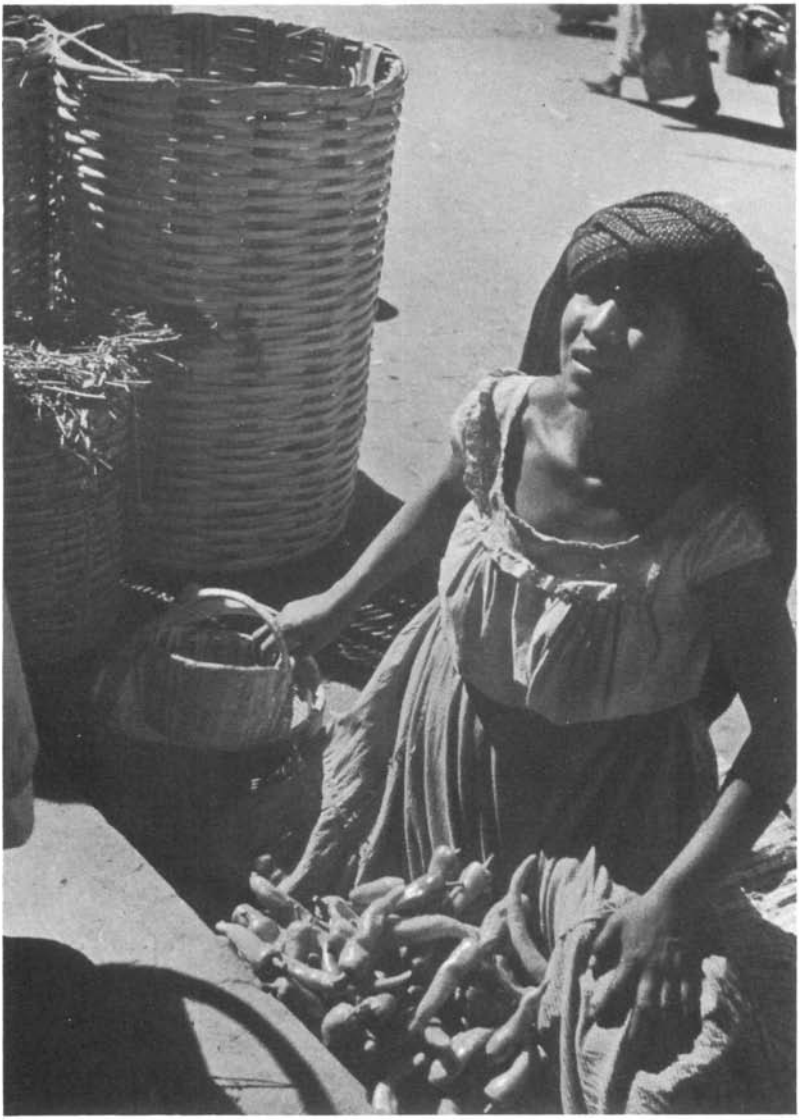

MARCEL GAUTHEROT PARIS

OPEN MARKET

MARCH, 1939

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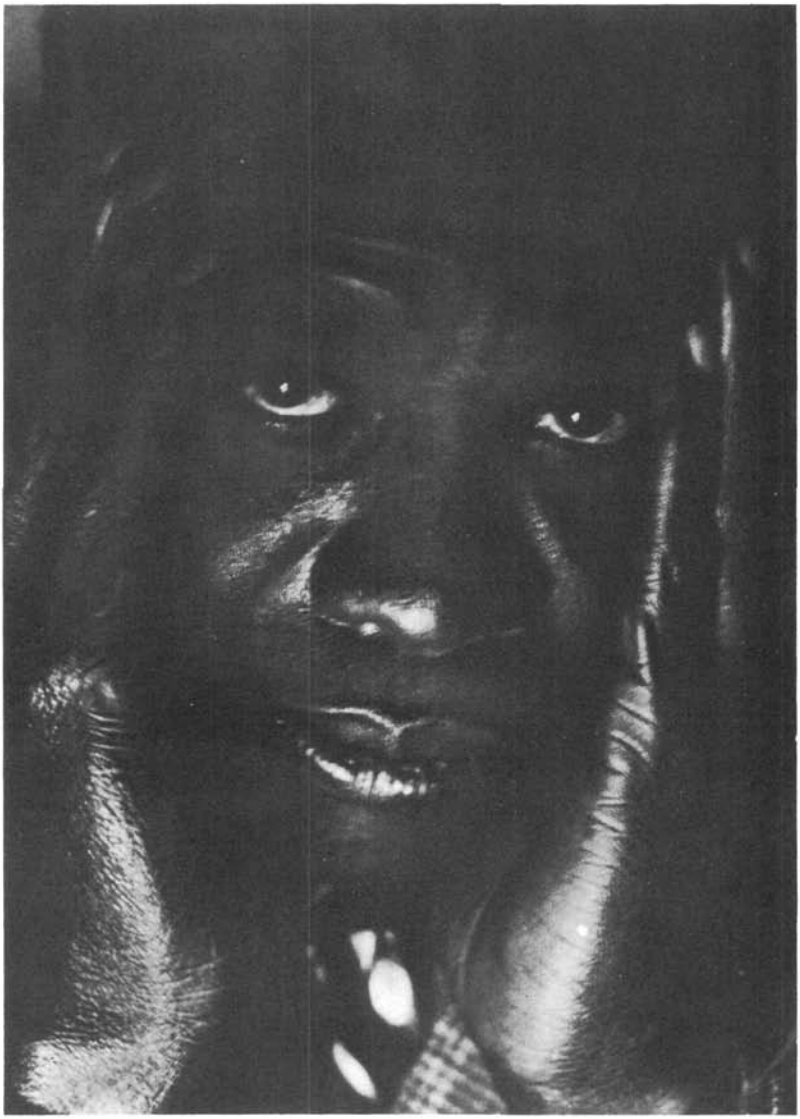

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

CHARACTER

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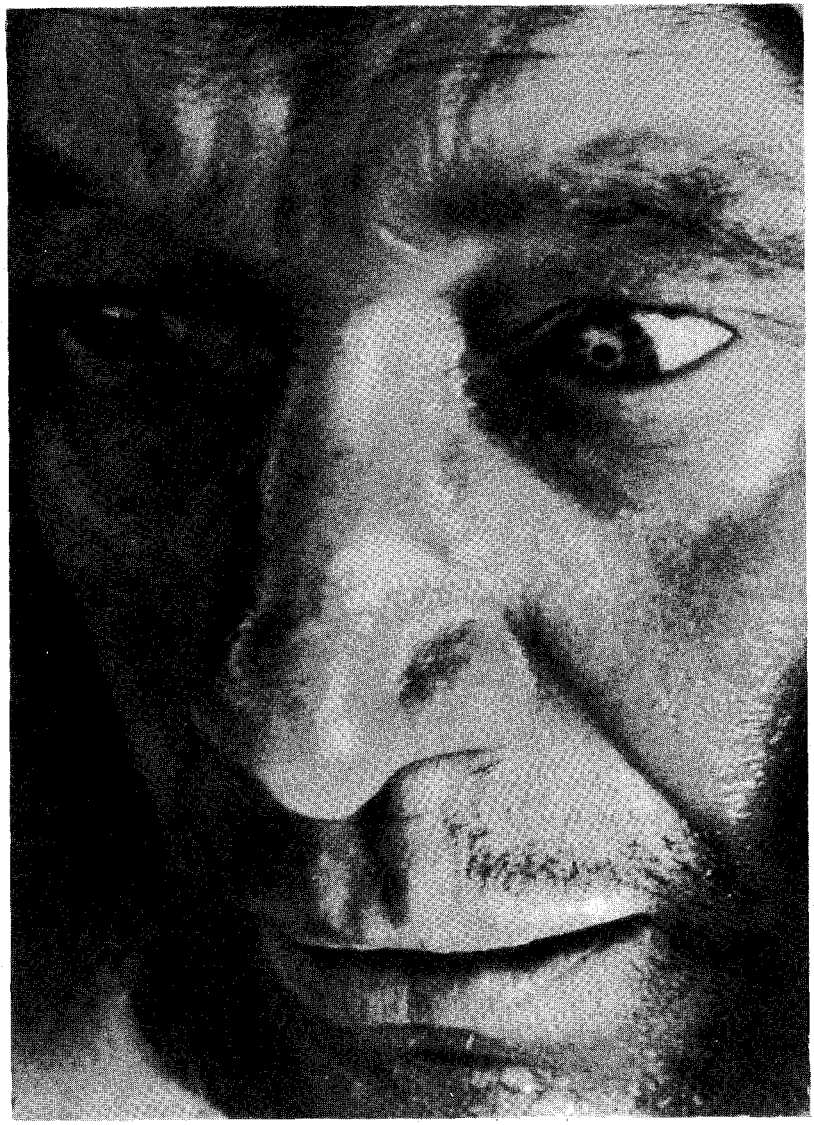

BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

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ABOUT HENRY MATTSON

HIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND DETERMINES HIS SUBJECTS AND INSTINCT GUIDES HIS HAND

HENRY MATTSON is a simple fellow who asks little here below and is surprised when he gets it. If he had remained on the land he would have been a peasant. Sucked into the new world by the tide of immigration when he was not more than a mere lad, he became a worker in shops and factories. While supporting himself in this way he played with a box of paints on Sundays and holidays and eventually became a painter, if not an artist.

Today he occupies a peculiar eminence in American painting, secure in reputation, but imprisoned within limitations of which he continues to make enough to earn plaudits and prizes. These limitations of his have not yet betrayed him. He works within an extremely narrow range of palette and subject matter and his pictures have a way of suggesting literary and mystical connotations to the beholder, especially to women. His pictures invite you to read things into them of which the painter may not have had the foggiest notion when he was dabbing his brush on the canvas; his paintings, at their best, do invite you to dream, which means that the artist dipped into a reservoir of feeling with his brush; it may have been a shallow reservoir but it was his.

Primitive painters, naïve painters, all have this resource. What they lack is skill, knowledge of their means, perhaps draughtsmanship. There are times when Mattson suggests that he is a primitive, but he has a little too much skill for that. Yet he has not enough knowledge of his means, nor sense of direction, nor the ability to conceive a plan and to execute it to be called a master or to presume to teach other people how to paint, for the quality that he undoubtedly possesses is not teachable.

As an art student he was apparently backward in drawing. As a mature painter he can say today that when he starts to paint a picture he cannot tell at the beginning what the picture is going to be, or what it's going to be about. The finished picture is completely a surprise to him. This indicates incapacity to plan. His strokes must be tentative since the complete picture is the growth of a series of impulses unrelated to any central idea.

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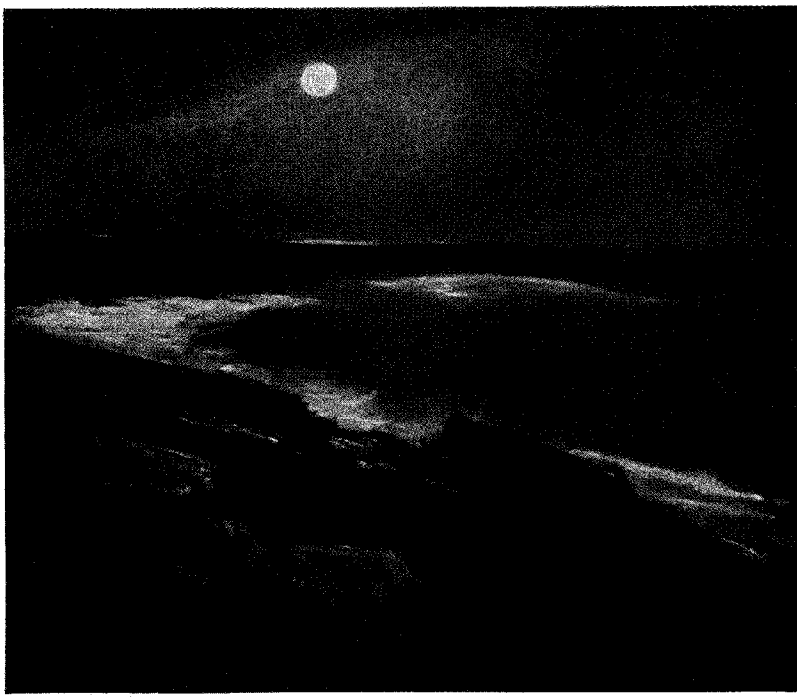

REHN GALLERIES, NEW YORK

MOONLIT SEA

A good painter knows what his next picture is going to be even while he washes the baby's diapers; Mattson doesn't know what his next picture is going to be even as he paints it. A knoll turns into a cat; a nude into a moonlit night.

Sometimes the picture is good and sometimes bad, but Mattson is not too sure about the difference, as he has pridefully exhibited in 1938 paintings done a decade ago which he has transcended even in instinctive skill. For there is no doubt that he has grown—enormously. Within his limits there are times when he hits off notes that are masterly.

He paints not moonlight and water, but his feeling about them. In the dead of winter, for example, he will paint a spring landscape which is, of course, nowhere visible, or the flowers that have not yet blossomed. He paints out of memory and desire, not from a person, an arrangement of still life objects, the land or the sea.

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TREES

In the notebook in which Mrs. Mattson dutifully records the philosophical observations dropped by her husband appears this: "I am not at all interested in the sentimental side of Nature. I'm only interested in the elemental." He has no desire to be abstract or other-worldly. He knows no other world. He tries, he says, to be as realistic as he can. The qualities that people read into his pictures are qualities that go into them in spite of himself. He isn't trying to be mystical but he is naturally so. He is more interested in the day's growth of a weed than in the day's news.

Mattson is tall, thin, long-legged, spare in body and meager in feature, with sometimes a suggestion of whimsicality and at other times of plain stubbornness. The cool greens, blues and greys of his palette, in which there is never anything riotous, gives you the temperature of his mind and spirit. He is cool, aloof, only mildly interested at most. Given opportunity to travel, he goes only to Sweden, and has no desire to visit the warmer climes. His reserve of energy is small and he husbands it for his art. His mind and his tongue move slowly. He dreads complications, responsibilities, the need for making adjustments, deviations from his customary routine. Astonishingly, although a mechanic by trade who worked in various ma-

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GREEN BOTTLE

chine shops, he has a dread of machinery and has never learned to drive a car.

He is an indrawn person. He has no particular hobby. He never seeks occasion for exerting himself. He is a simple kind of man, not particularly cultivated or inquiring, but with just about enough common sense to solve the contingencies of a life lived largely off the main road. Stones thrown into his little puddle tend to upset him. He would rather be becalmed than irritated. Although he is not beyond the love of money and of publicity, even the winning of a money prize or of a fellowship tends to put him on edge. He wants to live in the minor key. I venture the suspicion that he is not particularly interested in art, and certainly not in music or in letters and only incidentally in other human beings. He is inclined to fancy that his work exercises an influence upon younger artists, which it does not. His own early paintings hardly foreshadow the best work of his present style and after seeing them, one is bound to sympathize more with those who had the chore of teaching him than with him. It hardly seems that he was ever an eager, or responsive, or ambitious student. He is, even today, extremely limited in medium and he is simply not interested in the solving of any problem that cannot get itself solved

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CHINESE JUNK

by the operations of his unconscious.

Mattson is an original, not a robust original, but he has a note of his own to which he has been loyal and by dint of repeating it he has struck responsive chords here and there. Just because he has kept aloof from the main currents of the day he has been able the more easily to keep his own little note in art untroubled and uncorrupted. The very lack of shrillness in his art has been an identification and an advertisement. He began winning prizes in 1931 when he was awarded the Norman Wait Harris prize and silver medal at the Chicago Art Institute for *Pine Trees*. Two years later the Worcester Museum gave Mattson's *Landscape* its purchase prize. In 1935, his banner year, he won the Corcoran Gold Medal and a thousand-dollar prize for *The Beacon* and a Guggenheim Fellowship and the following year the Carnegie International pinned third prize on his *Deep Water*. He has pictures in the Whitney, Metropolitan and St. Louis Museums, the Detroit Institute of Art, the Phillips Memorial Gallery, the Davenport Municipal Gallery and in the White House.

—HARRY SALPETER

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A HEAD START FOR YOUR CHILD

A SCHOOL PRINCIPAL TELLS YOU HOW TO FIND THE BEST TEACHER THAT A CHILD COULD HAVE

IF YOU had handled from one to two hundred pupils a day for a few years, you'd have the B. D.'s, too.

Teachers are human beings, though they are able to handle your children! It's a job for the gods, but we like it, and do the best we can. Still the B.D.'s —Big Doubts—persist.

Should parents have children? We hope so. No Bright Young Minds of the profession have devised a way of running a school successfully without them.

However, we who work with your offspring wish that you fathers and mothers would give us a better break in some particulars. Perhaps you'd like to hear a few ideas about how you—fundamentally—are your child's best teacher.

I am convinced that the finest heritage you can give your children is the right training before they start school. I've watched them in private school and public school, in summer camp and scout work. I have followed them through the grades, secondary school and college. And this statement is the highlight of any parental advice I can offer: If you handle your child well the first six years, he has a tremendous head start on the youngster whose parents don't take their responsibilities seriously. Disregard this advice and it may take a dozen years of training partially to offset the traits you've allowed to develop.

There are five specific planks. First, teach your child discipline. You don't have to whale him! I don't mean that. I'm called a progressive school man—even been called a radical. I am progressive, if that's what is meant by believing in teaching personality development, learning how to debunk our propaganda, how to handle money, inculcating the ideals of home management in boys as well as in girls. But I believe in the three R's also.

When I see mothers and fathers with children who cheerfully disobey them, children who whine and wheedle, who tear the house to pieces and drive guests to distraction, I know that some school has a big responsibility on its hands. As a parent, keep this in mind: you may not know how to manage John or Susan very well. But John and Susan have dedicated their best efforts to learning how to manage

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you! Good, common sense discipline prepares your child for the adjustments necessary in school.

Second, teach your children the meaning of work. This is still a working world. Button pushing won't be a successful vocation for a long while yet. Schools have the quixotic idea that children should work, and learning is based on the assumption that hard work aids in its acquisition. In fact, I have been embarrassed by a statement once made, "I don't care how little a child learns his first few years in school, if he learns to work." This is, of course, hyperbole, but the idea is there.

Most of you don't keep a family cow and flock of chickens. You don't have a woodbox to fill. The "chores" of the horse-and-buggy era are no more. They had some value, educationally, if not politically.

All children are better off who have some simple, regular duties to perform for the family. They can empty waste baskets, dry the dishes, set the table, mow lawns, trim hedges, and do other tasks. One of the finest eight-year-old boys I know, all wool and generous width, washes down the stairs for his mother each week. He does it before he plays on Saturdays. Bob has learned the meaning of work. He has learned that other lesson which has prevented many a man and woman from achieving full success: work comes before play. The next time you hear some mother say, "Oh, I don't want Mary to do any work; she'll have enough some day," chalk up a big handicap mark against Mary's name.

Next, give your children some educational material at home. If parents can afford it, one of the young people's encyclopedias is a truly educational investment. With a little encouragement, children will learn the things you want them to learn. Without any encouragement, they learn the others!

Good material around the home has another side that may not have occurred to you. It helps them learn to read—and to read widely. It is a fact and perhaps an unfortunate one, that most of the organized educational process depends on the ability to read. That's why we have so many reading tests and remedial reading classes. Poor reading ability holds back many children. Fast, accurate reading is a lifelong asset.

Fourth, take some time daily to play or work with your children. Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these, "My father is too busy to bother with me." May it never be said of you.

I don't know whether the psychologists have invented a big word for it yet. I'm only a school principal now, though I used to be a teacher. But it does something to boys and girls of all ages if parents have a little time for them. It may bolster their sense of importance. It may make them feel they are needed. And I think a psychology professor once said in class

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that those are the two primary human needs.

Finally, as your children's teachers, help them learn the value of money. It's one of life's chief tools. Naturally, you're not going to pass out money without getting some value in return! Or are you? There is work you can devise for the home in return for the weekly allowance. Work—money—wise handling—a trio of importance in getting ready for life.

If your idea of the educational process is training for decently successful living, then you, as parents, can work wonders for your children. Those of us in school work are sure of one thing: Children whose parents are home teachers have a head start in life. —HAYDN S. PEARSON

ANSWERS TO TASTE-TEST ON PAGES 46-52

1. A is better. The glass in B is too tall, too formal and too intricate in design to go well with the essentially simple breakfast dishes. The glass in A is simple and sturdy, the latter being an important quality for any instrument used at breakfast, when the nerves of the user are ordinarily none too steady.

2. B would be the more desirable breakfast table here. Real flowers (the right ones, of course) are as good as orange juice in the morning. Also, the silver service in B makes a more harmonious neighbor for these plates and glasses than the earthenware coffee service in A. The design on the earthenware clashes with the design on the plates. The centerpiece in A is too low for the all-over design of the table, affording no real contrast.

3. B is better. In A the designs on the silverware and crystal are intricate in varying ways. There is, so to speak, no harmony of intricacy. In B the designs on the silver, crystal and plates are co-ordinating designs. Note how the setting in B is keyed to the simple, direct design of the tablecloth.

4. A is preferable. The straight, simple design of the tablecloth calls for straightness and simplicity in the design of the plates and crystal. Both the plates and the crystal in B are too ornate for the tablecloth.

5. A is better. The ornate plates, as well as the other appointments, call for similarly ornate glasses on such a formal table. The glasses in B are too plain for the plates—too weak and not kindred in design.

6. The plates in B are preferable because they provide the one note of contrast necessary to a smart dinner table. The very sameness of the color scheme in A, with its white plates, makes that table less interesting. (It should be noted that there is a difference between a contrast and a clash. A correct contrast may be the best way of obtaining all-over harmony, as is the case in 6-B. A clash of design, however, is the type of thing you find in 1-B, 2-A, 3-A, 4-B and 5-B.)

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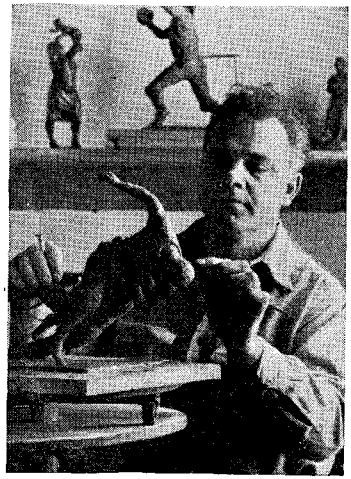
BARNYARD SCULPTOR

HARRY WICKEY KNOWS HIS ANIMALS, CONVERTING THEM TO BRONZE WITH GUSTO AND FIDELITY.

WHEN Harry Wickey starts talking, the ceiling plaster cracks, doors are wrenched from their hinges and pictures crash from their moorings on the walls. Harry Wickey is only about six feet tall but he fills the room with his body as well as with his intelligence and his emotion, not to mention his voice. He is as decisive as he is resonant, as clear as he is uncompromising.



Harry Wickey

There is nothing pallid or half-hearted about him. It is Yes or No with him and you get him straight the first time. He says Bravo or Damn, he is an overdose of honest ozone, and he is likely to go to your head the first time you breathe him. He is an original with an American accent and the vocal muscles of a hog-calling champion. He is not at all complicated by the fact that he has read a book or looked at a picture or heard music. In the exact sense of that much-abused word, he is an influence in American art, directly and indirectly, as a teacher and as an artist. He is a big, healthy, vital fact.

When you first hear him, Wickey sounds like a big noise from a small town. The deepening of acquaintance tells one that here is a man who is saying something, not only in words but in art. His art is a response to experience; his experience has been varied and profound and American, and therefore his art is American, because it represents a response to *his* experience and no one else's. As John Sloan has put it, "He is moved by a creative impulse that proceeds from a response to life, rather than a desire

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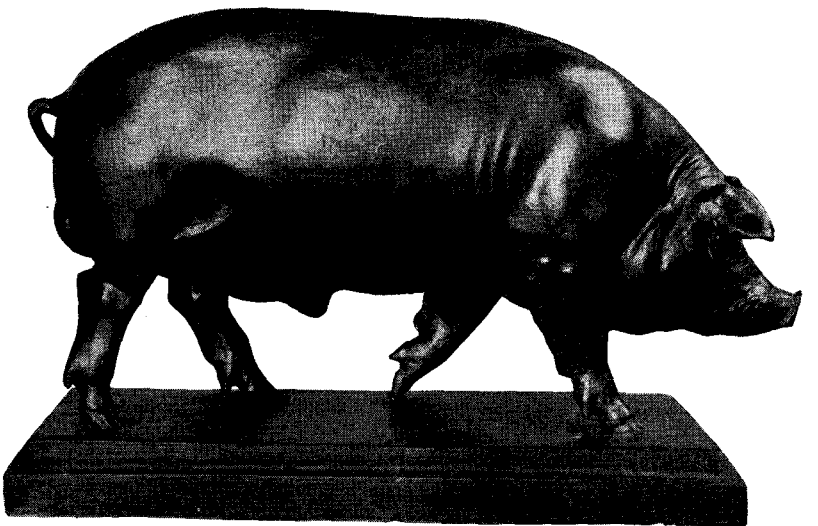

WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

WALKING BOAR

to produce a 'Work of Art'. This impulse prevents his being an *unrealist*." It is hard to untangle Wickey's art from his life; but, roughly, he has passed through these stages: illustrator, etcher, lithographer. Today he is a sculptor with every intention of remaining one, and it is that part of Harry Wickey that is reproduced in these pages.

In Wickey's credo and in his art, a pig is a pig, a horse is a horse and a bull is a bull, and each should be recognized as such and not as the Eiffel Tower or the soul of man striving to break its bonds. For that reason there is the smell of earth and hide in his work. He has no patience with the use of natural phenomena to convey messages of abstraction or of propaganda. He will not simplify, or oversimplify, forms to a point at which doubt may enter the mind of the spectator concerning the nature of the object stated. He is too naturalist for the younger artists who are still under the spell of the bird-in-flight school of sculpture. Except for his young students, the artists who believe in him most strongly are of the old school, many of them on the academic side, who still believe in the virtue of honest representation.

Wickey has put his dipper deep into the well of American life. He is both typical and individualistic. He was born in 1892 in Stryker, a small town in Ohio, and began working on

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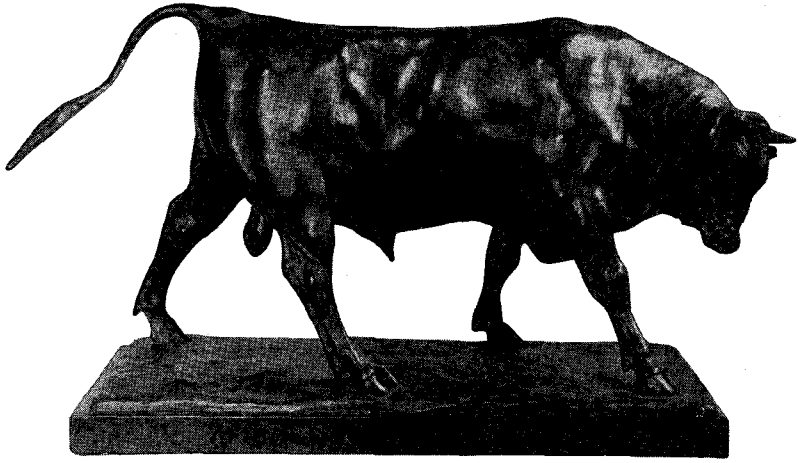

SULKING BULL

his father's farm almost in childhood. At the age of nine he was competing with grown labor in the sugar beet fields, working from dawn until sundown. At eighteen he knew he wanted to become an artist and left his native town for art school in Detroit, where, to make ends meet, he took a job as car checker in the yards of a railroad, working twelve hours a day for forty-five dollars a month. His next job, making boxes for a seed company, lasted only so long as the patience of his fellow-employees with his robust hammering and shrill whistling. Of course he was also studying art with the intention of becoming an illustrator, but this ambition was tolerated rather than encouraged.

From Detroit he trekked to Chicago, where he signed on as a guard at the Elevated and a student at the Art Institute. In two years he had saved enough money for New York, his original goal, and arrived there in 1914. He became a platform guard at the Union Square subway station, studying at the Ferrer Modern School and later the New York School of Industrial Art. Subsequently he became acquainted with Harvey Dunn with whom he continued his studies with a view to illustrating for magazines, and within a short time he was making acceptable drawings for *Saturday Evening Post* stories.

Shortly after America entered the War, Wickey was drafted. His intimate knowledge of farm animals made him a sergeant and he was sent to France to collect horses for the artillery brigade. He was in service for eighteen

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PIGS PLAYING

months, thirteen of them abroad. Mustered out of service he found himself without means and he was driven to resume illustrating. He made a set of drawings for a prize-fight story. Dunn told Wickey they were the best pictures of the subject that had yet appeared in this country. The magazine grudgingly accepted the drawings, with a note that they were below standard. Then and there Wickey abandoned illustrating and became a teacher, by which trade he was to earn a living, or the kernel of a living, for fourteen years, from 1919 to 1933.

He was a great teacher. I cannot testify to this first-hand but only through the effect he has had on the young men and women who have sat at his feet. They speak of him today not as of a teacher, but as of an experience. He gave to teaching not the perfunctory margins of himself, but everything. He distributed the largesse of his personality, and more. He gave so much to others there was little left for himself. There was no time, no leisure for his own work. Even his non-teaching hours were constantly invaded by art students to whom he could not, or would not, deny himself. As a desperate measure of self-defense he left New York, and teaching, so that he could do a little of his own work.

It was not until 1937 that he tried his hand at sculpture. "I am now so interested in the medium," he says, "that I hope to continue with it for some time to come." Since completing the sculptures reproduced—one of which has just been purchased by the

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Newark Museum—he has been exploiting the humbler aspects of city life for genre subject matter.

His interest in animals dates from his childhood. He was to the manure born, as one colleague puns about him. His knowledge of farm creatures is profound. During the War he virtually tamed wild horses. Today he has no pals more deeply devoted to him than his two collies, whom he has sketched in a hundred moods and poses, although he has yet to put them in sculpture satisfactory to himself.

By putting his animals into sculpture he states them in the final form of which he believes art capable. Draftsmanship can only strive toward the third dimension; in sculpture he can more clearly realize his desire "to convey a full sense of the actual to those looking at my work." The bull and the boar and the stallion and the qualities peculiar to each are definitely stated. Note also that Wickey's animals are masculine and self-assertive. He likes to catch animals in moments of tension and expressiveness. Perhaps at some future time Wickey will show greater imagination, be able to state his masses more economically, but at the present time he leans to overdetail for fear of risking underemphasis. —H. S.

REARING STALLION

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DIVORCE TALES OUT OF COURT

A SPECIALIST IN THE PARTING OF MARRIAGE TIES SPEAKS—NOT WITHOUT A FEW "ASIDES"

TO LOOK at me you would never think that I had divorced thousands of people of high position and outstanding achievement, among them princesses and countesses, actresses and opera singers, lawyers and diplomats and millionaires. You wouldn't believe it, I imagine, for I am still a young man—a quiet and reserved young man, I might add—and I still believe in love and in permanently happy marriage, and expect to experience both in my own life.

Owing to a combination of professional and economic circumstances, I am not engaged in divorcing at present, but less than five years ago in France I was called "the Henry Ford of Divorces" because I turned them out so fast, and I was also given the title of "the King of Divorce" because I seemed to have the secret of parting mismated or dissatisfied husbands and wives from one another with the least amount of trouble and publicity. That those designations were not idle ones you will admit when you consider that I was operating in what was then acknowledged "the divorce capital of the world."

However, I called myself simply a divorce counselor, and I opened a combination of office, salon and solarium in the rue Ampère, not far from the Parc Monceau, which I hoped would become the favorite resort of the élite, especially Americans, in marital difficulties. Needless to say, I had the best of reasons for that hope.

For you must know that I represented the famous (some said he was the infamous) Señor Arturo del Toro, the "father" of the latest Mexican divorce laws of the States of Sonora and Morelos, and that I was prepared to negotiate so-called "mail order divorces" which were to be prompt, private and painless. Easy, humane, and in line with the liberal modern spirit, these divorces required merely the grounds of "incompatibility" or "mental cruelty" or "absence of marital relations for over six months," and the petitioner or petitioners need only name the cause and give me a copy of the marriage license, together with power of attorney.

I would do the rest, which I began to do in rapidly increasing volume soon after I settled in the rue Am-

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père. Though this new rival of Mexican divorce set the Parisian lawyers by the ears, and was a mysterious unknown quantity to the public, my patronage grew to extraordinary proportions. For one thing, it took only sixty or eighty days to obtain the Mexican decree back in Paris. The parties involved were not tied down in any way and could go where they pleased, do as they liked, while in far-off Sonora or Morelos they were being legally divided. And fees for this swift, sure and silent stroke of freedom ranged between $4,000 and $10,000.

Costly? Not for early 1929. Not for vitally quick action, unrivaled personal convenience in the procedure, the guaranteed liberty, and in many instances the great and amazing factor of not having to inform a husband or wife of the projected divorcement and getting it, nevertheless!

Such a price, of course, was only for the rich. They had been paying upwards of $5,000 for a Paris divorce, prior to my arrival on the scene, with the drawbacks of having to reside in the city for a specified period, or winking at a forged domicile document to overcome the restriction. Conditions were onerous at the time I opened my office-salon on rue Ampère, especially as there had been a public scandal of American lawyers, who had no right to practice in France, pocketing fat fees and getting French *avocats* to do the work for a tenth of their retainers. This resulted in a proposed law to set the residence of divorce seekers in France at two years, and to make false domicile claims impossible through sworn signatures of host or landlord and the police.

The advantages of what I had to offer in the way of a Mexican divorce were obvious to the French *avocats* and the cosmopolite society of Paris. Boulevards, salons, and the smart set in general buzzed with speculation and gossip. My teas and cocktail parties waxed popular with those who were intrigued at the idea of "divorce by mail" and wondered if it was the solution of their problems.

"Do you suppose—?" "Is it possible for me to—?" "What would happen if I—?" were familiar preliminary phrases with which my guests greeted me repeatedly.

That they could be divorced in Mexico simply by mutual consent, without mud-slinging or bearing false witness, was astonishing enough to my inquisitive and growing coterie, but it was positively astounding to learn that the party of the first part could obtain a decree against the party of the second part without his or her consent through an unchallenged publication of intention in a local Spanish newspaper preceding court action.

A prominent New York society couple, Mr. and Mrs. C— S—, were the first pair for whom I obtained a divorce conceived in America, instituted in France, and executed in Mexico. Quite pleasantly, they had

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agreed on "mental cruelty" for grounds in Sonora. Mrs. S— was a clever, charming woman, the niece of a famous journalist. Mr. S— had held high office in a newspaper association. Incidentally, a New York debutante was waiting for him to marry her. His wife, who had brought the suit, took their three children, and went on with her business, which she owned and conducted successfully.

Then followed Sonora divorces for an operatic tenor and his Boston society wife, for a famous artist, for a very high official in the United States government, for a world-famous screen star, and scores of others.

Everything purred along in the rue Ampère until I undertook to divorce a prominent American lawyer, who had tried unsuccessfully to get a divorce from his German-born wife a half dozen times in various countries, and in Paris itself. Influential, stubborn, fighting him with the best legal weapons, she had thwarted him. Though she could not have him herself, she wasn't going to see another woman have him. He was hopeless of release when he came to me.

Lawyer-like, he wanted to know what I had in the way of Mexican divorces, their kind and difference. Belonging to the profession, he knew that the States of Yucatan, Campeche, Sonora and Morelos had certain ways of cutting the marriage tie. I didn't recommend Yucatan or Campeche. And I explained that he could not get a Sonora divorce at long distance without "mutual consent" which in his case was out of the question. If he wanted to bring a one-sided suit there, it would require three days' residence on his part.

Morelos, I told him, was his best chance, even a sure thing. The Morelos law sanctioned divorce proceedings on the part of the plaintiff alone, upon local publication, or notice, of intention, and a period of twenty-one days in which defense may be brought by the respondent.

Did his wife read Spanish or ever see Mexican newspapers?

No.

Then Morelos was his one chance for liberty and new love, for, of course, there was "the other woman"—a girl half his age that he would move heaven and earth to marry.

Well, he got the divorce papers in due time. And it was my painful duty to break the news to his indomitable German wife, now his ex-wife. Painful, it was. I sent her a copy of the decree. Hotly, she wrote me a twenty-five page letter in which she left nothing to the imagination or to my reputation. That wasn't all. She camped on my quiet doorstep, denounced me for hours, and finally turned her powerful battery of legal experts on me and my position in Mexico.

But the battling lady lost out.

Less than a year after I had established my international divorce mill (I use the favorite term of my enemies) a monkey-wrench suddenly

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was thrown into its delicate works. Headlines proclaimed that all divorces so airily obtained by outsiders in Mexico were in grave danger of being invalidated by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of that country. *Nom de cochon!*

Cabling to America, I ascertained that the decision was against a case involving only the divorce laws of Yucatan, and had nothing to do with either Sonora or Morelos. I calmed down the excitement of my clients with the facts, put the Paris press straight on the matter, and explained to all and sundry that it was silly to believe for a moment that Mexico would void 10,000 divorces, which was approximately the number granted under her new laws since they went into effect in 1925.

Would Mexico, I asked irrefutably, dare declare illegal thousands of second marriages made by Americans, following divorces accepted in good faith? Would she dare make the children of such marriages illegitimate?

It was unprecedented and unthinkable.

So my tea and cocktail parties continued. Often, my guests brought others who had reached some marital impasse, and they came from many lands with many woes, both tragic and comic. One day, a beautiful young Italian Countess refreshed herself with my tea and advice. Her plight was not of her own making. Of a noble but impecunious family, her parents had forced her into a loveless marriage with an old banker in Rome. Falling violently in love, as might have been expected, with a handsome young man, she was in a dilemma.

Divorce in her own country was virtually impossible. She had no grounds—imagine that, with all-powerful nature and instinct and the right of a human soul on her side! But Italy is the most difficult country in the world in which to get a divorce. The Vatican must pass on all such pleas, and if it grants one it is not called "divorce" but "annulment."

However, I got the lovely, tortured Countess a Mexican divorce, she married the man of her heart, but she is an exile from her native land forever, for she is a bigamist the moment she sets foot on Italian soil unless she goes there as a citizen of an adopted country.

Again, on another day, a young and very charming British matron came all the way from Tientsin, China, to have a cup of tea with me. She could have saved herself the trip by executing power of attorney where she lived, but she wasn't aware of that. I was glad to see her—and her dog. With her she had brought her little Belgian sheep-dog, which, it appeared, was the cause of all the dissension between herself and her husband.

Cruelly, unforgivably, he had kicked the darling pooch! Was it possible for her, she asked with tears in her eyes, to get a divorce on the

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grounds of cruelty to animals?

I told her what Mexico thought of "mental cruelty," which can be anything from a husband and wife not liking the same book to differing about makeup and quarreling about bridge—in fact, any disagreement about anything. The lady from China dried her tears, had more tea, and declared Mexico the most enlightened land on earth.

Mexico returned the compliment by granting her a divorce, and she left for Bombay, India, where a British army officer was waiting to marry her and love her pup.

Mention of a Britisher reminds me of the severe and antagonistic attitude of "the tight little islanders" toward divorce of any kind, especially that obtained by their nationals outside English jurisdiction. Insular, fiercely determined on the holiness of wedlock, they fight against divorce at home and are outraged at one gotten abroad by those of their blood.

At my rue Ampère office-salon I was always a little amused at my British clients in their solemn insistence on secrecy when instituting an action for a Mexican divorce. Of course, of all divorces, the Mexican can be the most polite and silent, and as such suited the temperament and taste of the English. But it was funny when my partner, Señor del Toro, visited London and was heralded as a dangerous man, especially by the legal fraternity! You would have thought that a snake had wriggled into a cage of love-birds! What shrillings and flutterings! This was all the more amusing and absurd when you realize that Del Toro was an idealist, and regarded himself as an apostle of freedom to those in the bonds of unhappy marriages.

The Wall Street crash of 1929 had its repercussions on my rue Ampère wheels of gold as they spun in the waters of troubled matrimony. In a year they had slowed down to too lazy a pace, and so I joined Señor del Toro in New York at the beginning of 1931. For two years, I carried on there, with a famous war hero's divorce my most emotional and sensational high spot, and a dancer's divorce from her saxophonic husband my speediest.

The war colonel and his wife, a pretty French nurse, married in 1919 as a result of a war-time romance. Perfectly happy in each other, they were, until the husband's best friend, a breaker of hearts and a broker in business, fell in love with the French girl and she with him. He happened to be married, too.

What a tangle! To get out of it, the two lovers ran off to Europe. The lady sued for divorce. So did the colonel, and in addition sued for $250,000 for alienation of his wife's affections. Then the stormy Colonel changed his mind and withdrew both of his suits.

Venturing from Paris across the ocean, the terribly distressed runaway wife sought her husband and pleaded with him for divorce. Both

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her lack of funds and their three children complicated her position. At the moment she thought the Colonel was ready to sign the paper giving his consent, he swallowed poison!

But he recovered in the hospital. A month later he was persuaded really to sign the document and I sent it off to Mexico, posthaste. But it was all something like a battle in the Chemin des Dames sector where the Colonel had been cited for bravery. Park Avenue never saw such excitement, heard such a clack of tongues!

The divorce of the dancer from the saxophonist, which I have mentioned, hadn't any such dramatic implications, but it was highly theatrical in its swift accomplishment—seven days! And that brings me to the element of speed which becomes more and more necessary in the modern divorce. I myself believe that the best divorce is the easiest and quickest, and that when two persons no longer love reciprocally they should be definitely parted. Talk of breaking up homes is nonsense. Where there is no love there is no home.

About this matter of "mutual consent" for divorce for which Mexico has been belabored, the finger of scorn has been pointed at her from a hundred directions. To me, as I review my thousands of cases, it is the most natural and just ground that two alienated persons can have. Yet in English law, which the United States inherited with its settlement, "mutual consent" is pronounced "collusion" and not to be tolerated!

Collusion? Doesn't that give you a laugh when you think of the countless husband-and-wife collusions going on in the State of New York alone, where adultery being the only ground for divorce, married couples and their lawyers "stage" the act of infidelity for "legal" evidence?

By the way, a study of the divorce laws in the separate states of the Union reveals surprise after surprise. You find that South Carolina has no grounds for divorce and rivals the Vatican in that respect. But next door, North Carolina has four—three more than New York and the District of Columbia which concentrate on adultery.

Tennessee and Kentucky, considered backward states by the snooty East, have thirteen and fourteen grounds respectively. Again, Mississippi has eleven grounds, while New Jersey has three! Drunkenness is a cause for divorce in thirty-seven states, while incurable insanity holds in only seventeen, and drug addiction in only six!

In general, the West and the South are ahead of the East in relief measures for the unhappily and misfitly married.

Often, I am asked: "What is the chief cause of divorce?"

And unhesitatingly I answer: "Eighty-five per cent of marriages go on the rocks because of physical mismatement, no matter what other reasons are given." —ANONYMOUS

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ECLIPSE OVER THE ANDES

PIZARRO FOUND THE KINGDOM OF THE INCAS A GOLDEN REALM AND LEFT IT A LAND OF DROSS

FACING his captors, the Inca Atahuallpa rose on tiptoe, stretched his hand high above his head and drew a mark on the wall of the room. In return for his liberty, the Indian emperor offered, he would fill the enclosure with gold up to that mark. The room was seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long and the mark on the wall was nearly nine feet from the floor. The Spaniards accepted the bargain. The total value of the booty which the conquerors thus acquired was more than fifteen million dollars, "a king's ransom" no other ruler, ancient or modern, could have afforded. Here in Peru the conquistadores' wildest dreams came true.

It was the twilight of empire for the Indian in the New World. From Hispaniola the Spaniards had sent out expeditions that had taken Cuba and Mexico and Guatemala down to Honduras; from Panama they had penetrated north through Costa Rica, Guatemala and Nicaragua and met their own people coming south. Now the southern continent had become the prey of the conquerors. The Incas held the key to the wealth of this portion of the New World. "Peru" was the name the Spaniards gave their powerful and highly civilized empire. The Indians called it Tavantinsuyu, or simply "the four quarters of the world."

The first Inca to be established historically is Sinchi Rocca, who ruled about 1100 A.D. (As the rule of the Incas spread over adjacent tribes the name "Inca" came to refer to the royal caste, for the word means king or lord.) Each Inca consolidated his position and acquired new territories. By 1400 A.D., the Nascas and the Chimus, coastal peoples who had long resisted the conquerors, were finally subjugated. Then under Tupac Inca Yupanqui and his son Huayna Capac the empire was extended from Quito, which is in modern Ecuador, down to the Atacama Desert in Chile.

Huayna Capac's conquest of the provinces of Quito was a great achievement. Now, although the Incas were generally monogamous, the ruler and the nobility were permitted any number of concubines; the heir to the throne, however, was always the son of the legal wife, who was generally

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the king's sister. Huayna Capac apparently found it both politic and desirable to take a daughter of the ruler of Quito to wife. Before he died in 1525, he decided to divide his empire into two portions, the kingdom of Quito to Atahuallpa, son of the Quito princess, the rest of the empire to Huascar, the heir by the legal queen. Huayna Capac had been a great soldier and administrator but his last decree proved unwise. His decision left his empire in a seriously divided state at a time when reports are supposed to have come of strange white men along the northern coast near the Panamanian Isthmus.

For about five years the half-brothers, Atahuallpa and Huascar, each ruling independently, remained at peace. Then the ambitious Atahuallpa provoked war with his brother. In the spring of 1532 Huascar was decisively defeated and taken prisoner. Atahuallpa destroyed many of the Inca nobles—although he spared his brother—and donned the diadem of the Incas. Thus, a few months before the Spanish adventurers landed on the Peruvian coast, civil war had shaken the empire. The wounds were not completely healed when Francisco Pizarro's sword was raised over the Andes.

★ ★ ★

Iron courage and perseverance characterized nearly all the explorers, English, French, Dutch and Spanish, who were the first to set foot on virgin areas in the New World. But perhaps the most audacious explorer of them all was Francisco Pizarro, who crushed the Incas. With audacity—and the lucky fall of the dice—he triumphed.

Francisco Pizarro was born about 1471 in the province of Estremadura in Spain and was the illegitimate son of an infantry colonel. Acknowledged by his father, Francisco got no more than the family name and a thirst for adventure. He had attained his majority when he finally drifted to Seville. There he heard breath-taking stories of the New World. Shortly thereafter he crossed the sea to Hispaniola and some time later served with Alonzo de Ojeda in Central America. In 1513 he marched with Balboa across the Isthmus of Panama and was among the first to gaze upon the Pacific, the "Great South Sea."

The next decade Pizarro spent on several expeditions on the Isthmus and into lower Central America, ventures of no importance except that they furnished training and experience. Then in 1524 Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, an older soldier of fortune, and a priest, Hernando de Luque, formed an exploring company. De Luque was to furnish most of the funds and remain in Panama as the agent for the expedition. De Almagro was to advance part of the way and maintain communications between Pizarro and Panama. Pizarro himself was to lead the advance and to penetrate as far as need be into the fabulous lands to the south.

In November of that year Pizarro

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sailed in one poorly equipped vessel and with about eighty men. There was no evidence of the fabulous wealth they sought; only the sun, swamplands, mosquitoes and hostile Indians. But having collected a small store of gold from the various Indians they routed, Pizarro would not admit defeat.

Finally Pizarro returned to Panama to help organize a second expedition. On March 10, 1526—a formal contract for the division of the plunder they hoped to obtain was drawn up by the three partners. This time Pizarro had two ships and about one hundred and sixty men. Down the coast the expedition sailed. Then captured Indians spoke of the city of Tumbez and of the vast wealth of the country still farther south.

The adventurers took heart and made a new advance, but Pizarro and de Almagro quarreled. Then the Panamanian government, annoyed with Pizarro, sent a vessel to bring back those who did not wish to remain any longer with the expedition. Audaciously now, Pizarro drew a line in the sand with his sword and invited all who wished to go on with him to new riches to cross over on his side. Only thirteen crossed the line with him. The rest returned to Panama.

Later, the partners having made peace again, de Almagro brought an-

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other vessel and the governor's permission to explore for another six months. In 1527, three years after the venture was begun, Pizarro came to Santa Clara Island opposite Tumbez. When he saw the beauties of this Indian city with its temples, its idols, its vessels of gold and silver, its rich tapestries and dyed cloth, he felt that at last he was on the threshold of the Eldorado he had sought so long. Still farther south he sailed until he was convinced that he had definitely located the Peruvian empire, and then back to Panama. They would need more men and arms to reap the golden harvest.

★ ★ ★

From Panama the colleagues now found it necessary to send Pizarro back to Spain to secure the help of the crown in planning the expedition to conquer Peru. On July 26, 1529 he received a "Capitulation" reciting his powers, privileges and the policies under which he was to proceed. In January, 1531 the third expedition for the conquest of Peru left the Bay of Panama.

From this date the conquistadores proceeded more rapidly than before, falling upon villages and hamlets, plundering for the gold, silver and emeralds, and pressing on. About a hundred miles from Tumbez, Pizarro founded the city of San Miguel and struck out for the interior of the Inca country, sending Hernando de Soto ahead to reconnoiter. Soon Pizarro received an envoy from Atahuallpa, who welcomed the Spaniards and invited them to his camp.

Across the ramparts of the Andes the soldiers now marched to Caxamarca, where the Inca waited. Pizarro invited the Inca to visit his quarters. Atahuallpa had proved himself a cruel and cunning prince in the past, yet here he came with an unarmed party to visit the Spaniard. No doubt he considered the possibility of treachery and discounted it, for who could guess that Pizarro was so desperate he would dare to attack Atahuallpa in the midst of his own people? But Pizarro had marched into the land for the purpose of conquering it and he could only begin to do so by some great stroke.

On November 16, 1532 came Atahuallpa, the proud and the cunning, about thirty years old and truly a regal figure. The Spaniards waited until he was well inside the trap. They fired a gun and charged. The attendants were massacred and the Inca was taken prisoner. In the sign of treachery, Pizarro had triumphed. Now for consolidating the Spanish position—and for the loot.

Since Atahuallpa had, after the pattern of Inca government, concentrated all the power in his own hands and since the Indian looked with awe on the white men, there was little opposition to them. Realizing that his brother Huascar who was still alive, might now regain the empire, Atahuallpa secretly issued orders and had his brother executed by drowning.

Then Atahuallpa, perceiving the

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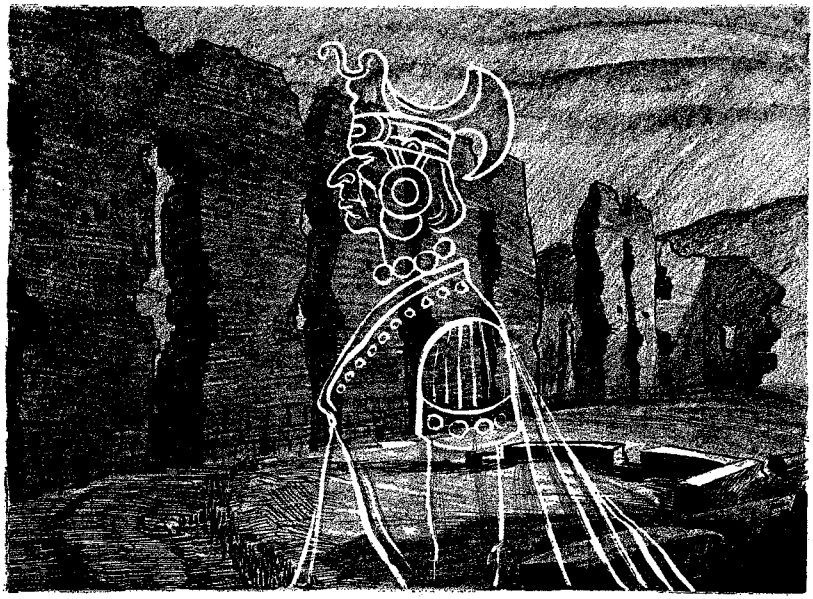

white men's insatiable lust for gold, offered to ransom himself. But when the fifteen millions in gold had arrived, the Spaniards decided to be rid of him anyway. Rumors of an uprising of the populace spread and encouraged Pizarro in his decision. So the Inca Atahuallpa, who had been friendly and a source of profit to the Spaniards, was given a "trial" and was condemned to be burned alive, a punishment later commuted to garroting with a bowstring.

The strangling of the Inca was not a shrewd move on the part of Pizarro. He could have ruled the empire through Atahuallpa had he let him live. Now he had to fight for the land. Pizarro at once set up Toparca, a brother of Atahuallpa, as the new Inca, but the young man died soon thereafter. A year to a day that Atahuallpa was captured, Pizarro entered Cuzco, capital of the empire. There Manco, brother of the murdered Huascar, was sponsored by the Spaniards and was crowned—the puppet Inca of the conquerors. And step by step the provinces of Peru were reduced, their peoples subjugated, and new cities, such as Lima, Pizarro's capital, were founded.

There was treasure, but there was no tranquillity. Even the puppet Inca rebelled and showed the courageous spirit of the red warrior. In February,

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1536 he besieged Cuzco and fought the Spaniards with great valor. Again the smoldering enmity between Pizarro and de Almagro broke into flames and Peru now witnessed ferocious civil war between the white conquerors, recapitulating in a sense the civil conflict of Huascar and Atahuallpa. In April, 1538 de Almagro was defeated and Hernando Pizarro, Francisco's brother, whose life de Almagro had lately spared, had him strangled. Now the Inca Manco, watching the civil strife, resorted to guerrilla warfare to plague the Spaniards.

De Almagro was dead but many of his loyal followers, humiliated and despoiled by the Pizarros, swore revenge for his murder. On June 26, 1541 a handful of desperate men attacked Pizarro's palace. Francisco himself, seventy years old, a marquis now by patent from the crown, and still a stout-hearted soldier, struck down three of his assailants before the swords of the others plunged into him: a more merciful death than either Atahuallpa or de Almagro had been permitted. Like the former, Pizarro had been destroyed by audacious men in the midst of his own supporters. Thus died the Conqueror of Peru, a cruel, avaricious and crafty man, who had demeaned a proud empire, made slaves of its men and despoiled its women, robbed its treasure and dissipated the evidences of its culture.

Under the Incas, if there had been little private initiative and enterprise, there had been no poverty and want. The gold and silver, so coveted by the white men, were employed to embellish temples and other structures and useful and beautiful articles were cast and hammered from them by skilled smiths. No iron was known but copper was smelted, cast and hammered, and stone was employed with great craft.

It is true there was little change, or "progress" as it is often called, but there was tranquillity and enjoyment of the present and little fear of insecurity for the future. Great roads were built to provide communication through the empire, one extending some 1500 miles from Quito to Cuzco. Suspension bridges of osier cables were built over the gorges and rivers.

After Pizarro, civil war continued in Peru. The Indians profited not at all from the quarreling of the Spaniards. They remained the easy victim of licentiousness and brutality and were exploited unmercifully.

But in 1544 the Inca Manco, who had continued to live in mountain recesses rather than let the white men use him as a tool, died at the hands of a party of Spaniards he had befriended, and thus passed the last of the Inca rulers to display the courage and leadership of his ancestors. Civil war for power continued among the Spaniards but to the redmen it made little difference whose hand held the lash. The golden sun of the Incas had been eclipsed.

—Philip Paul Daniels

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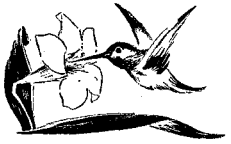
TITANIA OF THE AIRWAYS

TO APPRECIATE NATURE AT ITS WHIMSICAL BEST, STUDY THE WAYS OF THE HUMMINGBIRD



THE hummingbird is the Titania of the airways, the tiniest feathered creature in all the world, one of the most brilliant in plumage, and the only bird that can fly straight up, down, sideways and backward. About the hummer, there is always something distinctly faerie; it delicately feeds on the wing and sparklingly bathes in tiny ponds of dew caught on broad leaves. When Nature fashioned this living jewel, this flying flower, she must have been in her most inspired mood.

Nearly 200 years ago, Oliver Goldsmith, in his *History of Animated Nature* (a masterpiece of inaccuracy), lazily listed three or four hummingbirds. We know now that, including subspecies, there are 638 recognized kinds —the largest bird-clan in nature. It is distinctly a New World clan, native especially to Central and South America. Eighteen species visit the U. S., but only one hummingbird, the exquisite rubythroat, has been found east of the Mississippi. He is the greatest wanderer of his tribe; on gossamer wings he makes, twice a year, the prodigious journey from the Tropics far into Canada. While the flight of the hummer is essentially direct, he really travels along great sweeping curves at an approximate speed of a mile a minute. Moreover he can sustain his pace, for he makes a non-stop flight across the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 500 to 600 miles.

From so radiant a dryad, one has a right to expect love-making of a celestial kind. Nor does the wee suitor disappoint this expectation. In a wide arc he sweeps up and down in the amorous oscillations of the "pendulum dance," his brilliant plumage flashing forth new colors from ruby to topaz, from emerald to sapphire, as the light strikes his changing position at different angles. In a gown that is somber compared to his glittering array, the female, perched on a dry twig, watches with elaborate indifference. But he dances tirelessly, sometimes varying his program with acrobatic feats, until by a sign, that he alone understands, his beloved accepts him.

If, during these ecstatic maneuvers, a rival male appears, a battle royal is sure to ensue; often one of the fighters

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will fall to earth quite vanquished, while his conqueror almost equally exhausted will perch near by, panting from the ferocity of the struggle. But the boundless valor of the hummingbird is never so spectacular as when he "takes on" both birds and animals much larger than himself. I have seen him assail cats and dogs; I once saw a mother hummingbird go after a blundering old cow that came too close to her nest; I myself have been the victim of these elfin attacks.

The hummer assails nearly all the common birds, the robin, grackle, starling, brown thrasher, and even the crow and the red-shouldered hawk —dashing exploits that easily put him into a class with David when he defied Goliath. But the most astonishing display of bravery occurred one day during the courtship of two rubythroats, when low overhead there passed the shadow of a great bald eagle. Not for a second did the male rubythroat hesitate. I could not follow the flight of the gnome-like champion as he sped after this formidable bird of prey. I only know that the huge bulk of the eagle flared suddenly upward, dodged ponderously, and beat a precipitous retreat. Possibly he thought that his assailant was a bumblebee.

While fighting, the hummingbird usually emits shrill but disconcerting squeaks of rage. His weapon is his long needle-like bill, with which he is said to attack the eyes of his enemies. At any rate, such is the swift valor of his onset that I have never seen him fail to put to rout a disturber of his peace.

After courage, fastidiousness is the chief trait of the hummer. He spends hours preening himself, using his bill and his tiny claws to keep his lovely plumage immaculate.

Many people suppose that the hummingbird feeds only upon the nectar of flowers; but insects also constitute a regular part of his fare. During the course of forty years of watching humming birds, I have counted nearly fifty different flowers at which I have seen him actually at work. He seems to have no preference as to height: I have seen him at the big yellow blossom of the tulip tree, seventy feet from the ground; and his wings will fan into life the dead leaves under the wild columbine, ten inches above the earth. He prefers red to any other color, so much so that I have seen him momentarily investigate the possibilities in a ripe tomato. He can be trained to feed on a thin syrup made by boiling for five minutes equal parts of water and sugar. Ordinary test tubes make good receptacles, and are especially alluring if wrapped in red paper. After a hummingbird becomes used to the presence of a human being, he will often feed from a test tube held in the person's mouth.

There are two questions concerning the hummingbird that have given rise to much difference of opinion. The first is the claim that the mother hummingbird ties one foot of her babies in the crib, as it were, in order to keep

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them from falling out. This tying is said to be done with fibers or spider webs. I am one of the observers who have examined many nests, and have never seen this example of motherly care. If it were really a habit with the bird, surely it would be oftener observed. I wonder if, occasionally, a baby's foot does not accidentally become enmeshed with some of the delicate fibers of the nest.

The other question is the contention that the hummingbird does not himself make the stupendous flight of migration; but takes passage in the feathers of a larger bird, such as the wild goose. As I had nothing in my own observation to confirm this theory, I had put it down as imagination until two first-class observers made me think that perhaps I should not be so incredulous.

A close friend of mine, a hunter and a naturalist, told me that, some years ago in Maryland, he had shot a wild goose flying. As the great bird fell, three or four hummingbirds flew out of its plumage. Another friend, one of the best woodsmen I have ever known, told me that while stalking wild geese on the Ohio River below Marietta he was amazed to hear, and then see, scores of hummingbirds preening their feathers in a sheltered thicket. Suddenly, alarmed by something on the river, the geese rose clamoring. Immediately every rubythroat darted after the geese. There were so many hummers that they could be plainly discerned as a swarm against the sky; but as soon as they overtook the flying honkers, they vanished . . . .

There are many objections to the theory, such as the lack of co-ordination in the times of migration of geese and hummingbirds, and the fact that birds far weaker than the hummingbird make long migrations. But Nature, like life, is full of surprises and I don't know if the hummingbird sometimes rides the wild goose or not. I only know that it would be quite in keeping with his pert audacity to do it.

The nest the hummer builds is a tiny masterpiece of architectural beauty. Commonly it is placed on a small limb or even a twig that has a diameter less than the inch-and-a-half diameter of the nest itself. It may be as low as six feet from the ground, and as high as eighty. The inside of the nest is lined with cottony down from fern-stalks or other sources, and has the softness of velour. The outside of the nest is delicately shingled with lichens, stuccoed with bits of moss and wisps of bark, all fastened with fibers and strands of spider web. The nest is sponge-like and pliable to the touch. In strong light it is dimly iridescent in soft shades of yellow, red, blue, and dull green. Sometimes the lichens covering the outside of the nest will be the same as those on the limb on which the nest is, thus producing a perfect camouflage. Indeed, it is usually very difficult to distinguish a hummer's nest from a knot on a limb. But location is variable. On a front

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porch of a home at Independence, California, an Anna's hummingbird has nested for eighteen years (probably a descendant of the original bird) on top of an electric light-bulb, the nest being fastened to the wire. At the University of Colorado a hummer built a nest on an ornamental lantern, beneath which hundreds of students streamed daily.

The hummingbird almost invariably lays two eggs, snowwhite, and about as large as little peas; often more than one brood will be reared in a season. The young hatch in two weeks. When they are born, they are naked, helpless, blind; and they curiously resemble insects. The mother feeds them about every fifteen minutes with food that she has partly digested. Thrusting her long bill down the throat of her baby, she regurgitates the nectar that she has gathered. On this fare the infants thrive prodigiously. In about three weeks' time they are ready to leave the nest, but first they try their wings. With cool self-composure, each baby lifts its wings and beats them until they form a halo about him, but he does not at once rise. Many other young birds fall out of the nest and flop about helplessly, but not so the young hummer who, after he has tested his wings, takes sure flight.

Because of endless variations in shape and length of their wings, not all hummingbirds hum. Some are almost silent, a fact that renders them positively wraith-like. A few of the distinctly tropical species have been heard to sing, or to make the attempt; the effect is but a tiny insect-like thread of song. Except for the zooming of their wings, and the chitterings of alarm, excitement, or anger, they are silent sprites.

Walt Whitman says that the marvel of the joint of his thumb is enough to confound all the atheists. If after such consideration the skeptic remains unconfounded, let him regard the hummingbird, the Titania of the boundless airways. All that we can imagine of sprightliness and delicate grace, of dazzling color and faerie charm is found in this tiny favorite of nature.

—ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 32-35

1. B	8. A	15. A	22. C	29. B	36. B	43. C
2. C	9. C	16. C	23. B	30. A	37. C	44. C
3. B	10. B	17. C	24. B	31. B	38. A	45. B
4. C	11. C	18. B	25. B	32. C	39. C	46. B
5. A	12. B	19. C	26. A	33. B	40. A	47. A
6. C	13. B	20. B	27. C	34. B	41. B	48. B
7. B	14. A	21. A	28. C	35. A	42. B	49. C
						50. C

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LONG LIVE YOUR CLOTHES!

A MAN INVESTS PLENTY IN HIS WARDROBE—
HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT YIELD DIVIDENDS

MAYBE you're only human. Maybe you've been a bit overshadowed by some resplendently dressed male and sighed, "Gosh, I wish I could spend that much money on my clothes!"

Would it surprise you if you learned that this well-dressed paragon *doesn't* spend any more money on his clothes than you do? That perhaps what he does lavish on his wardrobe with greater prodigality is not money but time? It's always a possible explanation, and one whose moral might well be taken to heart.

A man should spend as much money on his clothes as he can reasonably afford to spend. That's economy in the long run. But once that limit has been reached, the next step is to go to work. A little care exercised consistently, a few wardrobe manners acquired as a daily habit, and you'll double the apparent value of your clothes by sprucing up their looks and increase their real value by stretching out their mileage.

It's worth trying—because it works. The author happens to be an expert on the subject, by vocation as well as by personal practice, so don't be offended if he lays down the law a bit rigidly. It's for your own good.

Hats. Two shelves, one within easy reach. I shun the hall closet where every guest's headpiece finds a perch on one of mine. My felt hats of regular wear, including my derby, rest side by side, their weight equally divided between the side of the crown and the brim. This does not unsnap a snapped brim or spoil the curl of a Homburg. Above the daily row on the upper shelf are boxed hats in hibernation, the opera (always sprung) and silk topper resting flat on their crowns, the panama and sennet straw on their brims but extra-wrapped in camphorated paper to prevent discoloration. Caps, too, are boxed to avoid dust. Within easy reach hangs the hat brush that unfailingly is used before donning any hat.

I use a softer brush for the silk topper and hidden away in the box is a velvet pad and small hat iron for this most formal of headgear.

Don't be one of those negligent souls who put into home use the cruel

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wire hangers on which the neighborhood tailor returns suits after pressing. Do not expect any suit to fit around the shoulders or collar when it has spent its closet hours on little short of a torture rack. Smoothly finished, heavy wooden hangers of the wishbone type are more than worth their cost. These do double duty, having an attachment for hanging the trousers by the cuffs. The full weight of the trousers keeps an unbroken crease down the leg, and does not necessitate frequent pressing—the foe of fine fabric when overdone.

Care of suits and overcoats is merely a matter of regular brushing. The simple home application of some reputable cleaner to minor stains saves unnecessary torture at the cleaner's. And anent cleaners, shun hole-in-the-wall 39c specials, where one can well imagine muddy gasoline baths that are harshly wholesale in character. Master cleaners offer no quarter measures and each garment is carefully treated.

An evening of home valeting once a month will spruce your suits no end, but remember never to use an iron directly on the material. Odd scraps of clean linen should be placed between the iron and the suit to prevent scorching. Fine flannels, such as doeskin, may be washed; but others must be dry cleaned. A word of warning about velvet collars on overcoats:

Do not trust even yourself to press these. A good tailor has a special silver board devised solely for velvet. Let him do it.

When the "soup and fish" clarion suddenly rings out on the evening air, you should be able to open your wardrobe door without fear and trembling. Immediately after that last party at the club, you sent your white waistcoat to the laundry. Only last Thursday, while waiting for Bill and Helen to arrive, you brushed off the black worsted and touched up the patent leathers with a soft flannel cloth and rubbed in a mere jot of vaseline. You will find life easier if your formal uniform is inspected between occasions and pampered a bit.

The upkeep of shoes and boots is more than a footnote. Neatly aligned beneath the suits on two slanting shelves and held in place by a narrow strip of wood catching the heels, your footwear is handy to reach, visible for selection, and avoids being a heterogeneous heap of assorted leathers. Shoes should spend every waiting hour on properly fitted trees and be treated to thorough polishing at every wearing. The oils and ointments of the bootblack work wonders in preserving the life of the leather. No rain or slush can ruin shoes that receive regular treatment with oil and polish. After inclement elements have left your footwear spattered and spongy, there is an urgent necessity for trees and slow natural dehydration. Wet shoes and radiators have their proper places, but they should never be in proximity. After natural drying, gen-

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erous use of polish will erase the ravages of their saturation.

The polish that shoes acquire is not to be thought of casually as "a shine." Brown calf, cordovan and crocodile avoid Harlem "high yella" shades by constant application of dark red mahogany polish. Black calf, surprising as it may seem, becomes even blacker when cleaned with a white Meltonian cream. Brown suede requires only frequent brushing with a small wire brush and occasionally a touch of black varnish or enamel on the soles and heels. This latter treatment also adds style to white buckskins. And speaking of white bucks, either a shiny surface or a natural flat finish is cleaned most effectively with a liquid rather than a powder preparation.

Before closing the door of the wardrobe closet, a snug harbor is found for man's greatest prerogative—his neckwear. On two horizontal bars, one slightly above and back of the other, ample room is provided for full view display. A slack cord or ribbon held by two hooks on either side, about halfway down the tie length will keep your cravats from swinging helter-skelter with door opening and closing. It is a pressing fact that metal should not touch a tie surface. Tie wrinkles are avoided by ample rotation of wear. A week in the rack will do much to relieve traces of tying. Stubborn crinkles are made to disappear with gentle steaming and light pressure of an iron over a protective cloth on the reverse side of the tie.

The door of the wardrobe is closed and we open the chest of drawers. Inventory of accessories therein tells an orderly story in short order. Three small drawers at the top. Left one is Starch Haven where laundered collars rest in natural concentric circles.

There is also room for separate soft collars in the rear of this drawer. The middle compartment is Handkerchief Harbor, one stack for daily pocket refills, the other for silk foulard pocket pieces and neckerchiefs. On the right, loosely tossed in are collar pins, collar buttons, luggage keys, key chains, cigarette lighters and other personal paraphernalia. This drawer could also allow some space on one side for gloves in orderly arrangement.

The next drawer below is commodious enough to store shirts, stacked alternately in regard to collar position. When the laundryman pays his weekly visit, it is well to relegate the freshly laundered supply to the bottom of the shirt stack, so by making your daily selection from the upper strata more wear for each item will result. Alternation in wearing your clothes adds to the pleasure of a well assorted wardrobe.

Below the shirts, pajamas and underwear logically repose. Next in line come sweaters, seasonal accessories, belts, suspenders and garters, and several piles of hosiery.

And that about completes the basic picture. At least, it should be enough to work on. —E. E. Poler

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JUSTICE

There is a justice outside courts we know,
I saw it in my barn and stood below.
A mother swallow and a father swallow
Came almost faster than my eyes could follow
Through the high window, never both together,
And so not able to tell each other whether
This young-one fed the last, or that or that,
And neither stopped to judge which crop looked fat,
But each shot in and fed the proper one,
The emptiest, and back out in the sun.
The wide bills opened at the selfsame angle,
The five necks rose from out the hairy tangle
In the nest the same height at the sound
Of wings that told the blind food was around;
It would have taken Solomon to say
Which bill was widest and hungriest that day,
And yet there never was a single miss.
One bird was there, bent down and gave the kiss
Of parenthood, was gone, and in its stead
The other came, a new wide mouth was fed.
Any man who saw it would confess
This was a lovely chain of righteousness.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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HISTORY'S STEPCHILD

AN APPRECIATION OF HAYM SALOMON, WHO FOUGHT FOR THE REVOLUTION IN THE WAY HE KNEW BEST

ON AUGUST 27, 1778 the Continental Congress sitting in Philadelphia received a memorial from Haym Salomon, a hitherto unknown merchant, "late of the city of New York." In this document the memorialist petitioned the Congress to grant him employment in the way of his business "whereby he may be enabled to support himself and family."

Reciting the facts in his case simply, Salomon continued that he was "sometime before the entry of the British troops at the said city of New York, and (was) soon after taken up as a spy and by General Robertson committed to the Provost—That by the interposition of Lieut. General Heister (who wanted him on account of his knowledge in the French, Polish, Russian, Italian, &c. languages) he was given over to the Hessian commander who appointed him in the commissary way as purveyor chiefly to the officers—

"That being at New York (he) has been of great service to the French and American prisoners and has assisted them with money and helped them off to make their escape—That this and his close connexions with such of the Hessian officers as were inclined to resign and with Monsieur Samuel Demezes has rendered him at last so obnoxious to the British headquarters that he was already pursued by the guards and on Tuesday the 11th inst. he made his happy escape from thence—"

Here, portraying an unselfishness not usually found in a petitioner's brief, Salomon added: "This Monsieur Demezes is now most barbarously treated at the Provost and is seemingly in danger of his life and the memorialist begs leave to cause him to be remembered to Congress for an exchange."

Furthermore, the merchant continued, "Your memorialist has on this event most irrecoverably lost all his effects and credits to the amount of five or six thousands pounds sterling and (has) left his distressed wife and a child of a month old at New York waiting that they may soon have an opportunity to come out from thence with empty hands—"

With this memorial—now in the Papers of the Continental Congress

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deposited with the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress in Washington—one of history's stepchildren made his initial appearance. The Journal of the Continental Congress notes that the memorial was read and was referred to the Board of War which, harassed as it was by the many problems of the conflict, did nothing about it.

★ ★ ★

Who was this Haym Salomon with his peculiar Scriptural-sounding name, his command of foreign languages, his interest in the Revolutionary cause and his human plea for a comrade in distress? The general history texts, occupied with dates, battles and picturesque heroes, are silent. Those who toil without fanfare are often thus forgotten. Yet the story can be pieced together and when the available facts are fitted one to another the result is a fine splendid character, history's stepchild, true, but a worthy addition to the national gallery of patriots.

Haym Salomon was born in Lissa, Poland in the year 1740. In his youth he apparently wandered through various countries and on those travels acquired that knowledge of the French, Polish, Russian and Italian languages for which the Hessian commander in New York was later to remove him from that dreaded prisonhouse, the Provost.

When in 1772 Haym Salomon arrived in the American colonies he was thirty-two years old. No doubt his first visit on landing was to the small circle of his co-religionists then thriving in the city of New York. As a traveler he was accepted, made welcome and assisted, in keeping with the Biblical injunction of hospitality to the stranger.

The American Revolution, long brewing, broke out three years after his arrival. One would hardly have expected a newcomer to take a stand on the issues that were then dividing Colonial loyalties. Yet in 1776 Salomon was arrested by the British on an espionage charge. His command of foreign languages, including the French, must have operated to make him a marked man in the eyes of the British. Establishing his innocence, Salomon was this time released and was commanded to assist the Hessian commander in securing supplies for the officers. Many of the Hessians could speak only German and, since few of the British had an intelligible working knowledge of that language, Salomon was doubtless of considerable value as an interpreter.

In this position, Salomon remained loyal to the Revolutionary cause, sometimes assisting American and French prisoners to escape, at other times using his influence on such of the Hessian mercenaries as were already discouraged with the task of fighting a people against whom they had no real grievance.

On January 2, 1777 Haym Salomon married Rachel Franks, daughter of the distinguished Franks family. Some part of the fortune which he later lost

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was no doubt derived from the dowry which Moses B. Franks, his father-in-law, bestowed on his daughter. But when we remember that six thousand pounds sterling in 1778 would be a fortune equal to nearly a hundred thousand dollars today we can realize that Salomon's amazing grasp of finance had in a period of five years, dating from his arrival, made him a wealthy man indeed.

Apparently he remained under suspicion even after the British released him. His son Ezekiel was born July 20, 1778, barely a month before the father had to flee New York. On his flight, his "effects and credits to the amount of five or six thousand pounds sterling" were irrecoverably lost, for his fortune must have been confiscated. There is no record that this sum was ever restored to him or to his descendants.

★ ★ ★

Almost throughout the entire Revolution, Philadelphia served as the nerve center of the colonies. Here the Continental Congress sat; here the Declaration of Independence was signed; here men labored to keep intact the lines of communication between the northern and southern colonies and to finance and supply the armies in the field. Here Haym Salomon set to work to bring his family in safely, to repair his fortunes—and, soon, to help support the Continental credit.

In New York he had apparently been a ship's broker, buying sundry provisions and supplies from incoming vessels and reselling to tradesmen and the commissary. In Philadelphia he no doubt engaged at first in the same work. The miserable state of colonial finances drew him to a grander task.

The American credit was very low, despite the large periodic loans from France. Specie, or hard money, was rare and bills of exchange often had no takers except at considerable discount. The colonies sent in little money and the army, that splendid "rabble-at-arms" that was to outmaneuver and outwit the redcoats and their commanders, went unpaid for months at a time. Even the delegates to Congress in Philadelphia suffered for want of adequate funds.

Becoming increasingly desperate over the situation, Congress at last drafted Robert Morris, the outstanding merchant and capitalist, to wield almost absolute powers in the field of finance and thus perhaps to mend the weakening structure of the government of the united colonies. A better man could hardly have been chosen. Morris had long been partly responsible for molding the foreign policy and for supervising matters of marine. In his private capacity he had, in partnership with such patriotic Jewish merchants as Isaac Moses, Michael Gratz and Moses Levy, financed privateers to harass British shipping. Now on May 10, 1781 he became Superintendent of Finance.

On the day he entered office he began to keep an official diary, the original of which is now in the Library of

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Congress. From the very beginning it seems, Robert Morris, English by birth, Episcopalian in faith, called upon Haym Salomon, Polish by birth, Hebrew in faith, to assist him in the floating of securities, in the selling of bills of exchange and in bolstering the general credit. For Morris required, first, a man of financial genius; second, one whose own interests would not conflict with the public interest; third, because of the dealings with the French and with other foreign governments, an individual who had a command of foreign languages; and fourth, because of the delicate nature of the transactions necessary to maintain the American credit, an individual who would be no seeker after public glory.

"I sent for Haym Salomon—" Morris wrote in his diary and the name of the quiet unobtrusive Salomon whom history has forgotten appears some seventy-five times in that record.

During 1781-1782—beginning a few months before the crucial battle of Yorktown was fought, a time when the Revolutionary army was so far without funds that Robert Morris had misgivings about his ability to raise enough money to send Washington south to trap Lord Cornwallis—Haym Salomon floated about $200,000 worth of government securities. But not until July, 1782, did Morris authorize Salomon to refer to himself in his public advertisements as "broker to the Office of Finance." By that time Superintendent Morris was certain of his man. Laconically he entered in the diary: "This broker has been useful to the public interests."

In addition to selling bills of exchange, Haym Salomon, at critical intervals, endorsed the paper of the Revolutionary Government, thereby risking his personal fortune and credit in backing the shaky financial structure. That fact is proven by his advertisement on April 19, 1783 in the Philadelphia press, offering to refund the money for bills of exchange "drawn in his (Salomon's) favor and endorsed by him on Monsieur Boutin, treasurer of the Marine Department of France."

At this time Salomon also advertised that he was "broker of the Consul-general of France and to the Treasurer of the French Army;" and also fiscal agent of the French minister, Chevalier de La Luzerne, a fact which is confirmed by entries in Robert Morris' diary.

★ ★ ★

"To keep the money-machine going," as Alexander Hamilton phrased it, Robert Morris and his colleagues, including Salomon as one of the original subscribers, organized the Bank of North America in late 1781. The extent of Salomon's operations are shown from the bank's ledger in which fifteen pages are devoted to his account, more space than was required for the accounts of nearly all the other forty subscribers. For his services, invaluable in those critical years, Salomon received the amazingly low commission of one-half of one per cent.

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He also acted as agent for many of his co-religionists abroad, particularly in Amsterdam. Moreover, in the *Pene Aryeh*, a collection of responsa by a famous teacher of Breslau in Prussia, there is a reference to a charitable gift made by the philanthropist "Hayyim of Philadelphia."

His philanthropy extended beyond his own people. There in Philadelphia was James Madison, later one of the framers of the Constitution and president of the new republic, at this time delegate to the Congress from Virginia. Again and again Madison pleaded with Edmund Randolph to send him funds for his daily living. But money was scarce in Virginia and often the delegates were left to fend for themselves. Then on August 27, 1782, Madison was writing home that he was a "pensioner on the favor of Haym Salomon." He had appealed for help to the merchant and philanthropist and help had at once been forthcoming.

Again on September 30, 1782, Madison wrote home to Randolph, "The kindness of (Salomon) our little friend in Front street, near the coffee house, is a fund which will preserve me from extremities; but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense . . . To a necessitous delegate he gratuitously spares a supply out of his private stock."

Randolph himself, later attorney-general and secretary of state, also availed himself of Salomon's generosity. Joseph Jones, uncle of James Monroe, also a delegate from Virginia, was another who turned to Salomon in distress and received funds to tide him over. James Wilson, signer of the Declaration of Independence, later supreme court justice, was another. Arthur Lee, Thomas Mifflin, the governor of Pennsylvania, General Arthur St. Clair, Joseph Reed, John F. Mercer, and Colonel Theodoric Bland were still others.

When Lafayette needed money for the relief of his soldiers Salomon assisted. When the British blockade cut off supplies from Don Francisco Rendon, *sub rosa* minister of Charles III of Spain who was aiding the colonies, Salomon helped him for two years, advancing nearly 10,000 Spanish dollars. It seemed that American, Frenchman or Spaniard, Catholic, Jew or Protestant, anyone truly devoted to the colonial cause could turn to the man in "Front Street between Market and Arch Streets." Yet for all that he did the republic was to display little gratitude.

★ ★ ★

The War came to an end, a treaty of peace was signed, the colonies joined themselves into a loose confederation, and the work of rehabilitating the country was begun. The American credit was still low. Morris was no longer in charge of finances but Salomon was still selling securities and bills of exchange. With peace at last in the land, he made plans to return to New York, perhaps principally for

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the sake of his wife whose family resided there.

In partnership with Jacob Mordecai he took a house at No. 22 Wall Street and advertised that he would there operate as a broker and dealer in bank stocks. The Philadelphia house on Front Street was put up for sale.

But although he made several trips there, Salomon never returned to live in New York. In the winter of 1784, his constitution apparently having been impaired from his imprisonment in the Provost seven years before, he became seriously ill. On January 6, 1785, in the prime of his career, Haym Salomon died, barely forty-five years old when the sands of his destiny ran out.

So suddenly did his demise come that he died intestate. His wife, left with three children, Ezekiel, Deborah and Sarah, was now confined with a fourth. Two weeks after Haym Salomon's death his last child was born and was named in his memory.

From his extensive operations a vast estate could have been expected. But $353,729 of his holdings seemed to consist of depreciated government paper and the other properties were taken over by the creditors. For the financial genius—precisely why has never been definitely determined—had died penniless.

In any case, partly because of the loss and confusion of records, his heirs never received any part of whatever sums may have been due him, not even the five or six thousand pounds sterling he had lost to the British in fleeing from New York. In 1893 his descendants agreed to accept a token settlement from Congress in the form of a gold medal to be struck of their ancestor. But even that acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude long owing fell through. Today, save in circles of his own people, where his example of philanthropy and his devotion to a great cause is celebrated, his name has been almost forgotten.

Recently a group of Chicagoans announced its plan to accord belated recognition to both Haym Salomon and Robert Morris: Sometime in 1939 the Patriotic Foundation of Chicago will dedicate a triumvirate statue in bronze as a memorial to George Washington, Robert Morris and Haym Salomon. This is a project that has long been sponsored by Barnet Hodes, Corporation Counsel of Chicago, and by other public-spirited citizens of that community.

The original design for the memorial was the last creation of the internationally famous Lorado Taft. Leonard Crunelle and his associates are completing the sculpture. From the standpoint of composition the design is unique in that it features three complete larger-than-lifesize figures: Morris on the right, Salomon on the left and Washington in the center. The memorial is meant to be a lasting testimonial to the part that has been played by patriots of every creed in the winning of American independence. —Louis Zara

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A NOTE ON RAVEL

WE KNOW HIM MOSTLY THROUGH HIS BOLERO, AND SO MISS THE BEST OF HIS UNIQUE GIFTS

WHEN Ravel, speaking not a word of English, landed in New York eleven years ago to begin his only American tour, five items were on his "must" list. He wanted to: visit the Edgar Allan Poe house in Fordham, meet George Gershwin and hear him play the *Rhapsody in Blue*, see Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* at the Metropolitan Opera House, prowl around Harlem, and hear the Philharmonic—at that time conducted by Toscanini.

Thanks to his good friend, Eva Gauthier, he did them all. It was a cold, gloomy day when they went to Fordham. And that was the only time he became emotional—he stood inside the miserable little hovel, his head bared, the tears streaming down his cheeks. He couldn't say a word . . . for the thought that here the great man had lived in such distress and poverty, that here Poe's Virginia died.

Like most Frenchmen, Ravel had unbounded admiration for Poe. He liked to think he composed the way Poe wrote. He said: "As regards technique, my teacher has certainly been Edgar Allan Poe. To me the finest treatise on composition, certainly the one that influenced me most, is Poe's essay on the genesis of a poem."

Ravel's fifty-third birthday, March 7, 1928, was his most exciting day in America. Mme Gauthier prepared all the red meat he could eat—he said our meats were all overcooked—and, as a birthday present, persuaded George Gershwin to play for him. For hours they sat—the young American at his best, astounding the French master with novel melodic and rhythmic inventions. Gershwin then asked to study with him. "No, no, *mon cher!*" Ravel replied. "Then you would write only bad Ravel."

It was characteristic of Ravel to have decided views of his own. He seldom grew to dislike anything he once had liked. When Gounod's music was out of favor, he consistently pointed out the beauties he found in it. His reasons for liking or disliking were definite and, for him, final. He saw no reason for not saying that Franck's form was "appallingly poor," that he committed "quantities of instrumental blunders." He was quoted as implying that "Beethoven couldn't

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score for nuts," and he dismissed the *Missa Solemnis* simply as "cette oeuvre médiocre." He admitted Wagner's greatness, but he couldn't stand his "noisiness."

Early in the mornings, after the night clubs were closed, he wandered up and down the avenues—a sight for the milkmen. Small, dapper, dressed in an outlandish, wild checked vest, loud socks, yellow woolen gloves, a large yellow scarf—which no one but himself was permitted to wash—a slouchy grey hat, and an ample but short tan peajacket, he resembled nothing more than a glorified jockey. On the way to the opera, when his tails dropped a foot beneath the jacket, he virtually stopped traffic.

To France with him went a caseful of modern gadgets for *Le Belvedère*, the house he bought and remodeled at Montfort L'Amaury. Here he spent the last twenty years of his life . . . near an old abbey with famous stained glasses, near the home of Anne de Bretagne, far from the temptations of night club and café, amid the ruins of a great past, with no auto and only one train a day to Paris.

He was proud of his books, his miniature furniture (which made him appear larger), his family of Siamese cats for whom the routine of his house was ordered, the pictures, trinkets, odds and ends that cluttered up the place—and most of all the mantels of imitation marble and the motifs on the walls which he himself painted. He loved the view from his slope . . . and yet he was anxious to come to America again.

But it was not to be. Shortly afterwards, at the time he was working on the music for Chaliapin's film *Don Quichotte*, he was knocked down by an automobile in the Place de la Concorde. He suffered an abscess of the brain and a partial loss of memory. A short time later he walked in to his publishers and asked his own name. He had forgotten.

He soon found himself unable to coordinate, to concentrate. He possessed a perfectly clear mind, was able to think, to explain his condition to his friends detachedly, as if he were speaking of some other person, and yet he was not able to do anything about it.

When he was walking in the forest or in the grounds of the old Abbey, he would suddenly begin humming to himself. And then he would run back to his piano but he could not get his hand to the keyboard. His despair was pitiful. During one of those moments a friend sought to encourage him. "Look, Ravel! Don't be so down! You have done much—you have many great, beautiful works. The whole world acclaims you."

"No! No!" Ravel would shout back. "I have done nothing. Do you hear! Nothing! Nothing! It is now that I could begin to do something. I have so much to say . . . and I can't . . . I can't."

He lingered four years and, after a brain operation, died, as it happened,

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during an undertaker's strike. His corpse lay on the *clinique* slab until the authorities in desperation declared it —a *cadavre urgent*.

★ ★ ★

Ravel contemplated life from a distance. He was aloof, sophisticated, poised and restrained, a man to whom living was high art. He knew that to enjoy pleasure was not to wallow in it. Those who criticized him described his existence as an "entertaining mixture of rare bibelots, brilliant tapestries, warm baths, and rich pastries. He prefers to spend his time breeding hot house flowers and decorating china dolls. In the unutterable fastidiousness of his drawing-room, the modishness of a new cravat is of more concern than the character of its wearer; and bad pronunciation would shock him more than any shallowness of thought. Always, he foregoes preoccupation with the message and confines himself to the delivery . . ."

Ravel was a man who would have underscored Wilde's essay on the truth of masks. He preferred a mask. To the outer world, he appeared satirical, light, witty. "Doesn't it ever occur to people," he would ask, "that I might be artificial by nature?"

Underneath, his friends found him ingenuous, childlike, and warm-hearted. They saw that he adored children, always wanted to play with them, wrote some of his best music for them. He gave himself to few, but he loved to be with good companions, enjoyed night clubs, the theatre, adored to be photographed, especially with his cats.

Ravel triumphed over relentless opposition. Always he stood in the shadow of Debussy. In the beginning, Pierre Lalo labeled him "merely a well-endowed plagiarist." Nothing could be further from the truth. However much the two Frenchmen have in common, they have more apart. Ravel, by comparison, is a realist unafraid of irony, who seeks a smooth, contained form for his thoughts rather than a suggestion of the realities to be found in a mystic, circumambient atmosphere.

Ravel's is a mind more inclined to the analytical, more concerned with perfection of form and detail, definition and finish. His chief activity has been the rejection of the useless. He conveys each of his sentiments, translates each of his impressions with the utmost economy of means. His canvases are small. He is a miniaturist. There are no big brush-strokes, no effects (except in the *Bolero*) calculated to thrill the uninitiated. He is, in the final analysis, one whom we value less for what he has to say than the manner in which he says it.

And yet what he has to say is not negligible. It is true that he can be "wholly engaging and wholly inconsequential." It is also true that he did not regard his music as a receptacle for humanity's hopes and passions, as a profound epos of world-shaking consequences. There is in it the irony and light-heartedness of a wise child,

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delighted by the vast spectacle of this world, satisfied by the absorbing interest which everything holds for him, content to know the sadness of *Le Gibet*, the voluptuousness of *Chanson Madécasses*, the pert satire of *L'Heure espagnole* (will we in America ever know it well?), the ecstasy of the *Soupir*, the Lilliputian-land of *Ma Mère l'Oie*, the blatant earthiness of the "blues" in the violin sonata. He was happy to reflect the nostalgia of the *Scherêrazade*, the exuberance of *Rhapsodie espagnole*, the delicious caricatures of *Histoires naturelles*, the touching episodes of *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, the grey, piercing lyricism of *Pavanne pour une Infante défunte*, the dazzling and erotic paganism of *Daphnis et Chloé* . . .

It is unfortunate that the world knows Ravel by his *Bolero*. Finished just before its performance, it was written on order for Ida Rubinstein—a thing he seldom did, as he was too independent and proud of his art to accept commissions, and anyway his publisher gave him 50,000 francs whenever he asked for it. Knowing the dancer's limitations and having to finish the piece quickly, he decided to reiterate a single theme for fifteen minutes, varying the instrumentation from flute to clarinet, oboe d'amour, muted trumpet, and so on, in the now unforgettable manner. At the last moment he substituted the title *Bolero* for *Danse Lascive*, which the piece really is, and so it swept across the world into music-halls and movie houses everywhere as the genuine (and original) Bolero.

Another thing that bewildered him was the various tempi at which it was played. He caused a sensation in the Paris Opéra when Toscanini first conducted the New York Philharmonic-Symphony there. He started shouting as soon as the *Bolero* began: "Three times too fast! Three times too fast!"

No matter at what tempo it is conducted, the *Bolero* is effective. He intended all his music to be effective and it is. In fact, few composers ever so thoroughly achieve what they set out to achieve. Ravel remains the "little master" who believed:

"Since we cannot say what we have to say without deliberately exploiting, and so translating, our own emotions, is it not better at least to be conscious of that fact, and realize that great art is simply a supreme form of pretense? The thing that people sometimes call my own lack of sentiment is simply my scrupulous care to avoid saying the obvious and unimportant.

"As for the charge they level against me, of writing 'only masterpieces,' that is, of creating works that leave me nothing more to say in that particular idiom, I can only answer that if that were true, I should be the first to know it, and that there would be nothing left for me to do, except either to stop work, or to die. And this I would do, despite the example of God, who took a rest after having created the world . . . and who was so wrong." —CARLETON SMITH

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CARICATURIST AT LARGE

AL HIRSCHFELD CASUALLY GIRDLES THE GLOBE AND RECORDS ITS FOIBLES AS HE SEES THEM

AL HIRSCHFELD is neither starving nor an artist. He eats and he illustrates. Art has been the dereliction of his youth and the indulgence of his manhood. In view of the fact that he is only thirty-four years of age, we are popping him off to pin him down to these pages in mid-flight, so to speak, but he has done enough to establish the pattern of his biography. Examples of his pure art are in at least one museum, but the bulk of his earning life has been spent in the service of newspapers and magazines, as cartoonist and caricaturist, his special field being the theatre. He has labored also in the vineyard of moving picture promotion, and on the whole may be taken as a good example of that type upon whom the pure artist affects to look with contempt—the commercial artist.

But sometimes the commercial artist can make the pure artist's contempt freeze upon his face when he invades the pure artist's field. Regard, for example, the lithographs reproduced herein, particularly the mementoes of Hirschfeld's peregrinations abroad. They reveal somewhat the thinness and the trickiness of the working cartoonist's method but they show also what a head start in pure art his commercial work has given him in seizing upon the elements of a setting and the quality of character.

Hirschfeld has been on his own since his middle teens. Already he has traversed a vast portion of the earth's surface and is planning to travel on the yet unvisited continents. He is interested in the civilities and the amenities of good living, in eating and drinking, in art and literature. His beard, grown in Paris days in protest against the lack of hot water in his room, sharply accents the impression that here is a man who requires civilization for the matrix of his daily living.

He was born in St. Louis in 1904. His career suggests extreme precocity. He was drawing and painting before he was fourteen. At that age he left with his family for New York, attending high school by day and studying art at night at the National Academy of Design. Planning to become a sculptor he found himself a part-time job in an architectural firm, for which

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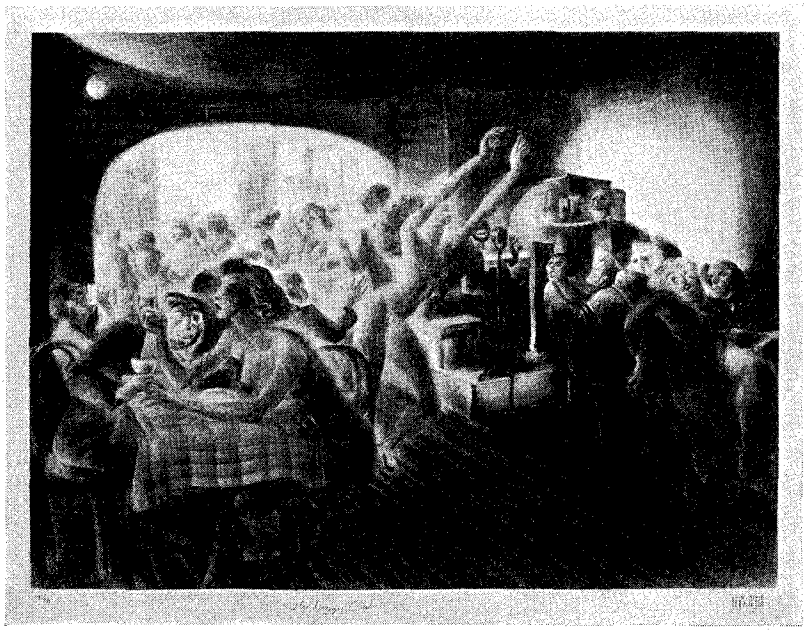

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK

THE DIZZY CLUB

he made ornaments in clay and plastolene. He gave up the job and sculpture after several months and at the age of sixteen left school and entered the art department of Selznick Pictures. Two years later he was art director, the youngest even in that young business. Shortly afterward the head of the firm paternally urged young Hirschfeld to open a studio of his own, employing the same staff, and promised that the firm would contract to give him all its art work, as in the past. Selznick Pictures was going bankrupt and Hirschfeld knew no better than to follow this advice. At the end of one month, the producer owed Hirschfeld $4000, most of which he owed, in turn, to his staff. He borrowed from every available source. The second month it was worse and then Selznick went bankrupt. Hirschfeld found work at Warner Brothers, where he remained long enough to earn the sum he owed in back pay to his own staff.

At twenty he joined the expatriate gang in Paris, where he remained for two years, working and trifling, studying at Julian's and traveling through

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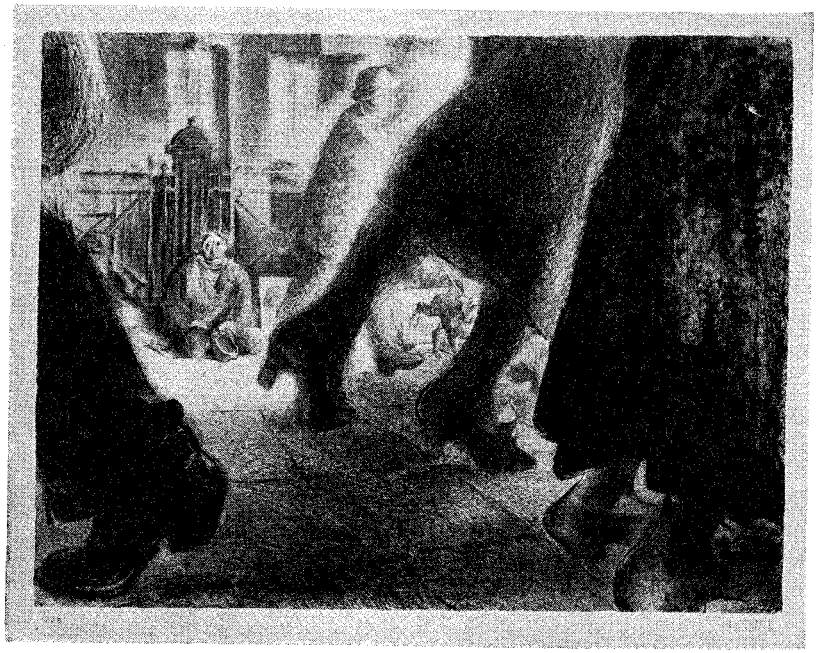

ART AND INDUSTRY

France, Spain and Africa. He reports that those years did him a lot of good, scraping the mire from him and giving him a set of values not wholly derived from the movies. In 1926 he returned to America, revisited St. Louis and gave exhibitions there and in Chicago. Several profitable portrait commissions enabled him to revisit Europe and this time he included Russia in his itinerary, staying there a full year.

While in Russia he supplemented his income by sending theatre correspondence and caricatures to the *Herald Tribune* in New York. Leaving the Soviets, he painted his way through Persia and Arabia, exhibiting the resulting watercolors in Paris.

Back in New York he did his regular stint of caricature for the Sunday dramatic sections of the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* and made drawings for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer promotion. In 1932 he published a book of text and drawings on New York speakeasies, *Manhattan Oases*, and in that year, having heard much about the place, set out for Tahiti. After five months, during which, incidentally, he painted several watercolors, he left

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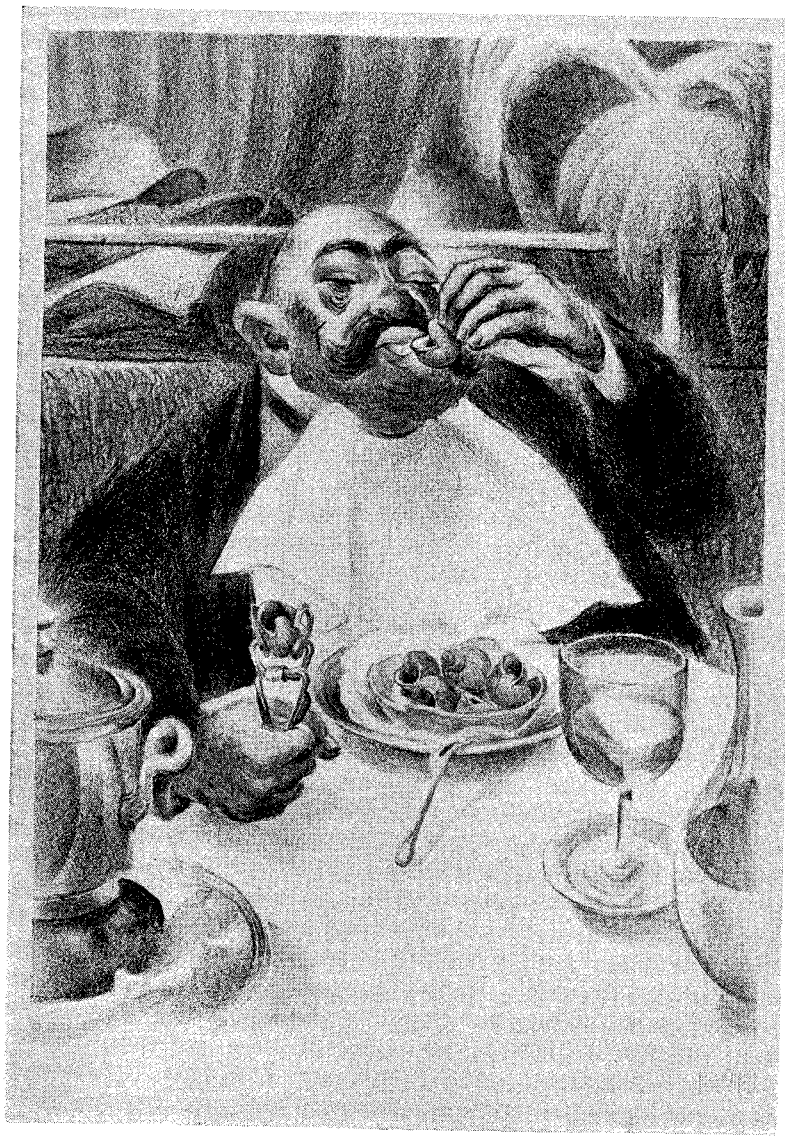

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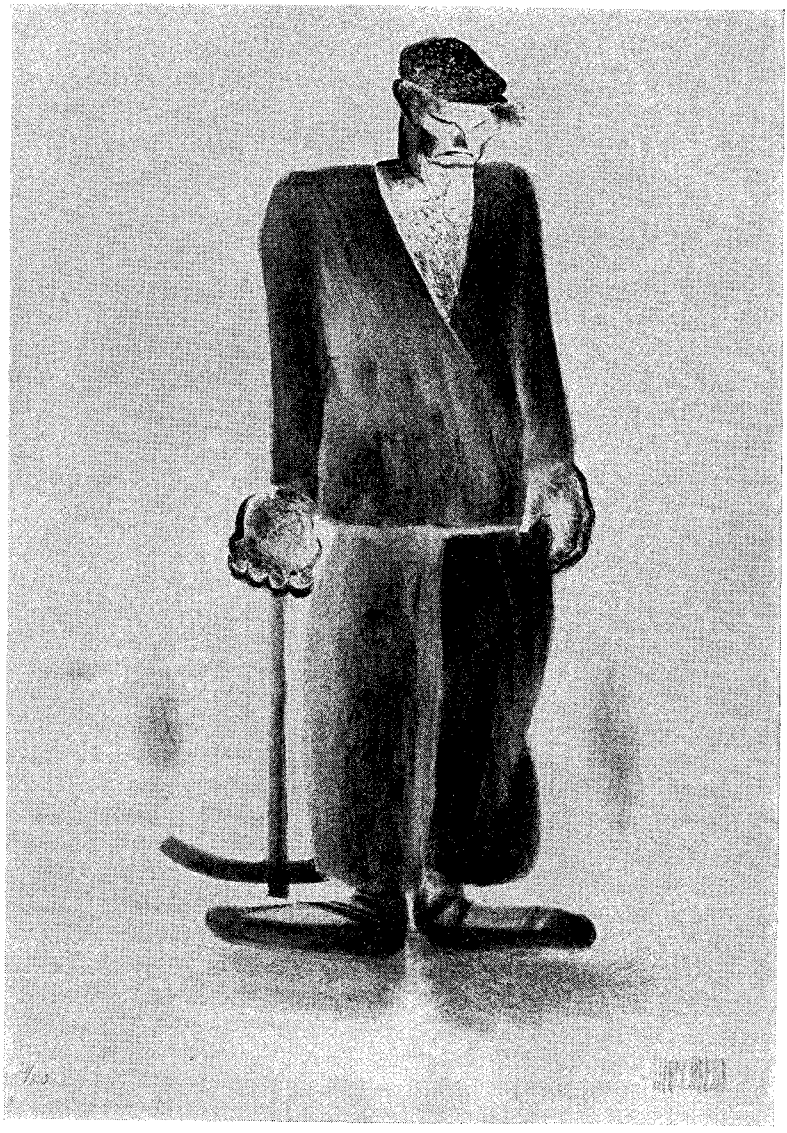

STUDY OF MAN

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THE SUPREME COURT IN SESSION

in disgust; he has at times expressed an inclination to tear limb from limb the lying romantic novelists who had represented this filthy hole as a Paradise. He found no evidence whatever of native culture and every white man he met was writing a book. But Bali he found to be incredibly beautiful and culturally rich in native crafts and arts. He marveled at the tremendous sophistication of the natives and the refinement of their anonymous woodcarving and painting. He has several examples of their painting on textiles. During his Balinese stay, Charlie Chaplin came down and shared Hirschfeld's quarters. He bought some pictures and this enabled the artist to stay on a little longer.

In 1934 the world-traveler was back again in New York and back to caricature, with the magazines *Stage* and *Vanity Fair* added to the list of his customers. About this time he became interested in lithography as an art form and studied it under Eugene Fitsch at the Art Students' League. He made a number of lithographs, chiefly as experiments and exercises. In the meantime, he continued to

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CHELSEA PUB

hack out a living. Then the itch to travel came on again and he went to Russia, this time to cover the theatre festival in Moscow, corresponding for *Stage* and caricaturing for the *New York Times*, whose critic, Brooks Atkinson, he accompanied. After the festival, he went to London where he remained several months, pursuing privately his study of the lithographic medium.

Mr. Hirschfeld has visited in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. This summer he plans to take a look into Mexico and possibly points south.

One of the reasons Mr. Hirschfeld has been able to do so much traveling is that he finds profitable chores to do in the places he visits. That is one of the advantages of working in an international medium. In England, for example, he did a series of cartoons for the *London Express* on after-hour drinking places. In Russia he contributed caricatures of the theatre to *Izvestia*. Perhaps the artist's beard made him seem like a comrade, although the beard is boulevardier rather than proletarian.

—GROVER BACON SMITH

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CRAZY OVER TAXES

HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT WHILE MR. JONES GOES OVER THE BUMPS WITH HIS INCOME TAX-MASTER

MR. JONES: Hello! That you, Cypher? Listen. As you are my income tax specialist, I'm calling you up about a matter. The question is this: I have some Blank Company stock I want to sell in order to establish a loss. I bought it this year and it cost me $10,000. It's about $2,000 on the market now. As I see it, I can take a loss of about $8,000 on my return if I sell today. Check this up from the records in your office and call me back.

★ ★ ★

MR. CYPHER: Hello, Jones, this is Cypher. About that stock, you didn't get it this year. You *bought* it this year all right, but that doesn't mean a thing.

MR. JONES: I might have known it. I ask you a simple question, and you answer me in riddles.

MR. CYPHER: Yeah, you ask me a simple question, *you think*. Well, I can't tell you anything simple because the answer isn't simple. I'm not saying that you did not *get* some of this stock this year. What I am saying is that so far as your income tax is concerned, you didn't. As a matter of law you got that stock in 1936.

MR. JONES: Am I cuckoo or are you? I sold that damn stuff that I got in 1936 right after I got it.

MR. CYPHER: Yes, that's just the trouble. You sold it right after you got it, and in about ten days after you sold it you bought more. That cooked any loss on the sale of your first lot. Then you went along into 1937 and you sold this second block that you got in 1936. But right away, about twenty days later, you bought some more.

MR. JONES: Yes, I know all about that, but what's it got to do with my question?

MR. CYPHER: Well, it's like this: Every time you sold any of this stock, beginning back in 1936, you bought the same stock back within thirty days. Now, so far as Uncle Sam is concerned, you didn't make any sales at all. All you did was to make what are called "wash sales."

MR. JONES: So what?

MR. CYPHER: Well this stock is a capital asset. So they make you take your profit or loss according to how long you had the stock. They don't

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call any of these sales you made *real* sales. So you have to say you had this stuff since 1936. Get that! This is 1939, and if you hold stock for more than twenty-four months, you can only take 50% of the gain or loss into account.

MR. JONES: I hope you know what you are talking about. Even if I can only deduct half of that $8,000, that's not so bad.

MR. CYPHER: Whoa! Whoa! Not so fast. All I said was that, whatever loss you've got, you can take into account only 50% of it.

MR. JONES: I hear what you say, but it doesn't make sense. I bought the stock in 1936 and in 1937, and in 1938, but I didn't. Why, that's cockeyed.

MR. CYPHER: It may sound cockeyed to you, but it isn't cockeyed to Uncle Sam. So far as he is concerned you have held this stock since 1936. That's settled. But I've looked back over your "washes" from 1936 down to this year, and do you know what I've learned?

MR. JONES: I certainly can't imagine. What?

MR. CYPHER: You don't have a cost of $10,000, which is what you paid this year. You have a cost of $16,000. You had ten sales at an average loss of $600. None of the losses could be deducted because you "washed" every one of them with a new purchase. So this stock which you now have cost you $16,000 instead of $10,000.

MR. JONES: Say, I didn't get the stock when I thought I did, and it didn't cost me what I thought it did. What else is there that I don't know?

MR. CYPHER: Now, don't get excited. I didn't make these laws, you know. I'm just telling you that the stock cost you $16,000 and that, if you sell it now for $2,000, you will have a loss of $14,000.

MR. JONES: Say, that's swell.

MR. CYPHER: Let me finish. The part of the $14,000 that you can take into account depends upon how long you held the stock. Since, for tax purposes, you acquired it in 1936, you have held it for more than twenty-four months, and that means that you can deduct a loss of 50% or $7,000.

MR. JONES: That's swell, but look, Cypher. How would it stand if it were really called a loss on stock I bought this year?

MR. CYPHER: Why—uh—uh—that depends. A loss on something you buy and sell this year would be termed a short-term capital loss. Then the loss could be taken into account to the full extent of 100%. But only if—

MR. JONES (*Interrupting*): Hey, old man, are you a drinking man?

MR. CYPHER: If you mean to insinuate that I don't know what I'm talking about—

MR. JONES: Now, now, don't get me wrong. Far from such a thought, I believe you *deserve* a drink. What say we get a fifth of something good and go out to the racetrack and figure the ponies—something with an element of certainty in it? —ADAM UPSON

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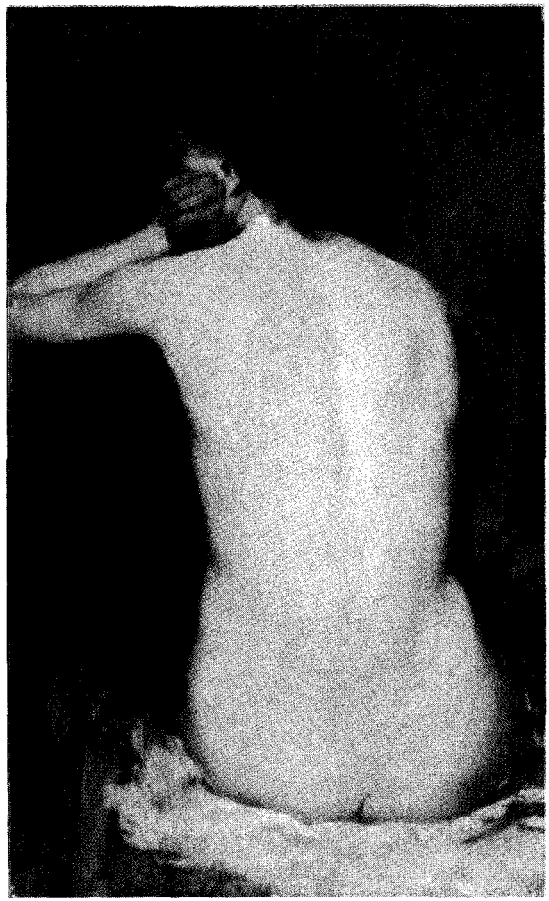

CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM

FOUR PAINTINGS BY FRANK DUVENECK

The name of Frank Duveneck (1848-1919) is by now solidly entrenched, if not embalmed, in the annals of American art. But he was a live one in his day. Cincinnati was his home town—when he had one. For the most part, he preferred to relieve the tedium with liberal sojourns in Europe. At the age of 22 he studied in Munich, returning five years later for a long stay. Back in Cincinnati, he opened an art school but soon transported it, and many of its pupils, bodily to Venice. In 1888 he finally came home to Cincinnati to roost, teach and spend his last years. Reproduced above is *Study of a Nude Back*.

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FLORENTINE FLOWER GIRL

Duveneck seems conventional enough to eyes that have absorbed the shocks of the surrealists and other innovators. Yet he was sufficiently an iconoclast to join in a revolt of the 70's that overthrew the so-called Hudson River school and originated a new art movement.

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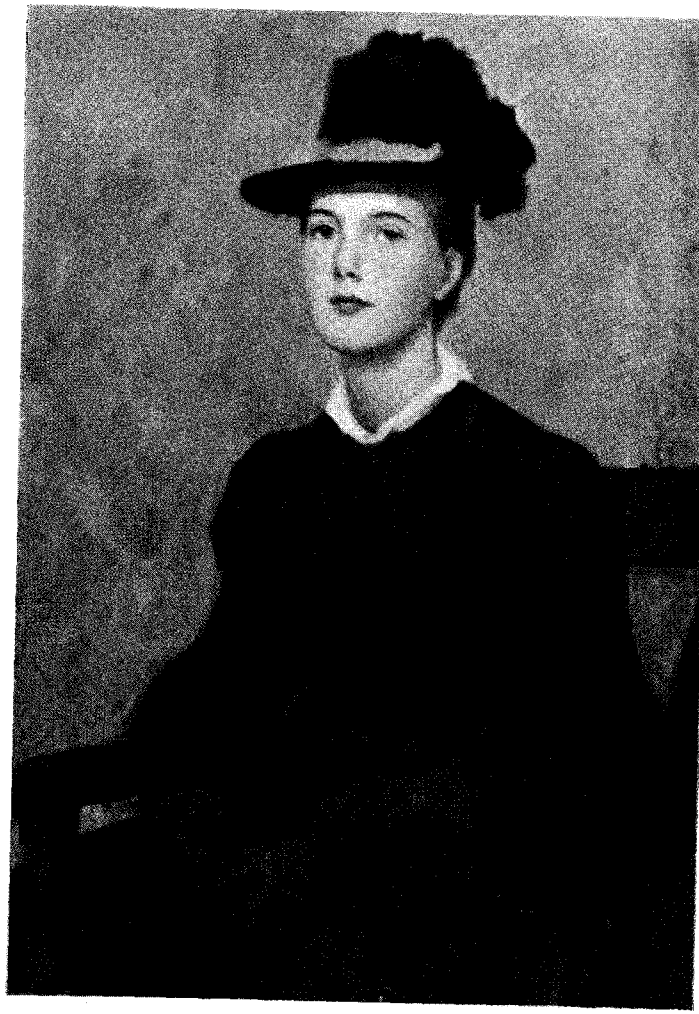

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARIE DANFORTH PAGE

In his teaching, too, Duveneck tried to break with the stuffy concepts of his day. He prodded his students into individuality to the top of their bent. That did not keep his own work from showing, at times, the influence of Hals and Rubens, but he had the right idea.

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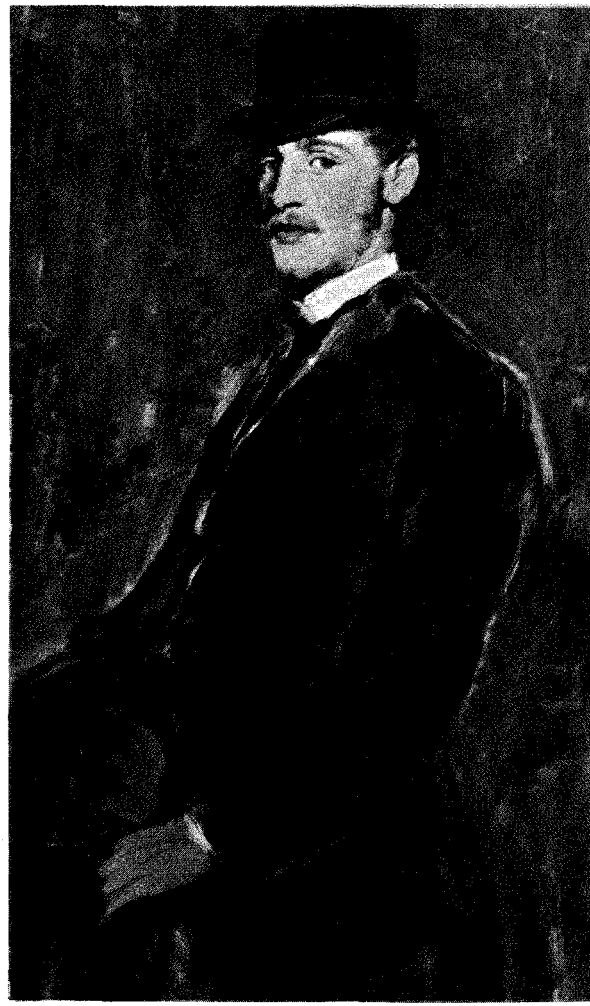

PORTRAIT OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER

A talented artist, a stimulating teacher, Frank Duveneck's bedside manner served its purpose well when, with sincerity and tact, he held the hand of an anaemic American art. One Duveneck was perhaps enough, but it would have been a genuine loss if there had been none.

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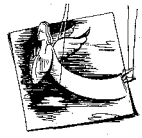
PORTRAIT OF HILLER

TEMPERAMENTAL AS THEY COME, YOU CAN ARGUE WITH NEITHER HIS ECCENTRICITY NOR SUCCESS



MANY centuries ago, in China, a man named T'ao Ch'ien was made a magistrate. After five and a quarter months—during a full moon—he resigned. "I find," said he, "I cannot crook the hinges of my back for a salary." He retired to private life and devoted himself to poetry, music, and the culture of the chrysanthemum.

There, except for the detail of time and race, is Lejaren à Hiller—dean of American illustrative photographers and lineal descendant of the Rover Boys.

Lejaren à Hiller

Hiller could and would stage the San Francisco Fire in his studio—if he felt like it. If he felt like it enough, he would do it—client or no client—just to see the sparks. If he didn't feel like it, that would be different. Even the Aga Khan couldn't rupee him into photographing a wisp of smoke.

Perhaps the country's most highly paid illustrator—he refuses to go to work. "As soon as a job becomes a job," he says, "I quit. I'd rather find another way of making my living."

His studio, at Underwood and Underwood, looks like a movie stage. Some three stories high, the place is littered with Mayan "ruins" . . . Eskimo igloos, totem poles, pyramids, and porticoes. If you go in unannounced you are liable to be kicked by a camel.

Everything in the geography book is on call. It is said, with or without exaggeration, that there are Arabs, Turks, Eskimos, and Ubangi chiefs, in Manhattan, whose sole occupation is to sit around like the Niebelungen gods, waiting for a ring from Hiller.

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But Hiller-House—there is the real reserve. It is camouflaged into an obscure block on West Twenty-eighth Street. From the outside it looks like any other house. When the door is opened you think you have come to an annex of the Museum of Natural History. A mummy's head peers morbidly down over the antlers of a moose. Light seeps fitfully from Moorish lanterns. Swords, pistols, muskets, knives, daggers, arrows, and blowguns hang overhead like a canopy for some Damocles-in-modern-dress.

Hiller starts to explain the mummy's head. "I bought the mummy near the Great Pyramid—Cheop's place. Paid about ten cents for it. I wanted to smuggle the whole thing out, but I knew I'd never get away with it. So I just wrenched the head off and stuck it in my bag."

Hiller has been everywhere. He has seen everything and brought most of it back. If it wasn't for the immigration laws, he would have carted home the Sphinx.

Once he imported a cheetah, lost it at Ellis Island. It seems that the State Department has a ruling on cheetahs. We have enough of them already.

Another trip yielded a marmoset. At that time Hiller had twenty-one cats. The marmoset ruled the menage. He sat on the back of the reigning cat, Ra, and rode him around—like a gentleman jockey.

★ ★ ★

This photogenic saga begins in Milwaukee, where Hiller was born—a rugged relic of a vanished frontier. "My grandmother wore boots," he said. "And my grandfather ran a 'caravansarie' . . . which was a fancy name for a boarding house for Indians."

He dabbled in schools for a while, as an amateur. Then he went to work. He was apprenticed to the American Lithograph Co., at $2 a week. "My job," he said, "was to copy Steichen's work, while Steichen was copying somebody else's . . . and the first guy was copying something from Europe.

"Steichen had a camera in those days, I didn't. Steichen said, one day, he was going to Paris and photograph nobility! He did.

"Then I got a camera. I was just going to do ordinary stuff . . . illustrations. I had a funny notion—I wanted to tell stories in pictures."

Hiller went to Chicago, studied at the Chicago Art Institute. He came to New York and set himself up as an illustrator.

There was no illustrative photography at this time. The nearest thing to it was the work of Miss Sadi ben Jusuf in England. She illustrated poems.

"All the while I was drawing," said Hiller, "I kept on with my photography—tried to persuade the art editors of magazines to use it for stories."

Stretching a point, he added, "I went to all the magazines, every day for three years. I tried to explain to them that photography has a convincing-value greater than any drawing."

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"THE BOMBING OF MADRID"

Thus realistically, Hiller reproduced the horror of a bombing in the sanctum of his studio—*for a magazine cover.* A *real* smoke bomb is pouring its fumes over the set. The chaos is calculated, and the flying brick in the background is neatly poised on a piece of invisible wire.

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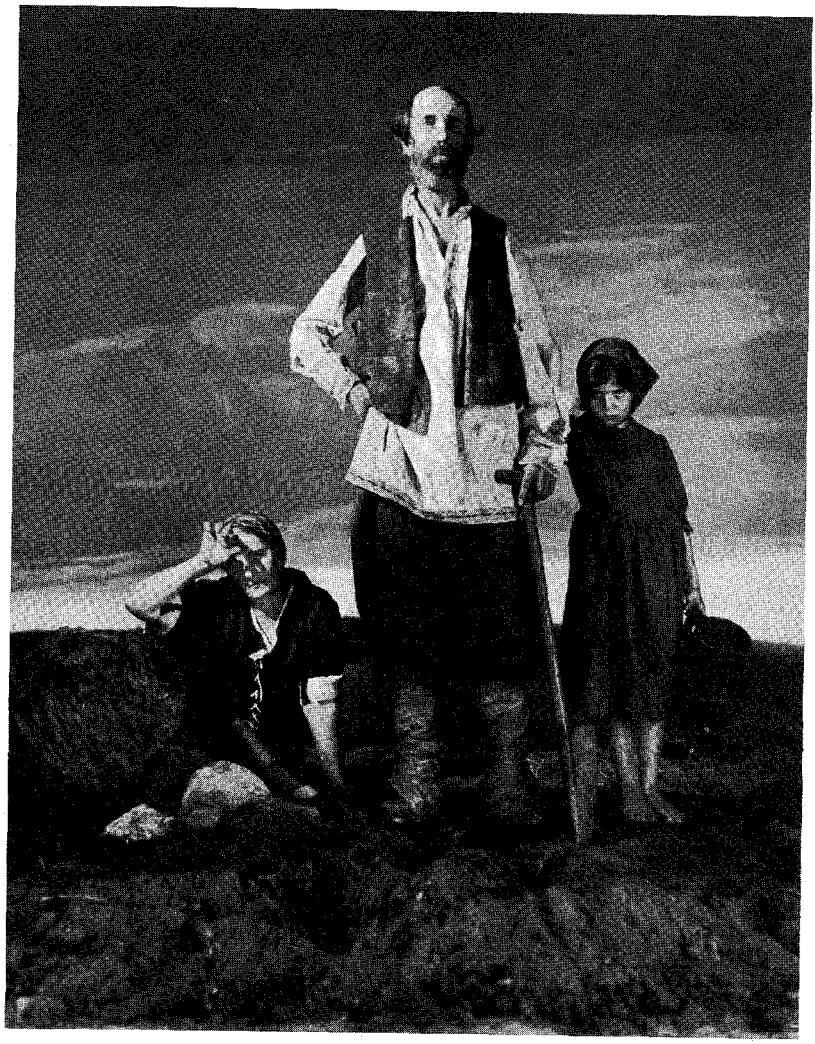

"WE ARE THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD"
Hiller's genius lies in his dramatic ability. In this famous picture the problem was to capture self-satisfied ignorance among the serfs of a dictator country. Taken in color for the Scripps-Howard papers, it was used to expound, by contrast, the virtues of a free press.

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Editors are not often open to fresh ideas.

One day, W. C. Gibson, of *Cosmopolitan*, broke the chain. He had an illustrative job. It was a joke. A story on his desk called for a scene in a cave. Let Hiller photograph that if he could.

Hiller jumped. Here was opportunity.

Strapping his camera on his back, he set out to find a cave.

Fortunately, the streets of New York are always being converted into barricades. It was only a matter of blocks before a gaping hole turned up. Hiller climbed down. He moved here, he squinted there. Finally he found an angle that made his excavation look like the humble manse of Neanderthal man. He shot.

Dashing back to his studio, he set up a group of models comfortably—in front of a neutral background. He shot again.

Then he went to work in the dark room. With masterful skill, shot No. 2 was dubbed into Shot No. 1. The illusion was perfect. The process was repeated with other scenes.

"Still," said Hiller, "I was leery about the whole business. But I took the shots over to Gibson and, by God, he took 'em."

Then business started.

When the shots were published, *McClure's* sent for him. They wanted a "stunt" like that. They had a movie story they wanted illustrated. Hiller was excited.

He immediately rushed back to tell his old friend Gibson all about it.

"Look here," said Gibson, "we found you. You belong to us."

Hiller hinted that money talked—told few lies. "All right," said Gibson, "we'll give you a contract—$5000 a year to work for *Cosmopolitan* exclusively."

Hiller rushed back to tell his old friend at *McClure's*.

"That's nothing," said *McClure's*, "we'll give you $6,000."

Hiller rushed back to tell his old friend Gibson.

"Well," said Gibson, "we'll give you, $7,500 . . . sign now." Hiller did.

Unfortunately, he forgot to make any provision for models and props. Soon he was in hot water. His first job was illustrating a poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The little poem called for one hundred angels.

Hiller solved the problem by taking seven girls, dressing them up in nightgowns, hanging them by wires from the ceiling—then making multiple exposures on one plate.

But each week brought its corresponding problems—at the end of the year he had lost money.

This was around 1909.

"I didn't know at this time," said Hiller, "if the field was big enough to go into completely." He still did his regular illustration on the side.

But advertising agencies began to send for him; orders started coming in from England, France, and Finland.

New problems had to be met: the problem of models, "people who could

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"CRIMINALS AT THE BLOCK"

This gruesome shot demonstrates the Hiller technique at its best. One of a series illustrating the history of surgery, it shows a certain Dr. Maggi saving the lives of prisoners after offending hands have been lopped off. The figure at right is a skin-crawling classic.

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express emotion"; the problem of lights; the problem of complex props.

"I soon realized," said Hiller, "that I had to build a special place for this purpose." He opened a barn-like studio on 44th Street, manufactured his own equipment.

"Then one morning," said Hiller, "I woke up to find I was incorporated. I don't know yet how it happened."

He had an overhead that would have taxed J. P. Morgan. "I don't know yet," he said, "how many people I had working for me. I've got to find that out some time."

He had a luxury hobby.

He added moving pictures to his field—started the old Tri-Art films, began discovering people.

He made a picture for Hearst with a pretty model named Marion Davies. Hearst said: "I'd like to meet that girl."

He made movies with a little girl in it called Mable Normand. . . . "Little Mable Normand who was always hungry—gosh, she'd eat everything in the house."

William S. Hart used to pose for him, at thirty-five cents an hour. "Once," said Hiller, "I had to send Bill back to Flushing because he forgot his saddle."

He dug up Alice Joyce, Billie Dove, and Mary Astor.

Time passed; expenses made a sandwich out of profits. He sold out all his interest for $1.

In 1925, Underwood and Underwood worked out a deal with him. They combined forces. Since then he has amused himself in the expansive wastes of the new studios, doing exactly as he liked—and nothing more.

Three months of every year he travels. The rest of the time he amuses himself.

★ ★ ★

Hiller is a man of exploits. He was born for high deeds of derring-do.

Each year he climbs into more trouble, new extravaganzas.

One day he had to go down to Greenwich Village on a testimonial job. "I didn't know," said Hiller, "that everybody in town had tried to photograph the man I was to see—and hadn't succeeded."

Arriving on location, he found his man a Great Stone Face. No money would tempt him. He was dead set agin pictures.

"But hold on," said the man. "You've taken all the trouble to come down here, we might as well hoist a couple of drinks."

They went in. They had two drinks. Three drinks. Four drinks. They got very close.

"Say," said the man, "why don't we throw a party?"

"Why not?" said Hiller.

"All right," said the man. "You phone your friends—I'll phone mine."

They had a party.

Hiller's next recollection was high noon the next day. He had a weight all over him. Dragging himself up, he found his hat, put it on; found the door, opened it; found a cab, had

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himself whisked painfully home.

In his own sanctum, he headed for the shower. Once under the soothing current, he thought of his hat—took it off.

This reminded him of his clothes.

So, stepping out of the shower, he undressed, got himself ready for bed. Suddenly, looking in the mirror, he saw writing on his chest. He was sleepy. Putting off translation of the writing, he crawled into bed and was off.

After several hours, the phone rang. A voice was familiar. It was one of last night's life-long friends of a couple of hours.

"We ought to see if we can be of any use," said the man.

"Sure," said the groggy Hiller, "we ought to see if we can be of any use."

"All right," said the man, "meet me down there in half an hour." The place was the scene of the party.

Arriving at the appointed time, Hiller learned the interesting news that his late host had put a shotgun into his mouth, after the party, blown his head off.

There was a cordon of police around the house. Hiller could be of no use. He made a long face for a few minutes, then headed back home.

Again in his sanctum, he undressed for the second time. Again he saw the writing. He decided to read it. Looking in the mirror, he was annoyed to find everything in reverse.

A problem had presented itself.

He went into another room, corralled another mirror. Returning, he screwed himself into a pretzel, used the second mirror to reverse the reversed image of the first. Then he could read.

The message began: "I hereby bequeath all my worldly possessions to . . ."

Suddenly it began to dawn on Hiller: he was a walking will.

His chest itched. He started to scratch it, then stopped short. "After all," said Hiller, "it was the man's will—I couldn't touch it."

He saw his lawyer. The lawyer took a serious look, invested the situation with its legal dignity, escorted him to a judge. Hiller had to be probated.

★ ★ ★

Movies could be written around Hiller's rumbullion.

The same myrrh and aloes and frankincense are in his work.

Hiller hasn't developed a negative in twenty-five years. He is primarily a director. He sketches his pictures, organizes them, poses them, shoots. The rest is humdrum.

His burning ambition is to be a writer.

He would like the life of the writer—daily handling of the wondrous, the strange, the exotic.

"A picture!" says he. "Anyone can make a picture."

Life, however, has strange inversions. Most writers sit all day pound a machine. Hiller roams the world, rescues damsels in distress and keeps electric eels in his bathtub.

"My travel life," said Hiller, "is run by my wife. I forgot to tell you, I ad-

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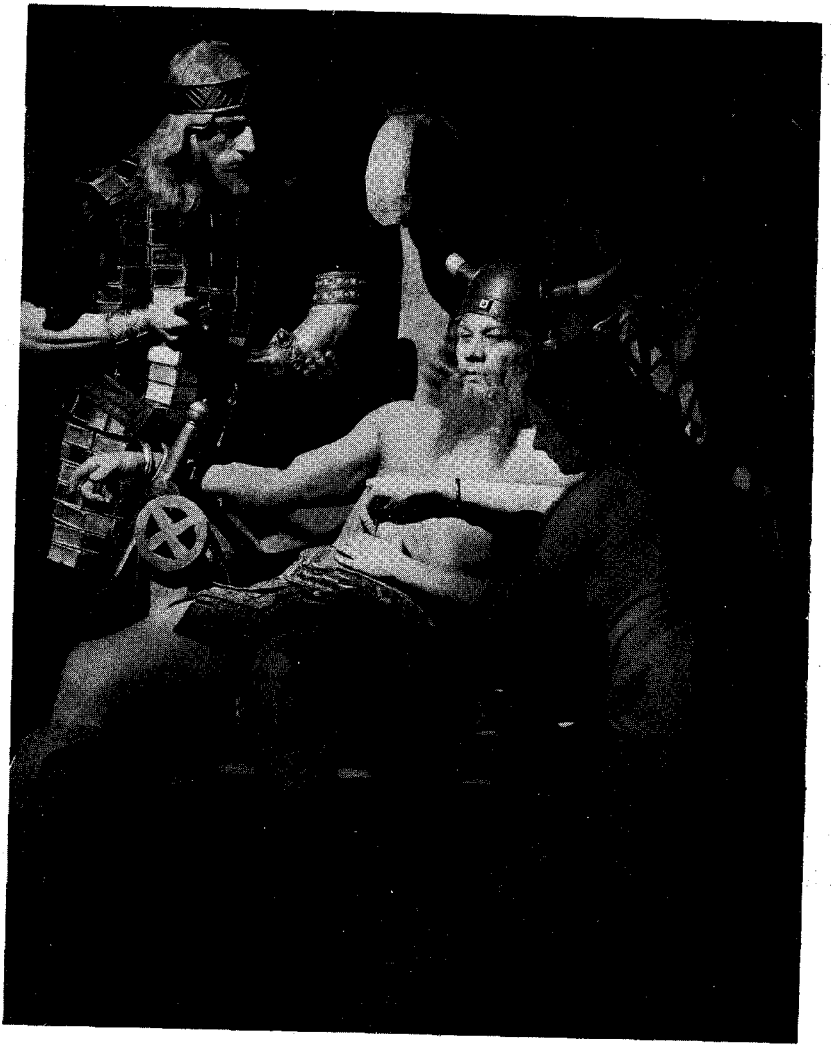

"NORSE SURGERY"

Here is Hiller's interpretation of the Nietzschean superman. This loggy-looking warrior has just returned from battle. "He hasn't even noticed his grave injury," explains *Hiller*. "While he thinks about his affairs of state, his sister sews him up with a shoemaker's awl."

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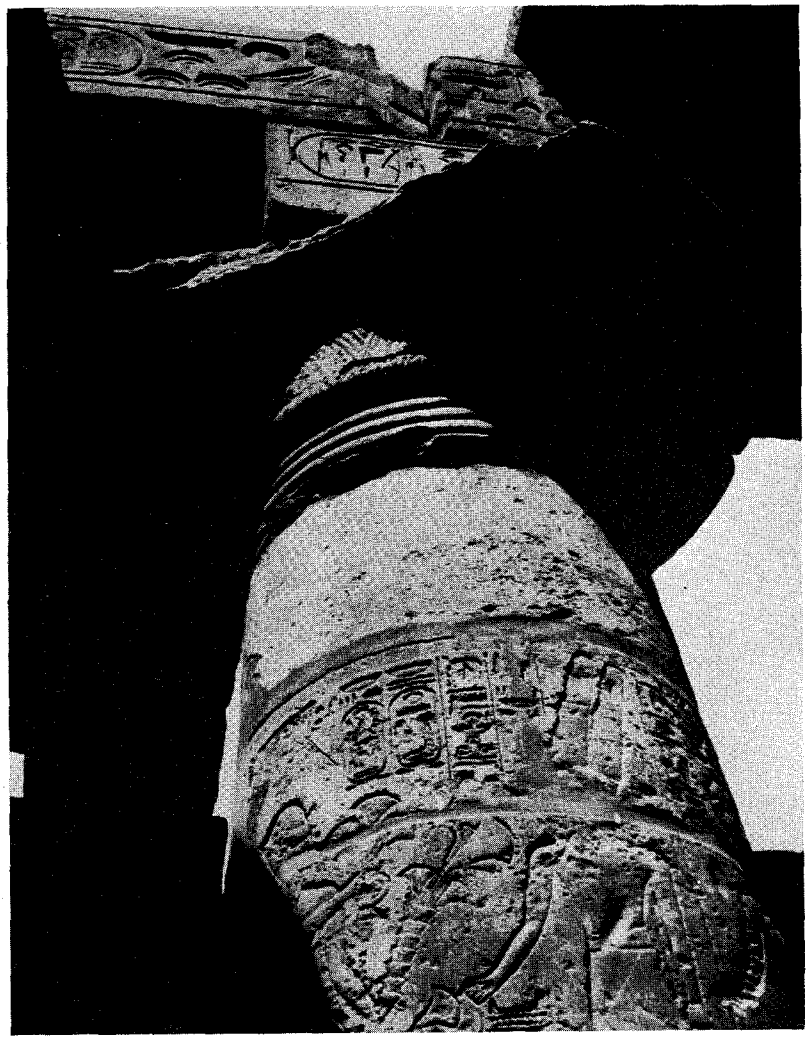

TEMPLE OF KARNAK

Hiller is an amateur Egyptologist. This striking shot of one of the columns of the old Temple of Karnak, on the Upper Nile, is a memento of one of his most fruitful expeditions. It will emerge from his files if and when some client finds himself in need of a Karnak pillar.

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NATIVES OF BRITISH WEST INDIES

This looks like a studio picture but is actually a "tourist" shot. From a voluminous morgue, built up of pictures like this, Hiller re-creates in his studio the temper of the four winds. He has been everywhere in his travels—and has managed to put most of it on film.

vertised in the paper, once, and got a wife—but that's a long story."

This conversation took place in the early summer. "My wife has the craziest notions," he went on, "and I usually have to tag along.

"This summer, for example, she wants to go to British Guiana and float down the Demerara on a raft.

"But don't worry, this time I'm going to put my foot down."

There was to be a meeting at his house two nights later. But the following morning Hiller phoned.

"Say," he said, "I've got to call off this Friday night affair. We're sailing, tomorrow, for South America."

—Robert W. Marks

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A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

SIR HENRY WOOD

HENRY JOSEPH WOOD is the author of *The Gentle Art of Singing*, a treatise so comprehensive it required four volumes. But he is no singer. In his teens he wanted to be one, not content with being an organ prodigy. Instructors at the Royal Academy of Music, London, were not enthusiastic. "Your voice is the kind that goes through stone walls," they said, adding maliciously, "It is a good voice—for a conductor." Henry became a conductor at 20. He also became perhaps the greatest popularizer of musical classics in our time. Long before Toscanini, Damrosch, or broadcasting, Wood began for the masses the famous low-price Promenade Concerts in Queen's Hall, London, that have continued for 45 years. As many as 1,500 who cannot get reserved seats stand in line five hours to get in, stand another three hours during the concert. One of the first to realize the cultural importance of the phonograph, his recordings have made his work known to thousands in the U. S. who have not heard his guest performances with the Los Angeles, New York and Boston orchestras. He conducted the first outstanding symphony concerts broadcast, over BBC. Now 70 years old, he is Sir Henry to *Who's Who*, still just Henry to those who are music lovers.

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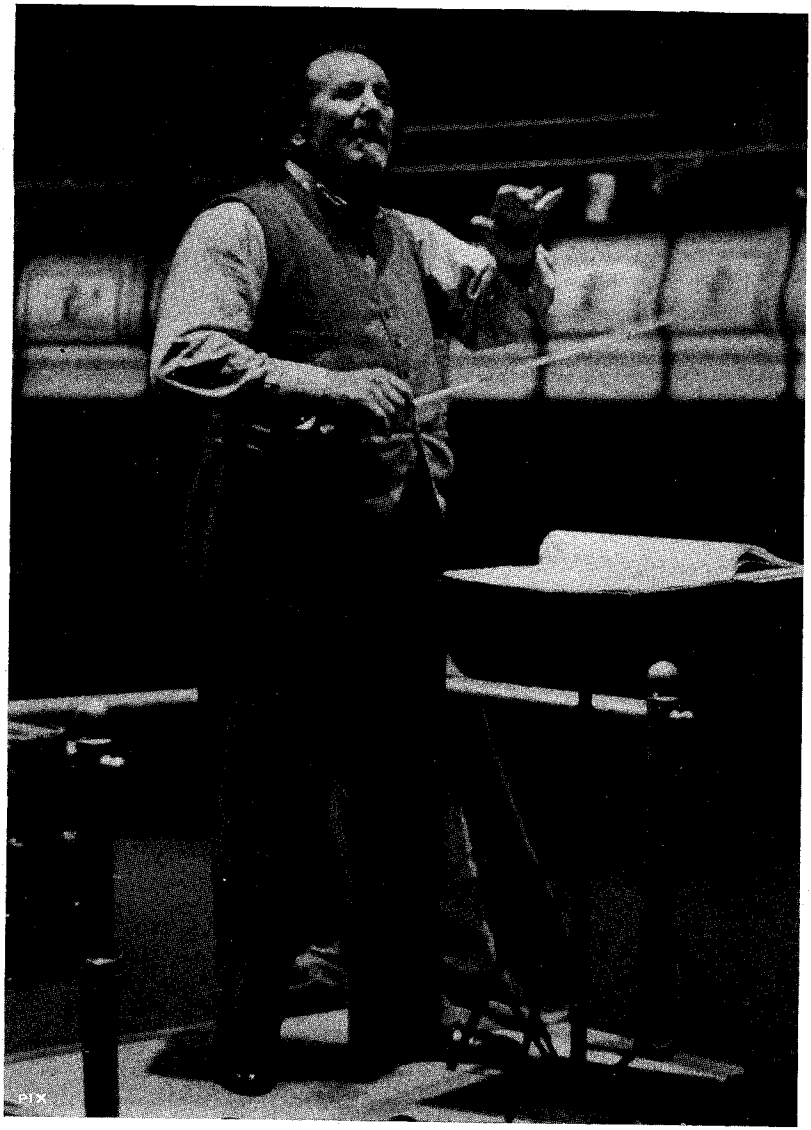

SIR HENRY WOOD

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GRACE NOLL CROWELL

WHO OWES AT LEAST PART OF HER POETIC SUCCESS TO BAD LUCK

SHE longed to write and was inspired to do so by her uselessness during a long illness. Today Grace Noll Crowell is recognized as a gifted poetess. She penned her first accepted verse while bedridden following a spinal injury. She has done her best writing while sick and in pain—even as Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, and others of that lustre. Appropriately, *A Prayer for Courage* is widely read by those in sickrooms and her *Wait, This Too Will Pass* has brought a horde of letters of appreciation from others. The mother of three grown sons, Mrs. Crowell at 61 personifies motherhood and was voted American Mother for 1938 by the Golden Rule Foundation. The same year she was elected outstanding poet of the nation and takes her place with Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, and Robert Frost.

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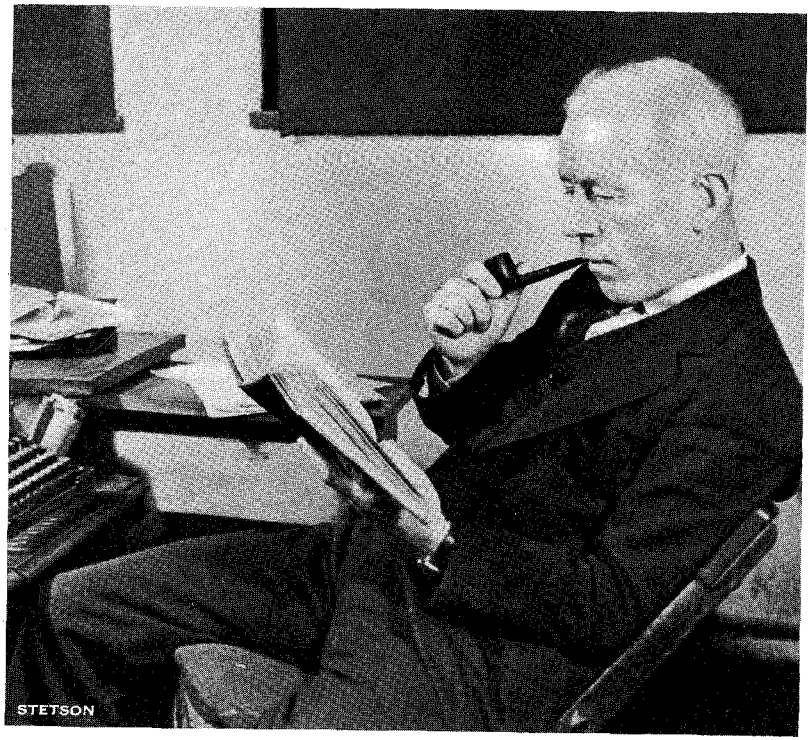

JOHN KIERAN

WHO HAS PROVED TO MILLIONS THAT HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

SINCE 1927 John Kieran has had a staunch but comparatively small audience for his *New York Times* sports column—in which a Shakespearean reference is likely to appear in a prize fight story. Recently a new nationwide audience took him to heart for his witty exhibit of an amazing store of knowledge on the unrehearsed radio-quiz program, *Information, Please*. Originally invited to answer sports questions, he bowled over his listeners with his erudition on all topics. Once he smoothly distinguished among dodo, zobo, koto, Yo-Yo, bolo and locofoco. Blue-eyed, short and trim, grey but not venerable, Kieran at 46 plays tennis and golf regularly. He learned about sports at C. C. N. Y. where he played football, was a fancy diver and baseball captain. He graduated *cum laude* from Fordham. Reading is his hobby.

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FREDERIC W. GOUDY

WHO HAS MADE HIS NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN TYPOGRAPHY

A NEW life began at 40 for bookkeeper Frederic W. Goudy. It was then he discovered he was the greatest typographer of modern times. This is not his, but the world's rating. He describes his creation of printing types as "everyday work of the shop." To design type he says you merely "think of a letter, then mark around it." In a little shop that was once a flour mill, at Marlboro-on-Hudson, he designs, cuts and casts master fonts. His newest type face, made to order for University of California Press, is his 105th. Caslon, Garamond and other great designers made their reputations with but from one to three faces. Goudy's first face, Camelot, designed and sold in 1896 for $10, is still widely used. He gets $10,000 and up for a new face now. The Smithsonian Institute has a permanent Goudy exhibit, and he has medals and awards enough to bow him. At 72 he's straight as a sapling, busy on number 106.

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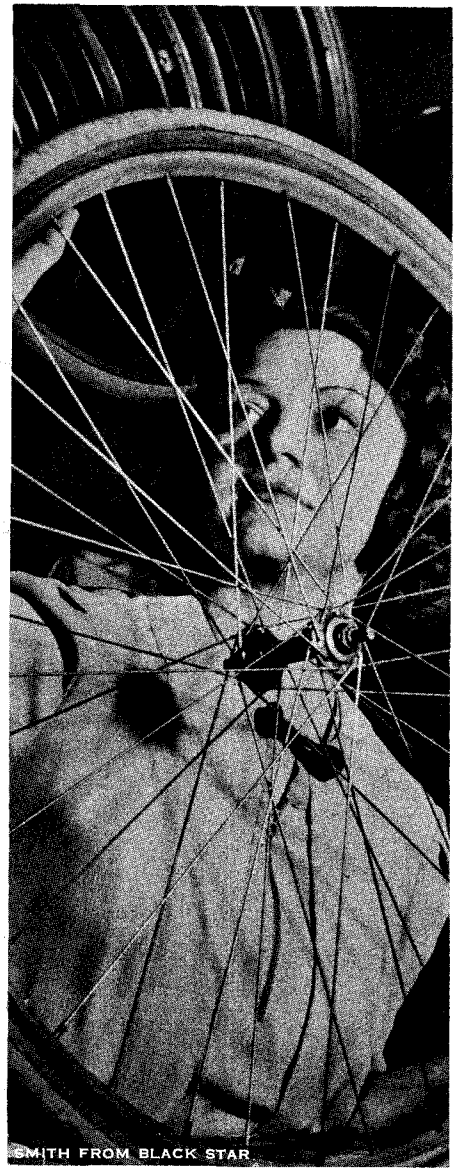
VIRGINIA PYE BAILEY

WHO HELPS SIX-DAY BIKE RACERS KEEP UP THEIR DIZZY WHIRL

LIKE the careful crafts of old that were handed down from generation to generation, the precise process of making the featherweight tires needed in bicycle racing has been handed down in her family until it is the unique art of a young red-headed housewife, Virginia Pye Bailey of Newark. Upon the perfection of her product depend the speed and safety of six-day bike riders dizzily whirling to no destination. Mrs. Bailey has assistants in the 32 different operations involved, but she personally supervises and inspects all the steps in the making of tires going out of her shop. It requires two weeks to complete one. Casings are not made of rubber, but of a special weave of Sea Island cotton, coated with cement. Into the making of the tubes goes tenacious dentist's rubber. When finished, each tire tips the scales at only seven ounces, but can be inflated to withstand 210 pounds of air pressure.



SMITH FROM BLACK STAR

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DON WALLACE

PAUL WILHELM

WHOSE PRISONER-STUDENTS PAINT THEIR WAY TO REHABILITATION

BEWILDERED, unable to speak English, young German immigrant Paul Wilhelm arrived in Ohio in 1928. He painted houses, tried interior decorating until friends took him to Dayton Art Institute. There he helped rebuild parts of an old Chinese temple, stayed to teach painting. Today a naturalized citizen, he week-ends in a stable studio shared with sculptor Seth Velsey. The other five days he works for the Industrial Reformatory at Chillicothe, painting murals depicting men at work—principle behind the institution's rehabilitation program. This penal house has no walls; prisoners are on their honor. Under supervision of Warden Sanford, Wilhelm started painting classes for inmates, has discovered unsuspected talent. Students have designed and executed the decorations for many buildings.

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SCHOOLBOY SAGA

IT WAS ONLY A NEWSPAPER PROMOTION BUT IT RANG UP A NEW RECORD FOR MESSENGER NO. 1534

ON MAY 18th of the year 1899 on the heels of the Japanese-Chinese war, the Cuban revolution, the Italian massacre at Adowa, the Turkish-Greek war, and the Spanish-American war, a war-weary world welcomed the Universal Peace Conference called by the Czar at The Hague, Holland. Less than five months later the British and the Boers were in the midst of another war in South Africa.

That irony set the stage for the drama which began on April Fool's Day of the following year when a 16-year-old freckle-faced boy sailed out of New York harbor aboard the good ship *St. Louis* for Pretoria, South Africa. Behind him on a crowded dock three thousand boys and young men waved good-bye. A hundred cheering young men on a tugboat followed him down the bay.

Standing on the bridge with the captain, youthful James Francis Smith in a smart blue uniform bristling with brass buttons, tried to hide his tears because tears and uniforms don't mix and Jimmie Smith was off to the War.

Not once in his life had he ever held a gun, blown into the business end of a bugle or beaten a martial tattoo on a drum. Then of what earthly use could this stripling be to doughty Oom Paul Kruger, president of the embattled Boer Republic in his futile fight with the British lion?

Then as today, many people wondered but not 21,845 schoolboys of Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Brooklyn and New York. For, stowed away in Jimmie Smith's first-class cabin, along with a horseshoe wreath of flowers, boxes of candy and cake, there lay a trim leather box containing a pep message which was on the first lap of its 12,000 mile journey to Oom Paul, sent with the compliments of 21,845 schoolboys and the circulation department of that enterprising newspaper, the *Philadelphia North American*.

Jimmie Smith was A.D.T. (American District Telegraph Company) Messenger No. 1534 who had been selected from among 1,500 New York telegraph messengers to participate in the champion long distance circulation stunt of all time. At that time the A.D.T. had a contract for the pickup and delivery of Western Union telegrams.

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Little more than a month before, while Jimmie Smith was chasing and delivering telegrams in Wall Street, a group of boys in a prosaic Philadelphia grade school had decided to send a letter to Paul Kruger praising his cause. What could be more appropriate, they decided, than a message from the cradle of American liberty to the man who had the temerity to contest his independence with Great Britain?

Little more would have come of it had not the circulation department of the now defunct *North American* heard of it. Sensing the popularity of such an appeal, the newspaper lifted it from the obscurity of a grade school classroom, embellished it with a picture of a Minute Man labeled 1776, and a Boer labeled 1900, and overnight turned it into a cause. Printer's ink won out over the opposition of President Huey of the Philadelphia Board of Education and threats of suspension, and droves of Philadelphia youngsters signed their names to the following inspiring message to President Paul Kruger and the South African Republic:

"We, the undersigned students of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, the city where our own forefathers enlisted in their splendid and successful struggle against English oppression, desire to express to you and to the fighting men of the South African Republic their admiration for the genius and courage that has checked English invasion of the Transvaal; and the undersigned extend their most earnest wishes that in the end the South African Republic will triumph over England in a war in which the Boer cause is noble, the English cause unjust."

When the newspaper had 21,845 signatures, it bound them into an imposing gilt-edge book six inches thick and weighing as much as six volumes of *Gone with the Wind*.

By April 1st, when the American Liner *St. Louis* poked her nose out of New York harbor with Jimmie on her bridge bravely waving farewell, the English were already drawing close to Pretoria. More than a month before Ladysmith had been relieved.

At noon on June 4th, Jimmie Smith reached Pretoria. He and his party were probably the only people who entered it on that day. Everyone else was leaving. Had No. 1534 arrived a day later, even a Livingstone would have had difficulty finding Kruger in the vast Transvaal.

Swarthy Dutchmen in homespun, accompanied by their families and by shiny blacks, were pouring out of town to the comparative safety of the hills. Excited cursing Kaffirs beat their oxen as their heavily loaded carts and wagons rolled away. Now and then above the creaking and rumbling of their wheels came the low rolling thunder of English cannon only six miles away.

In this mad scramble of retreat, A.D.T. Messenger No. 1534 was like a tiny pebble breasting a rushing

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mountain torrent. In his double-breasted blue uniform buttoned up to the throat, and wearing a starched white stand-up collar, he must have been a strange sight to both blacks and whites. Swung over his right shoulder, he wore a wide leather strap upon which were emblazoned the words:

SCHOOL BOYS' MESSENGER TO
PRESIDENT KRUGER
SENT BY
THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN

Suspended from this strap was the leather case containing the ponderous volume bearing its message signed by 21,845 American schoolboys who urged Oom Paul to give the British hell.

To only one man in all of Pretoria was an A.D.T. messenger a familiar sight. He was a stocky full-faced fellow in leather puttees and riding breeches. He too wore a starched white collar and with it a black bow tie. Even in war he was immaculately dressed for the part, for he was Richard Harding Davis, the greatest reporter of his day.

Jimmie's mission in South Africa amazed this hardened war correspondent. The irony of it may have made Richard Harding Davis wince a bit, but none the less he took little No. 1534 and his beautiful thick volume of signatures in hand and arranged with Secretary Heitz for an audience with Oom Paul in the Kruger residence.

Late that afternoon when most of his compatriots were rushing to the hills in preparation for the guerrilla warfare which was to harass the British for another two years, President Kruger interrupted his last war council in Pretoria to receive Jimmie Smith. A huge man, he towered above even the tallest man present as No. 1534 handed him the book of signatures. Although too preoccupied by the defeat of his army to pay much attention to what was said, Kruger listened patiently and mumbled something that sounded like kitchen Kaffir. Apparently he understood the purpose of the presentation, but at no time during the war could such a volume have been presented under sadder circumstances.

Three hours later as night began to fall and as the British guns grew louder in the distance, Kruger and his cabinet, preceded by a string of public hacks loaded with the government's gold, galloped away to the hills.

Left behind was Jimmie Smith, the world's champion telegraph messenger who had traveled 12,000 miles to find this man. Broad and Wall Streets, with their fearful traffic of dashing hansom cabs and scorching bicyclists, would have been a welcome sight to No. 1534, but they were 12,000 miles away and with every minute the advancing British drew closer to Pretoria.

Early the following morning the British came within cannon range of the town and the shelling commenced. Four hours later, Lord Roberts at the

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head of his victorious army, marched into Pretoria. The Boers had fled. Davis and the other correspondents had gone to another front to cover a supposed battle and missed the entry of the British.

In all recorded history there are few scenes to compare with what ensued. The English column came to a halt as it reached the public square. Pennons hung limply from their staffs. Expecting a possible ambush, the troops with bayoneted rifles, glanced nervously at every building, down every empty street. A solitary person came forward to meet them.

From his saddle Lord Roberts stared down at the diminutive figure in uniform who waited to receive the conquerors of Pretoria. He was a mere boy. He was Messenger No. 1534, dressed in the full regalia of the American District Telegraph Company, Broadway branch, New York City. James Francis Smith was the only soul to meet the might that was England when it set its flag in the capital city of the Boer Republic.

Not realizing his danger, No. 1534 stood there watching the English column. Something made him laugh and a British officer rushed at him and was about to strike him when Jimmie flashed his American passport. As soon as the English learned Jimmie's mission, he became very unpopular and was insulted whenever he appeared in public.

It was six weeks before the sporting British felt it was safe enough for No. 1534 to leave Pretoria, and then it required eight scorching days on a railroad flat car, dodging Boer bullets and shells, for Jimmie to make the dangerous trip to Cape Town. He arrived there bleeding at the ears, eyes, nose and mouth because of the intense heat. When he finally returned to 195 Broadway, he had grown so much that his sleeves were four inches too short for him. A few years later he joined the New York police force, taking time out during the World War to join the 304th Battalion Tank Corps. He returned to the police force after the War to save the world for democracy and today, after 34 years as one of New York's finest, Lieut. James Francis Smith is commanding officer of the 110th Squad of Detectives, Borough of Queens.

A few years after the Boer War, Richard Harding Davis, inspired no doubt by the feat of No. 1534, sent an English messenger from London to Chicago with a marriage proposal to Bessie McCoy, who was known as the "Yama Yama" girl. It worked, for he later married her.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, President of the Boer Republic, died a broken-hearted man in 1904, and today in the center of the same public square in Pretoria in which Lord Roberts first met Jimmie Smith, there stands a statue of the huge Dutchman and on rainy days birds sit on the brim of his big hat to drink the water in the crown.

—W. H. AND MARGARET DEPPERMANN

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BEER-CHECK MONEY

THE GOVERNMENT COULDN'T MINT COINS FAST ENOUGH—SO THE MERCHANTS MADE THEIR OWN

GOOD FOR ONE BEER—AT CASEY'S SALOON.

The homely beer-check has been familar enough to thirsty citizenry since prohibition repeal, but few realize that back in grandpappy's boyhood the beer-check could be exchanged not only for a seidel of suds but also for drygoods, a cut of T-bone, or even the weekly installment on the insurance policy.

Out in the hustling town of Chicago, for example, during the years 1862-1864, Hezekiah Doakes could saunter into the corner grocery, order a slab of side meat and a refill for the molasses jug, and fish out of his jeans in payment a handful of brass checks, or tokens, issued by, perhaps, "C. D. Peacock, Jeweler" or "Peter Schuttler, Wagon Mfg." And down in New York, Ebenezer Perley would be paying for his ride on the Third Avenue Horse-car Railroad with a copper bearing the imprint "Present This for One Glass of Beer at Sweeny's Hotel Bar" or, maybe, a token worded "Washington Market Exchange Currency."

It seems that when the Civil War started in 1861, a good many dubious folks decided it was high time to hoard their metallic currency. So the Doakeses and Perleys, and the Brewsters and Mahoneys too, began to salt away in the cubbyhole under the eaves, most of the small change which Uncle Sam's mints in Philadelphia and San Francisco were turning out. Oldsters, who could remember the "hard times" era of 1834-1841 when coins were so rare as to be almost museum pieces, thriftily stuffed the old sock with Indian head pennies, tiny silver half-dimes, still tinier silver three-cent pieces, and, of course, their quarters and half-dollars as well.

The Doakes' feather bed soon grew lumpy with money shoved through a slit in the ticking; in summer the expired ashes of the Perleys' mica-windowed stove were likely to contain their quota of hidden coins, while crocks in the buttery held many a copper tucked away by the nation's cautious housewives.

Mint officials tried to stem the hoarding mania, stepping up silver and minor coinage from $1,146,000 in 1860 to $3,715,000 in 1861. But as rapidly as the new coins went into cir-

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culation they went right out again.

Meantime, tradesmen's cash drawers were getting as bare as the traditional pantry of Mother Hubbard. Faced with virtual stagnation of retail business unless some circulating medium could be found, merchants resorted to issuing their own private "necessity tokens"—patterned after those which had relieved the currency drought of the '40's. Saloonkeepers, tailors, sash and blind makers, jockey clubs—all and sundry went to the brass foundry, had a batch of private tokens struck off, and began to pass them out to their customers and creditors. The first of this Civil War beer-check money, sometimes called "rebellion currency," appeared in Cincinnati in the fall of '61. New York retailers followed suit in the spring of '62, and before long, no less than 10,506 varieties—issued in a number estimated to exceed 25,000,000—had practically supplanted legitimate money as the circulating medium.

Now, the earlier tokens—those struck during the days of Andy Jackson, James K. Polk, and Zach Taylor—had been the size of the old-style large penny, a coin about as big as today's quarter. Those early tokens bore on one, and sometimes both sides advertisements of the merchants who issued them, often names around which a great deal of America's commercial history has been written. In New York originated several hundred varieties of the early beer-check money, including issues by Barnum's Museum, J. M. Bradstreet & Sons, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., Isaac Stevens Vanderbilt, the Metropolitan Insurance Company, and D. H. Gould.

And curiosity-arousing are the inscriptions on some of the pseudo-coins. What, for instance, was "Applegate's Palace of Flying Animals" in Philadelphia? Who was one, Johnson, of New York City, describing himself on his tokens merely as "Prof."—a phrenologist, a dancing master, or, perhaps, the principal of a "female academy"? Then, there was the Lottery and Exchange Office of Baltimore, with the encouraging "Prizes Paid in Gold and Silver" on each brass check.

But in 1852 the old-fashioned penny had been replaced by the smaller Indian head cent, and therefore the rebellion tokens of Civil War days were designed in imitation of the current coppers. Some, in fact, were almost exact copies of genuine coins, having the familiar Indian head on the face, and the wreath and shield on the reverse; so that a worried director of the mint hurriedly ordered new designs made for the government penny.

Whenever Hezekiah Doakes' patriotism might waver in the hectic early years of the War between the States, many varieties of the beer-check money he used would bulwark him with sturdy and stirring mottoes. Among the favorite inscriptions found on many tokens were "Stand by the Flag," "Constitution Forever," "Lincoln and Union," "The Right Man in

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the Right Place," "Army and Navy Forever," and "The Union Must and Shall Be Preserved." After the historic *Monitor-Merrimac* engagement, a number of tokens were struck with the salute "Our Little Monitor."

The reverse side of these patriotic tokens usually bore some designation indicating the value: "Good for one glass of beer," "Exchange for one loaf of bread," "One cent—necessity money," or "I. O. U. one cent."

Largest individual issue was that of Lindenmuller, a Manhattan merchant who minted almost two million of his tokens. In 1863 the Lindenmuller tokens nearly displaced Uncle Sam's pennies in New York, where his issue was accepted without question until the Third Avenue Horsecar Railroad requested him to redeem several thousand tokens which it had taken in payment for rides. He thereupon pointed out, with perfect accuracy, that his tokens bore no statement of value or redemption promise, and concluded by inviting the horsecar jockeys to whistle for their money.

But if grandpappy's pocket jingled with beer-checks in '63, his money transactions of 1862 were likely to be pretty sticky.

For the simple expedient of using postage stamps as money occurred to many a citizen. Stamps, however, were both fragile and inconvenient, until J. Gault of the firm Kirkpatrick & Gault, 1 Park Place, New York, was granted on August 12, 1862, a patent for a so-called "encased postage stamp."

Gault's idea was to put postage stamps in denominations of one cent to ninety cents within small metal cases faced with mica.

The stamps would thus be protected from wear, while the value was at all times discernible through the transparent face. Gault licensed a number of business houses to use his patent, with the proviso that the backs of the metal discs might carry advertising.

So, oftentimes when grandpop hitched up his galluses and went to market, the money he handled bore such admonitions as "Take Ayer's pills," "French cognac bitters—an unfailing remedy for diseases of the liver," "Burnett's cocaine kalliston," and "Lord & Taylor, Dry Goods, New York." Other encased stamps had on their backs, ads for "Tremont House, Gage Bros. & Drake, Chicago," "Brown's bronchial troches for coughs and colds," and "Ayer's cathartics—the currency to pass."

Gault's postage money has since been copied in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, where encased stamps had a wide circulation soon after the World War. In the United States, however, both the stamp and token vogue ended in 1864, when Congress forbade the private issue of money and folks went back to the more prosaic government currency—sans advertising.

So "Good for a Stein at Shanahan's" gave way to "In God We Trust!" —HARRY G. MITCHELL

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DARLING OF SHIRAZ

LIKE THE BALLAD, THIS STORY ONLY GOES TO SHOW THAT "THERE AIN'T NO GOOD IN MEN"

THE real name and the antecedents of the beautiful young *fille de joie* who appeared in Tehran in the early twenties were cloaked in mystery. Nothing was known of her save that she came from a provincial capital in the far south where she was known as the Darling of Shiraz, which attested to her local popularity. The Persians are addicted to poetic appellations and her new admirers quickly adopted the affectionate pseudonym she had brought with her.

Her success in Tehran was meteoric. Tales of her extraordinary loveliness spread rapidly, and within a year she had become the most celebrated and sought-after courtesan in Persia. Her favors were sought by cabinet ministers, generals and members of the nobility. Enamored of her beauty, fascinated by her charm, recognizing her good sense, they entrusted her with state secrets, asked her opinions, accepted her advice. Soon she had attained a position that, for a woman in the East, was unique.

Unlike most women of her class, the Darling of Shiraz was neither avaricious nor ostentatious. Soon after coming to Tehran she had established herself in a small white villa, surrounded by a high-walled garden, discreetly situated a mile or so without the Meshed gate. Here she lived in quiet dignity with a few devoted servants. The accounts of her beauty were largely based on hearsay, for when she drove out she was closely veiled and cloaked. But she must have been extraordinarily lovely if one was to credit the panegyrics that were reminiscent of Omar Khayyam and Hafiz.

To give this tale its proper setting it should be explained that the Darling of the Shiraz attained the zenith of her fame during a period when Britain and Soviet Russia were engaged in a ruthless if invisible struggle for the political and commercial hegemony of Persia. Both nations were represented at the Persian capital by astute diplomats widely experienced in the politics of the Middle East; both legations were kept informed of all that was going on by numbers of secret agents recruited from all walks of native life. The Soviets paid handsomely for information which could be used to the disadvantage of their British

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rivals, and the latter overlooked no bets when it came to getting something on the Russians. For the game which the two empires were playing so desperately was for enormous stakes: control of the Persian oil fields and the road to India.

When His Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary was summoned to London for a conference at the Foreign Office, it was not without misgivings that he left the legation in charge of the first secretary. The minister's anxiety was not due to any doubts as to the ability of the Honorable Gerald Fitzgerald—the name is, of course, fictitious—but to his awareness of that handsome young Irishman's proclivity for getting into scrapes. For, though singularly level-headed in most matters, Fitzgerald was notoriously prone to amatory adventures, which he pursued with Celtic ardor and recklessness.

For all of that, Fitzgerald one morning found himself in command when he entered his office, flung his topee on a chair, seated himself at his desk and lighted a cigarette. Glancing through the papers which awaited his attention, he shoved them aside and clapped his hands briskly.

"My compliments to Bridges Sahib," he told the turbaned *khitmutgar* who appeared in answer to the summons, "and I should like to see him at his convenience."

The ruddy-faced young Englishman who was the legation's Persian secretary—which meant that he had passed a stiff language examination—presently sauntered in.

"I only wanted to ask, Tommy," Fitzgarald said, with an attempt at casualness, "If you'd ever heard of a gal called the Darling of Shiraz. I don't know her real name."

"Of course. Who hasn't? She's as well known as Riza Kahn. No one knows anything about her except that she's Persia's number one courtesan and said to be a damn clever woman."

"It's this way, Tommy," said the *chargé*, summoning up the courage to take the plunge, "I've heard a lot about the Shirazi from some chaps in the Persian F. O. and I'd like to meet the woman. From what they tell me, she must be quite an extraordinary person. Thought you could fix up a meeting. Eh, what?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to count me out. I've my career to think of. You know how fanatical these Persians are when their women or their religion are concerned. If you were caught in the Shirazi's house it would make a stink that would asphyxiate Tehran."

"It's no good your trying to scare me, Tommy," the *chargé* said stubbornly. "You said the Shirazi never receives foreigners. Then I'll be the first one. If you won't help me I'll get Mirza Kahn."

"You *have* gone off the deep end to think of putting yourself in the power of a dragoman," Bridges remonstrated. "Oh, hell, I suppose I'll have to help you, you mad Irishman!"

The Persian secretary was, in effect,

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the liaison and intelligence officer of the British legation and it was his business to maintain useful contacts in the shady half-world of Tehran. Through the most trustworthy of his agents he approached the Darling of Shiraz who, the man reported, had consented to receive the two Englishmen. But on no account, she had warned him, must they be seen. At eleven o'clock the following evening they were to be at the postern-gate in the wall surrounding her garden, where a servant would be waiting to admit them.

Shortly after half-past ten two figures emerged from a side door of the legation. Both wore the low lambskin caps and voluminous dark *abas* of Persian gentlemen and one had put on dark glasses as a further precaution against recognition. Bridges had pointed out the folly of using a legation car and the two walked some distance before they heard the clatter of a droshky.

At their hail the ramshackle vehicle, drawn by two miserable ponies, drew up beside the curb, and the Englishmen stepped in. Bridges did the talking, giving his instructions in such fluent Persian that no suspicion entered the mind of the driver that his fares were not what they seemed. Two rich young philanderers, he thought, making a clandestine visit to the famous courtesan.

The carriage halted at the entrance to the narrow, unlighted lane which ran along one side of the high wall enclosing the Shirazi's extensive gardens. Thus far everything had gone as planned. But as Fitzgerald was fumbling beneath his *aba* for the fare, the light of the carriage lamp fell upon his face—for an instant only, but in that instant the driver recognized him.

The envoy of the U. S. S. R. was writing at a large, flat-topped desk in a cheerless room. The droshky-driver, an uncouth figure in his long, padded coat and huge cap of shaggy white sheepskin, salaamed and stood waiting. For some minutes the minister paid not the slightest attention to him.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped, having finished the letter he was writing. He spoke in Persian.

"Does the Excellency wish to buy some information?" whined the cabman.

"That depends upon the information. Stop your shuffling and speak up, man!"

The Russian's hard, brittle voice cracked like a whip. But his eyes grew eager, and he leaned forward interestedly, as the driver told his story.

"You will say nothing of this to any one," the minister said harshly. "To any one. Do you understand?"

"My lips are sealed, Excellency."

Unlocking a despatch case, the diplomat counted out five napoleons and shoved them toward the Persian. The fellow pocketed them, salaamed, and backed from the room.

As the door closed behind him the minister shouted for the watchman.

"Will you tell Ali Khan that I

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wish to see him immediately?"

Five minutes later the legation's dragoman, a sleek, furtive-eyed Persian, slipped into the room.

"Ali Khan," the minister demanded abruptly, "is it true that a Moslem woman who has relationships with an unbeliever violates the laws of Persia as well as the commands of the Koran?"

"That is so, Excellency," the dragoman assured him. "The law requires that both parties shall be tried before a religious court. Such cases are very rare, however, perhaps because the penalty is so drastic. For the woman it is usually death."

"That is what I had understood," said the minister.

"I have just learned, Ali Khan," he continued after a moment, "that the woman known as the Darling of Shiraz is at this moment entertaining two members of the British Legation. One is the *chargé*, Fitzgerald. The other, I suspect, is Bridges, the Persian secretary. We can capitalize on their indiscretion. If they were found in the house of a Moslem woman, breaking the laws of the country to which they are accredited, it would embarrass and discredit the British Legation.

"But there is not a moment to lose," the minister went on. "We must act quickly or the Englishmen may be gone. Now listen to me carefully, Ali Khan. You will go at once to the Sheikh-ul-Islam. Inform him that it has come to your knowledge that the acting head of the British Legation is defying the laws of Persia and of Islam. Then you will see the chief of police. Money talks with him, so here are a thousand tomans. He can't arrest the Englishmen, of course, for they enjoy diplomatic immunity. And on no account must this legation be involved in the affair, or even mentioned. You are laying the information in an unofficial capacity, as a patriotic Persian and a pious Moslem. Have I made myself clear? Yes? Be off, then."

Even in Persia it is possible to get quick action if one knows the ropes and has ample funds at his disposition. Shortly after 2 a. m., therefore, a detachment of police reached the Shirazi's villa, around which they threw a cordon.

Fitzgerald and Bridges were taking leave of their hostess when they were startled by a furious pounding at the gate of the compound. At Bridges' orders a terrified servant unbarred the heavy gates of the compound. Without stood a police official and half a dozen police armed with carbines.

"I hold a warrant for the arrest of this woman," said the official.

Fitzgerald's Irish temper threatened to get the best of him, but Bridges laid a restraining hand on his friend's arm.

"Steady, old man," he said quietly. "You'll only make matters worse if you start anything."

The charge of espionage against the Darling of Shiraz was dismissed because there was no iota of evidence

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to support it. But it was impossible to disprove the charge that she had consorted with unbelievers and her conviction was a foregone conclusion.

Of the three men who could have saved her with a word, the Shah was in Europe, the Valiahd did not dare to risk the fury of the populace by taking her part, and the dictator, Riza Khan, who had his eye on the throne, refused to intervene.

Persian religious law provides that a Moslem woman convicted of consorting with an unbeliever shall be put to death by stoning. But the Russian minister, realizing that the woman's martyrdom might create a dangerous popular reaction, spoke a cautioning word to the Sheikh-ul-Islam. That Oriental Torquemada notified the court that the extreme penalty was undesirable for political reasons, and advised its mitigation. Accordingly, the Darling of Shiraz was sentenced to thirty lashes with the knout, to the confiscation of all her property, and to perpetual exile in Meshed.

The first part of the sentence was carried out on the Maidan, the vast parade ground in the heart of Tehran. The instant the final stroke had fallen, soldiers lifted the shapeless, sopping bundle onto the wagon, which was driven off at a gallop to the woman's hospital. Thanks to a rugged constitution, the Darling of Shiraz recovered after weeks of careful nursing. A pallid wraith, her head shaven, clad in the coarse garments of a peasant woman, the Darling of Shiraz was eventually deported by caravan to Meshed, the easternmost and most fanatical city in Persia. There she remained for two years, a beggar crouching at the entrance to the tomb of Imam Riza, eking out an existence only through the charity of pilgrims.

Meanwhile great events were transpiring in Tehran. The Persians were growing weary of misrule and corruption. Popular resentment against the tyranny of the priesthood and the reactionaries who had brought the nation to the verge of ruin was rapidly increasing. A frightened Majliss voted that the prodigal young shah should be dethroned and with the same breath proclaimed as his successor on the Throne of Darius the one-time trooper of Cossack horse, Riza Khan.

One of the first acts of the new ruler was to grant a pardon to the Darling of Shiraz. Her property was ordered restored and she was brought back in triumph to Tehran. It was "roses, roses all the way."

If this story were fiction it would end with Fitzgerald trying to make amends to the Darling of Shiraz by asking her to marry him. But Fitzgerald had long since left Persia. An indignant Foreign Office had demanded his resignation and he had returned to England, where he had married a girl in the hunting set, bought himself a place in the Shires, and settled down to the pleasant life of a country gentleman.

—E. Alexander Powell

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I Wonder

how the Editor of VANITY FAIR felt . . .

WHEN I was publisher and editor of some eight or ten magazines, more years ago than I like to recall, and was straining every effort in a magazine titled SHADOWLAND to create a periodical of outstanding beauty, I received a letter from the editor of VANITY FAIR, in which he expressed, "admiration, jealousy and—rage." I am wondering how that editor felt at his first glimpse of your jewel-studded CORONET.

Its cultural, artistic and many-faceted appeal has made me bow my head. You have studded it with fine pearls of wisdom, the warm heart-stirring beauty of rubies and the brilliance of diamonds. Truly a regal garland to grace the most exacting brow. It finds a real welcome in our home.

Eugene V. Brewster

Lawyer · Writer · Editor

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CORONET
for
MARCH
1939

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